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KENILWORTH CASTLE, *from the Brook.*

Photo. S. THOMPSON.

RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES

OF

Great Britain and Ireland.

BY

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Second Series.

The Photographic Illustrations by

THOMPSON, SEDGFIELD, OGLE, AND HEMPHILL.

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Kenilworth Caſtle.

The ruined caſtle beckons me,
The abbey hoar, the foreſt dell;
By ancient halls I wander free,
And by the hermit's ſhattered cell.

THE lordly days of the old barons and the glories of feudaliſm have found hoſts of celebrators in poetry, romance, and novel literature; but in none of theſe things has any pen conferred equal intereſt with that of Sir Walter Scott. Where he has laid the ſcene of one of his ſtories, hiſtory falls into the background, and the genius of other writers ſeems to yield only a pale moonlight. Kenilworth was a great and magnificent caſtle, inhabited by princes royal, and the powerful favourites of princes: ſieges ſtout from time to time girt its walls, and gorgeous pageants enlivened its halls and courts and gardens; but had not Sir Walter Scott made it the theme of one of his moſt thrilling romances, its ivied ruins would now have ſtood little regarded, though Queen Elizabeth feaſted there, though the Earl of Leiceſter gave the

moſt elaborate entertainments, and Laneham deſcribed them at minuteſt length. It is not the glory of Elizabeth, or the greatneſs of Leiceſter, which flings a halo of beauty on the crumbling battlements of Kenilworth; but the ſpirit of a ſweeter apparition—of one who never in reality ſeems to have been there at all—Amy Robſart. They who paſs the dark walls of Cumnor, may ſhudder at the nocturnal tragedy which occurred there; but the feeling is not more real or vivid than that which haunts us at the ſight of Kenilworth, innocent as it is of that horror.

Kenilworth Caſtle claims a high antiquity. There was a caſtle here, indeed, according to Dugdale, in the Saxon times, which ſtood on a hill called Hom, or Holme, Hill, which was battered down in the war betwixt King Edmund and Canute the Dane. This caſtle was ſituated on the bank of the Avon, in the woods oppoſite to Stoneleigh Park. There does not appear to have been any rebuilding of a caſtle on the eſtate ſo long as it remained in the hands of the crown. At the time of the Norman ſurvey, Kenilworth was found in poſſeſſion of two vaſſals of the king, one of whom held what was called Optone, or the higher portion, and the other the lower part. In Henry I.'s reign he granted the manor to Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a caſtle on the preſent ſite, as well as a monaſtery near it. Henry III. granted the privileges of a market on Tueſday each week, and an annual fair of three days, to the village which grew up under its protection; but theſe privileges died out from apparent abſence of any neceſſity for them, till the Earl of Leiceſter obtained a freſh grant of them from Queen Elizabeth. Geoffrey de Clinton, who roſe from a humble origin to become Lord Chief Juſtice under Henry I., however, did not hand down this fair poſſeſſion to his family. In the reign of

Henry II. we again find it in the hands of the crown, and garriſoned by the monarch in the rebellion againſt him of his own ſon Henry, who died before him. In the reigns of John and Henry III. the caſtle was enlarged throughout, to meet the demands of thoſe turbulent times. In the reign of the latter monarch, he granted it to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leiceſter, and to Eleanor his wife; but only for their reſpective lives.

The ſtory of Simon de Montfort is one of the moſt remarkable of thoſe days. This baron, who played ſo conſpicuous a part in the reign of Henry III., was the ſon of that Count de Montfort who had gained an unenviable celebrity in the perſecutions of the Albigenſes, in the South of France. He became Earl of Leiceſter in right of his mother Amicia, and, coming to England, was received in high favour by the king, and married Eleanor, the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke, King Henry's ſiſter. Much oppoſition was made to this great match, eſpecially by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and titular king of the Romans, Henry III.'s brother, and moſt powerful ſupport. Simon de Montfort, however, having ſecured the bride, ſoon ſet himſelf to win the affections of the Engliſh people, and, though a foreigner, to oppoſe the titles of foreigners who ſurrounded the throne, and preyed on the country. He became the leader of the barons againſt the encroachments of royal power, and thus excited an enmity in the king againſt him, as great as had been his regard for him. He was baniſhed the court; yet in a while, probably to remove him from the oppoſition in England, he was made governor of Guienne. Here the ſame ſpirit of reform, or rather of repreſſion of the aſſumptions and rapacity of the nobles, arouſed an outcry againſt him; he was recalled, and received ſo inſolently by Henry, that the proud de Montfort told the monarch that

but for his royal rank he would have made him repent of the wrong on the ſpot. Leiceſter again retired to France, but was after a time reconciled to the monarch, returned to England, and reſumed the work of popular, or rather baronial, oppoſition. He was elected leader of the barons, who received the king in May, 1258, in Weſtminſter Hall, armed, and demanding ſweeping reforms in the government. From this time till 1267, or nine years, the conteſt went on in Parliament, and by arms, betwixt the barons with Leiceſter at their head, and the royal party, chiefly conducted by Prince Edward, afterwards the renowned Edward I. For a time Montfort was in poſſeſſion of both the king and the prince; but the latter eſcaping, came againſt him, and defeated him in a great battle at Eveſham, in Auguſt, 1265, and releaſed his father, the old king. Simon de Montfort was not only killed in this battle, but barbarouſly mutilated. His ſon, alſo Simon de Montfort, however, continued the conteſt for about two years longer, and had ſtrong forces in the iſles of Ely and Axholm, the Cinque Ports, at Kenilworth, and in the foreſts of Hampſhire. Finding it impoſſible to put down the baronial power, the king conſented to compromiſe, and at Kenilworth the conflicting parties came to an agreement, which was called the Dictum de Kenilworth. The Earl of Glouceſter, however, did not come in to the terms of the Dictum. He and others deemed the treatment awarded to the young de Montfort and his family too ſevere, and the guarantees of the Dictum too precarious. Supported by the Londoners, they ſtood out till November of 1267,—two years and three months after the battle of Eveſham. The king then conſented to a further acceptance of the conceſſions which had been demanded by the great Simon de Montfort, called by the people "Simon the Righteous;" and thus cloſed this long popular ſtrife, excited by

the poſſeſſor of Kenilworth. But here did not entirely end the tragic conſequences.

When the pacification of the country was effected, Prince Edward, and Henry his couſin, ſon of the King of the Romans, ſet out for a cruſade in the Holy Land. Prince Henry being in 1270 ſent home on a ſecret miſſion by Prince Edward, took his way through Italy; and one morning being at prayers in a church at Viterbo, heard a well-known voice exclaim:—"Thou traitor, Henry,—thou ſhalt not eſcape!" Turning round, he ſaw, to his conſternation, Simon and Guy de Montfort, who, with their mother, the Counteſs of Leiceſter, King Henry's own ſiſter, had been excepted from the conditions of the Dictum de Kenilworth; their eſtates confiſcated, and themſelves baniſhed the realm.

Theſe embittered enemies had become aware of his preſence in Viterbo, and now appeared in complete armour and with drawn ſwords making towards him. He ruſhed forward and clung to the holy altar, before which he was kneeling; but in vain did the prieſts endeavour to defend him. Two of them were themſelves killed by the enraged Anglo-Normans, and Prince Henry was aſſaſſinated, and his body horribly mutilated, in revenge for the treatment of their father at Eveſham. Guy de Montfort had married the daughter of Count Aldobrandini, and by his aid the murderers were enabled to make their eſcape. The ſhock of this news haſtened the death of the King of the Romans, Prince Henry's father, and, as is ſuppoſed, that alſo of his uncle, Henry III., who died in November, 1272.

On the ſurrender of the caſtle of Kenilworth, Henry III. beſtowed it on Edmund, his younger ſon, whom he created Earl of Leiceſter and Lancaſter. During the more firm ſway of Edward I., Kenilworth became as gay with feſtivity as it

had hitherto been ſtern with war. In the ſeventh year of that reign a grand tournament was held at the caſtle. Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was the great promoter of this feſtival, and was the principal challenger of the tilt-yard. There were a hundred knights and a hundred ladies aſſembled, and it was regarded as a ſign of the ſplendour of the occaſion that the ladies were attired in *ſilken* mantles. The dances were not leſs gallantly attended than the liſts; and, to avoid all painful diſtinctions in regard to precedence, the whole party banqueted at a *round table*. Theſe exerciſes began on the eve of St. Matthew, and continued till the day after the feaſt of St. Michael.

On the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Lancaſter, ſon of Earl Edmund, the caſtle again reverted to the crown, and was deſigned by Edward II. as a place of retirement, when he ſaw dangers ariſing on all ſides; but it became ſo to him in a very different ſenſe to that which he propoſed.

Edward's weakneſs and favouritiſm had alienated his ſubjects, and had loſt him that command in Scotland which his warlike father had acquired at the coſt of ſo many lives, and ſo much treaſure. He had in that country men as brave as he was puſillanimous to contend with. Robert Bruce and Douglas defeated him at Bannockburn, and afterwards drove him from Scotland. At home, his inſane attachment to the Gaſcon favourite, Piers Gaveſton, had diſguſted the whole country, and had cauſed the death of the vain foreigner at Blacklow Hill, only three miles from Kenilworth, under the hands of the Earl of Warwick, the Black Dog of Arden, and other barons. Again the Deſpenſers, father and ſon, engroſſed his favour, and ſunk him for ever in the regard of his ſubjects, by their unchecked aſſumptions and rapacity. The father was ſeized and hanged at Briſtol; the ſon, after

fleeing to ſea with the infatuated king, and wandering with him for weeks in diſguiſe in the woods of South Wales, near Neath, was ſeized and hanged at Hereford, with ſome other of the wretched monarch's followers; the Earl of Arundel being beheaded on the ſame occaſion.

Thus reduced to the loweſt extremity of diſgrace and miſery, deſerted by his wife, and in oppoſition to his ſon, the fugitive and now captive king was in the hands of Henry, Earl of Lancaſter, the brother of Thomas, the earl who had been taken in inſurrection at Boroughbridge, in Yorkſhire, and beheaded at Pontefract by Edward's order. A more humiliating condition cannot be conceived than that of Edward here. In the caſtle which he had ſeized as the forfeited property of the attainted earl, he was now held cloſe priſoner by that earl's brother and his own couſin; his favourites ſucceſſively deſtroyed; his party annihilated; his wife and heir—a boy of only fourteen—alienated from him, and not a ſubject in the realm but anxious to be well rid of him.

After being kept at Kenilworth two months, Parliament met, declared that he had ceaſed to reign, and proclaimed his ſon, the Prince of Wales, amid univerſal acclamation. A bill was introduced by Stratford, Biſhop of Hereford, charging Edward with incapacity, cruelty, oppreſſion, and a number of other crimes, and ordering his depoſition. This was paſſed without oppoſition; and on the 20th of January, 1327, a deputation, conſiſting of biſhops, earls, barons, two knights from each ſhire, and two repreſentatives of each borough, waited on him here, and informed him of what had taken place, and that he was no longer king. The fallen monarch received this ſolemn deputation in the great hall of the caſtle, wrapt only in a black gown, and formally renounced all right to the crown, except in favour of his ſon, which he thanked

them for recogniſing. It is ſaid that, glancing round on the individuals of the deputation, his eye no ſooner fell on one than he dropped ſenſeleſs to the ground. This was Adam Orleton, Biſhop of Hereford, whom he had deprived of his ſee, and who had thence proved one of his moſt powerful enemies. Orleton had headed the party of the guilty Iſabella, his queen, againſt him, and had done more to the ruin of his character with the people, by ſpreading the ſtories of his diſgraceful conduct with his favourites, than any man living. Then Sir William Truſſel, the ſpeaker of the whole Parliament, pronounced the ſentence of that auguſt body; Sir Thomas Blount, the ſteward of the royal houſehold, broke his white ſtaff of office, as at the death of a king, and pronounced all perſons engaged in Edward's ſervice diſcharged and freed by that act. The deputation then departed, leaving the ſon of the powerful monarch Edward I., and the father of the equally powerful Edward III., the moſt helpleſs, iſolated, and abject individual in the realms over which he had ſo lately ruled.

On the 24th of the ſame month proclamation was made in London of his depoſition, and on the 29th the young king was crowned. He was by Parliament placed under the regency of his mother, the licentious Iſabella, and ſhe was herſelf under the abſolute influence of Roger Mortimer, "the gentle Mortimer;" ſo that Edward in his ſolitary priſon had the mortification of hearing that his wife, who had deſpiſed and helped to put him down, and her paramour, were actually reigning in his ſtead. But they did not forget him, though he now appeared ſo impotent: they were afraid that there might be ſome revulſion in his favour, eſpecially as the clergy had the boldneſs to denounce from the pulpit the ſcandalous connection of Iſabella and Mortimer. They complained that the Earl of

Lancaſter favoured the depoſed king too much, though Lancaſter had the memory of the death of his brother to prevent too much lenity. But Lancaſter was a humane and honourable man; Edward was, therefore, taken out of his hands, and put into thoſe of Sir John Maltravers, a man of a fierce and

KENILWORTH CASTLE: BANQUETING HALL.

ſavage temperament, ſmarting under grievous wrongs from the king and his favourites. This brutal executioner removed the unhappy monarch from Kenilworth, carried him from caſtle to caſtle, heaped the moſt cruel indignities on him, and

completed the horrible tragedy at Berkeley Caſtle in a manner which yet ſhrieks through hiſtory.

Edward III. reſtored the caſtle and eſtate of Kenilworth to Henry, Earl of Lancaſter, for his ſervices in placing him on the throne, and in the removal of the late king. By his marriage with Blanche, the grand-daughter of this earl, John of Gaunt, the ſon of Edward III., became poſſeſſed of Kenilworth, with the title of Duke of Lancaſter. To him the caſtle owed both extenſion and improvement. The great Banqueting Hall is ſaid to have been of his erection, with moſt of thoſe portions of the caſtle called the Lancaſter Buildings, forming the weſtern ſide of the quadrangle. Again the caſtle and eſtate returned to the crown, through Henry IV. the ſon of John of Gaunt, depoſing Richard II., and ſeizing the throne. It remained the royal property till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who conferred it with many other eſtates on her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leiceſter. Leiceſter, with the ambition and diſplay natural to him, determined to make Kenilworth one of the moſt princely manſions in the kingdom. He expended £60,000—equal to half a million of our preſent money—in reſtoring, enlarging, and embelliſhing it. He built the great entrance gateway and tower on the north ſide, equal itſelf to many baronial caſtles in ſtrength and extent. He built alſo the part of the eaſt front called Leiceſter Buildings. He is ſaid to have refitted the great banqueting hall of John of Gaunt, and the range of buildings on the ſouth ſide, between the buildings named after him and the Lancaſter Buildings. He alſo rebuilt Mortimer's Tower and the Gallery Tower at the oppoſite ends of the Tilt-yard. Having completed theſe magnificent works, he invited his royal miſtreſs, to whom he was indebted for this ſuperb houſe and eſtate, to witneſs his lordly ſtate there. This took place in 1566; and Elizabeth

was ſo much pleaſed with the entertainment that ſhe repeated the viſit in 1568, and a third time in 1575. It is the laſt of theſe viſits that has been celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his romance of Kenilworth, and has thus conferred a greater intereſt upon it than it could ever have derived from the whole ſeries of its hiſtorical events. There are ſome particulars of the deſcription of the general appearance and condition of Kenilworth at this epoch, by Scott, that we may quote as making much clearer that which has to follow:—

"The outer wall of this ſplendid and gigantic ſtructure encloſed ſeven acres, a part of which was occupied by extenſive ſtables, and by a pleaſure garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the reſt formed the large baſe-court, or outer yard, of the noble caſtle. The lordly ſtructure itſelf, which roſe near the centre of this ſpacious encloſure, was compoſed of a huge pile of magnificent caſtellated buildings, apparently of different ages, ſurrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent maſs, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long paſſed away, and whoſe hiſtory, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a leſſon to the haughty favourite who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. . . . . The external wall of this royal caſtle was, on the ſouth and weſt ſides, adorned and defended by a lake, partly artificial, acroſs which Leiceſter had conſtructed a ſtately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the caſtle by a path hitherto untrodden, inſtead of the uſual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-houſe, or barbican, which ſtill exiſts, and is equal in extent, and ſuperior in architecture, to the baronial caſtle of many a northern chief. Beyond the lake lay an extenſive chaſe, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every ſpecies of game; and abounding with

lofty trees, from amongſt which the extended front and maſſive towers of the caſtle were ſeen to riſe in majeſty and beauty."

To give a more diſtinct idea of this ſuperb place, the viſitor has only to ſuppoſe himſelf entering by the great gateway on the north, when, advancing along the great court ſouthward, he would find himſelf in front of the eaſtern façade. The great maſſive tower at his right hand is Cæſar's Tower, ſuppoſed to be ſo called from a reſemblance to the Tower of London, but evidently Norman, and no doubt built by Geoffrey de Clinton. At his left hand, and forming the ſouth-eaſtern angle, ſtands Leiceſter's more modern and ornate Tower, with its large Elizabethan windows; and between them runs a lower range, called King Henry VIII.'s Lodgings and Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby. Betwixt Dudley's Lobby, King Henry's Lodgings, and Cæſar's Tower, is the arched main entrance to the interior court of the caſtle. At the oppoſite ſide of the quadrangle riſes Lancaſter's great banqueting hall, facing weſtward over the lake; and at its north-weſt angle riſes Mervyn's or the Strong Tower, where Scott imagines Amy Robſart to have taken up her quarters, on her recent viſit to the caſtle, during the great feſtival. The buildings betwixt Lancaſter's Buildings and Leiceſter's, face the lake ſouthward.

The ſpectator, whilſt making theſe obſervations, would have behind him the two towers, called Lun's Tower and the Water Tower, built in the battlemented court wall, and with the moat outſide. To his left hand he would have the Gallery Tower and Mortimer's Tower, with the Tilt-yard between them, and the lake coming up to them. Beyond them and the lake would ſpread the chaſe; and on the right hand of the caſtle he would ſee the garden extending, with its ſtatues and broad walks, to the Pleaſaunce and the Swan Tower, both waſhed by the lake on the weſt. Such was the aſpect of the place at the moment

of the arrival of Queen Elizabeth. Of that arrival and viſit we have the quaint, conceited, but graphic deſcription of Maſter Robert Laneham, "Clerk of the Council-Chamber door, and alſo Keeper of the ſame." Scott calls Laneham "as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper;" and no doubt he deſerves the epithet: nevertheleſs, he has left us a very amuſing account of this remarkable viſit, in very antiquated language. He ſtyles it "A Letter, whearin, part of the Entertainment, untoo the Queenz Maieſty, at Killingworth Caſtle, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomers Progreſs, 1575, iz ſignified: from a freend Officer attendant in the Coourt, unto hiz freend, a Citizen and Merchaunt of London."

Before introducing ſome touches from Laneham's account, it is worth while taking a note or two of himſelf. Robert Laneham was a Nottinghamſhire man, who had travelled as a merchant-adventurer in ſundry countries, and had picked up enough knowledge of French, Dutch, and Spaniſh, to enable him to converſe with perſons from thoſe countries on ordinary topics. Beſides this, he could play on the guitar, citern and virginals; had been a gallant amongſt the ladies, and a *bon vivant* amongſt the men. He was fond of ſack and ſugar, which he ſays made him "fluſh ſo mooch a dayz;" that is, have a very florid face. He was juſt the man to ſuit the Earl of Leiceſter, and by him was introduced to this poſt at court, and, as Laneham boaſts, did him many favours beſides; gave him apparel from his own back, got him allowance on the ſtable, and helped him in his licence of beans, one of thoſe endleſs monopolies which oppreſſed the country under Elizabeth. In conſequence, ſays Laneham, "I now go in my ſilks, that elſe might ruffle in my cut-canvas; ride on horſeback, that elſe might manage on foot; am known to their honours, and taken forth with the beſt, that elſe might be bid to ſtand back." How

he exerciſed his office, he thus tells us :—"When the Council ſit I am at hand. If any make a babbling,—'Peace!' I ſay. If I take liſtener or a prier in at the chincks or lock-hole, I am bye and bye at the bones of him. If a friend come, I make him ſit down by me on a form or cheſt—let the reſt walk a God's name!" He adds, "And here do my languages now and then ſtand me in good ſtead: my French, my Spaniſh, my Dutch, and my Latin. Sometimes amongſt the ambaſſadors' men, if their maſter be within council; ſometimes with the ambaſſador himſelf, if he deſire me to call for his ſervant, or aſk me what it is o'clock; and I warrant you I anſwer him ſo boldly, that they wonder to ſee ſuch a fellow there."

We may from theſe paſſages ſee exactly Laneham's vanity and ſelf-confidence. He was by no means backward at putting himſelf amongſt his ſuperiors; and no doubt, his language, his muſic, and his airs of foreign travel, made him amuſing to them. Accordingly, he tells us that during the queen's ſeventeen days' ſtay at Kenilworth, he ſpent many afternoons and evenings with Sir George Howard, and ſometimes at Lady Sidney's chambers, "but always amongſt the gentlewomen, by my good-will."

It was the rule at that day, as we find from a very rare book of 1671, that courtiers waiting in the ante-chamber or preſence-chamber were not to walk up and down, not to whiſtle or ſing for divertiſement: if any one did ſo, it was the uſher's duty to rebuke him. What was more curious, "it was uncivil to knock hard, or give more than one knock." "To knock is no leſs than brutiſh; the way is to ſcratch with the nails." "If nobody was in the ante-chamber to introduce you, you muſt try gently if the door be locked or bolted inſide. If it were, you muſt not knock or fiddle about the lock like an impatient perſon, as if he would pick it; but you muſt

patiently wait till it is opened, or ſcratch ſoftly to make them hear; but if nobody comes, you muſt retire to ſome diſtance, leſt you ſhould be ſuſpected of eaves-dropping, which would be a great offence to all perſons of quality." It was conſidered but civil for a perſon thus waiting to walk with his hat off in halls and ante-chambers. Theſe were the rules that Laneham had to enforce.

Laneham opens his narrative of the queen's viſit with her arrival at Long Ichington, "a town and lordſhip of my lord's" within ſeven miles of Kenilworth, where Leiceſter gave "her majeſty a great cheer, dinner, and pleazaunt paſtime in hunting by the way after, that it was eight in the evening ear her highneſs came too Killingworth." Laneham always calls it Killingworth; though he ſays it was originally Kenelworth, ſo named from Kenelm, or Kenulph, the firſt builder of the caſtle. Killingworth was the name commonly uſed at the time.

The whole of the ceremonies of the queen's reception and entertainment during her ſtay were laid down in a maſque compoſed by George Gaſcoigne, the poet, ſtyled "The Princely Pleaſures at the Courte at Kenelworth; that is to ſaye, the copies of all ſuch Verſes, Proſes, or poetical inventions, and other Deuices of Pleaſure, as were there deuiſed by ſundry gentlemen before the Queen's Majeſtie, in the year 1575." This, with all its long and adulatory addreſſes in verſe and proſe, which met Elizabeth at every turn from the mouths of all ſorts of heathen deities, may be found, as well as Laneham's narrative, in the firſt volume of Nicol's "Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth." Sir Walter Scott has ſo fully deſcribed them in his romance, that we may be excuſed taking more than a paſſing notice of them.

As the queen approached the firſt gate, a perſon clad to repreſent one of the Sibyls accoſted her with a poem; at the

next gate of the bridge or tilt-yard, a gigantic porter with huge club and keys made another addreſs, and the trumpeters on the gate ſounded their trumpets in welcome. Then a perſon attired as the famous Lady of the Lake of King Arthur's ſtory, came on a floating iſland to do homage at the ſecond gate. On the different pairs of poſts of the continuation of the bridge over a dry valley from the tilt-yard to the caſtle-gate between which the queen paſſed, were placed cages with birds, green ears of corn as the gifts of Ceres, different kinds of fruits, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, &c.; grapes, wine, in livery pots of ſilver; another pair of poſts had a great diſplay of fiſh; another a collection of arms and armour; another of muſical inſtruments. Over the entrance gate itſelf were ſuſpended her majeſty's arms, and a Latin poem in her honour; every letter mentioning her majeſty being in gold. Theſe verſes were recited by a poet crowned with bay, and in a long cerulean garment. In the caſtle the queen was received with feaſting, dancing, and a viſit from Jupiter Tonans himſelf, amidſt burning darts, lightnings, and thunders. During the ſeventeen days that the entertainment laſted, Elizabeth could not turn any way, but pagan gods and goddeſſes, ſavage men, ſylvans, and nymphs, beſet her path. Sometimes ſhe hunted in the park, whence inviſible beings ſpoke out of trees and thickets; ſometimes ſhe enjoyed one of her moſt favourite delights, a bear-baiting; and Laneham luxuriates in the deſcription of this ſavage ſport, where thirteen bears at once were attacked by the dogs; and he details with the greateſt guſto how the ban-dogs tore the bears by the throat, and clawed them by the ſcalp, "with roring, toſſing, tumbling; how the bear would work to wynd himſelf from them; and when he was loſe, to ſhake his ears twyſe or thryſe with the blood and ſlaver about fizaling, wos a matter of good relief."

One day they had the famous Coventry Hoketide play under the management of a Captain Cox, "an old man I promiz yoo," ſo famous for this repreſentation that Ben Jonſon wrote a "Maſque of Owls at Kenilworth" to introduce him on his hobby-horſe. At other times they had all ſorts of feats of agility diſplayed by an Italian, and at night again fireworks. They had all kinds of country ſports,—the quintain, running, wreſtling, even a country wedding celebrated. Amongſt other characters, a minſtrel appeared in full coſtume, and recited paſſages from the Acts of King Arthur; and Laneham runs into a great eulogy on bone ſpoons as they appeared ſtanding upright in a bowl of furmenty in the minſtrel's creſt; "how, beeing nether ſo churliſh in weight az is metal, nor ſo froward and brittle to manure (manufacture) az ſtone; nor yet ſo ſoily in uſe nor roough to the lips az wood is; but lyght, plyaunt, und ſmooth; thot with a little licking, wool allweiz be kept as clean as a dy."

The manners of the time were not very refined. On the next page he tells us that the minſtrel, preparing himſelf to recite, "cleered his vois with a hem and a reach, and ſpat oout withal; wyped his lips with the hollo of his hand (for fyling his napkin), tempered a ſtring or too with his wreaſt, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, began."

The flattery ſhowered on the queen was without any ſtint; often as coarſe as the manners, and ſometimes abſolutely blaſphemous. The ſcene of the Echo, afterwards ſo happily burleſqued by Butler in his Hudibras, is enacted between a ſavage man all in ivy, and the ſaid Echo, in which the adulation is ſtupendous, and yet not a whit beyond the capacious ſwallow of this famous queen. But the climax of flattery was only reached by Gaſcoigne himſelf, clad as Sylvanus, who actually declared that "he had rather be her Majeſtie's footman on

earth, than God on horſeback in heaven!!" (Nicols' "Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth," vol 1., p. 517.) But even this moſt impious ſpeech called forth no rebuke from Elizabeth, who was made ſo drunk with flattery that ſhe ſeemed to know no diſtinction betwixt due reſpect and the vileſt ſycophancy. But the truth is, when we diſmiſs romance and the mythic glories which ſo long ſurrounded this age and monarch, and look ſimply at the facts which the official publication of the official documents of the court of this princeſs preſent, we are ſhocked to find what a moſt demoralized and vicious reign was that of the ſo-called virgin queen.

This gay and gallant Earl of Leiceſter, on whom ſhe heaped ſuch favours, and on whom ſhe doted ſo openly as to occaſion the groſſeſt ſcandals—who and what was he? He was the grandſon of that ſame Dudley who with Empſon was the baſe agent of Henry VII. for fleecing and oppreſſing his ſubjects, and whoſe crimes and extortions were ſo monſtrous that they brought him to the block. But his diabolically-won wealth remained, and raiſed his grandſon to a poſition higheſt in the court of his ſovereign, but through crimes of an equally dark dye. The only merits of this man were his handſome perſon and courtly manners. Hume the hiſtorian ſays, "This earl was a great hypocrite, a pretender to the ſtricteſt religion, an encourager of the Puritans, and a founder of hoſpitals." He adds, "He was proud, inſolent, intereſted, ambitious; without honour, without generoſity, without humanity. He had diſcovered no conduct in any of his military enterpriſes, yet the queen entruſted him with the command of her armies during the danger of the Spaniſh invaſion; a partiality which might have proved fatal to her had the Duke of Parma been able to land his troops in England." And this ſhe did after he had wofully diſgraced himſelf

twice in the Netherlands, and greatly diſguſted the Dutch Government. "No wonder," ſays Hume, "that a conduct ſo unlike the uſual jealouſy of Elizabeth, gave reaſon to ſuſpect that the partiality was founded on ſome other paſſion than friendſhip."

In one thing, however, Leiceſter was an adept, and that was in poiſoning and aſſaſſination. His firſt wife, Amy Robſart, was deſtroyed by his orders in the manner deſcribed in Scott's novel, becauſe he had flattered himſelf that the queen was ready to marry him, but at an earlier period than Scott aſſumes. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton being ambaſſador at Paris heard ſuch accounts of this murder, and of the probability of the queen marrying Leiceſter, that he not only wrote to Mr. Secretary Cecil, but ſent a meſſenger expreſs to give Elizabeth the whole particulars. She only ſtormed at Sir Nicholas, ſaying ſhe knew all about it, but that Leiceſter was at the time at court, and ſo it could not be his doing! However, neither ſhe nor Leiceſter ever forgave Throgmorton, and Leiceſter inviting him to make him a viſit, he died ſuddenly, "not without ſuſpicion of poiſon," ſays Fuller, "the more that his death took place in the houſe of no mean artiſt in that faculty." After this he married Lady Sheffield, endeavoured to get rid of her too by poiſon, and failing, denied the marriage, and compelled her to marry another man. His next victim was the Earl of Eſſex; for Leiceſter taking a fancy to his wife, got rid, as thus ſtated, of his own wife. Eſſex alſo died ſuddenly, and two days afterwards Leiceſter married the Counteſs. The fact of this marriage was ſoon made known to Elizabeth by the Duke of Anjou, who was ſeeking her hand, and ſhe ſtormed and put him in priſon, but ſoon forgave him again. Becoming jealous of the Counteſs and Sir Chriſtopher Blount, he endeavoured to aſſaſſinate Blount. When Leiceſter was tired of the Counteſs

of Eſſex he intended to poiſon her too, and for this purpoſe he gave her a bottle of liquor, as Ben Jonſon aſſured "Drummond of Hawthornden," which he willed her to uſe in any faintneſs; which ſhe, after his return from court, not knowing it was poiſon, gave him, and ſo he died." This took place at Cornbury, in Oxfordſhire, in September, 1588. Leiceſter, too, recommended Elizabeth to deſpatch the Queen of Scots quietly by poiſon, a council which ſhe was anxious to adopt, but could not get Sir Amias Paulett, Mary's keeper, to adminiſter it, nor let it be adminiſtered.

Leiceſter was as tyrannical and unprincipled as he was deadly in his purpoſes. The "Secret Memoirs of the Earl of Leiceſter," publiſhed in his lifetime, ſtate that the magnificent gardens and parks at Kenilworth were not completed without intolerable oppreſſions. The Earl pretended that he had found an old record in a hole of the caſtle wall, which eſtabliſhed his right over the eſtates of many of his neighbours; "for he had ſingular good luck always in finding out records for his purpoſe, by virtue whereof he hath taken the lands, woods, paſtures, and commons round about, to make himſelf parks, chaſes, and other commodities, to the ſubverſion of many a good family which was maintained there before this devourer ſet foot in that country." The ſame volume mentions his "intolerable tyranny upon the lands of one Lane." But the caſe of a gentleman of an ancient family of the name of Arden was ſtill more atrocious. This gentleman refuſed to ſell Leiceſter his eſtate. Leiceſter uſed ſuch preſſure upon him, as compelled Arden to aſſert his rights and independence as an Engliſhman. He ſet Leiceſter at defiance, and relied upon the laws for protection; but he ſoon found how little law could avail him againſt a royal favourite at that period. Arden had married his daughter to a Catholic gentleman named Somerville, who

was inſane, and this Somerville in one of his paroxyſms had drawn his ſword, and ſworn that he would kill all the Proteſtants that he could meet with. This was enough for Leiceſter. He had Somerville, Arden, and Hall, a Catholic prieſt, arreſted, and torture applied. Nothing could be extracted from Arden; but Hall the prieſt, in his agony, ſaid he had once heard Arden ſay he wiſhed Elizabeth was in heaven. Enough; within two hours after this, Somerville was found ſtrangled in his cell, and Arden was executed as a traitor the very next day. Such was the conſequence of any unhappy Naboth refuſing his vineyard to this Elizabethan Ahab!

If modern diſcoveries in the State Paper Office had not rent away the old romantic notions of the virgin queen and her court, we might have wondered at the attachment of Elizabeth to ſuch a thorough villain as Leiceſter. But the great Queen was a match even for Leiceſter in crime. She endeavoured to poiſon the Queen of Scots; and called Sir Amias Paulett and Mr. Secretary Daviſon "nice and dainty fellows," becauſe they refuſed to commit murder by poiſon. She was accuſed of having the Earl of Arundel deſpatched by poiſon in priſon, where he had been confined many years for having turned Catholic; and ſhe is ſaid to have done this becauſe, having executed his father, ſhe ſhrank from executing the ſon alſo without ſome clearly defined cauſe.

The character of Elizabeth has, till of late years, been taken on truſt from the extravagant eulogies of the corrupt writers of her time. She has had a traditionary reputation as "the glorious Queen Beſs," "the good Queen Beſs;" but the late reſearches into the records of her reign in the State Paper Office have caſt a dark ſhadow over that once brilliant fable. And yet, if people had taken the trouble to have conſulted many truſtworthy writers of her time, they muſt have ſeen a

fearful ſight. Of the mere foibles of her character little need be ſaid: her vanity; her irreſolution; her thouſand dreſſes, which were diſcovered at her deceaſe in her wardrobe; her being painted up in her old age, face, neck and arms; her numerous heads of falſe hair; or even her curſing, ſwearing, and beatings with her own luſty fiſts her maids of honour, and her very miniſters, may be paſſed over. But the licentiouſneſs in which ſhe is known to have lived whilſt calling herſelf a maiden queen; the licentiouſneſs which, in conſequence of her example, pervaded her whole court; the corruption of her courts of juſtice; the flagrant miſchief of the monopolies by which ſhe allowed her favourites to fleece her people; and the pauperiſm and crime which abounded under her rule, are matters of far graver moment. Her indecorous conduct, not only towards Leiceſter, but towards Hatton and Raleigh, Oxford and Blount, and the Frenchmen Simier and Anjou, it is better to draw a veil over. The court imitated the manners of the queen. It was a place in which, according to Faunt, "all enormities reigned in the higheſt degree;" or according to Harrington, "there was no love but that of the luſty god of gallantry, Aſmodeus." Faunt afterwards adds in another letter,—"The only diſcontent I have is to live where there is ſo little godlineſs and exerciſe of religion; ſo diſſolute manners and corrupt converſation generally, which I find to be worſe than when I knew the place firſt."

Under theſe hiſtoric lights the grand pageant of Kenilworth aſſumes a very different aſpect to that which the romanciſt has given to it. The tragic death of Amy Robſart, by which Scott has conferred an intereſt in theſe gala ſcenes, no longer hides the other and many crimes which tainted the characters of the chief actors in it. In fact, the death of Amy Robſart has been ſomewhat violently imported into the narrative. She

never was at this feſtival, probably never at the caſtle; for her fearful fate occurred fifteen years before, namely, in 1560. What we really ſee, then, amid the pagan mummeries of Leiceſter's entertainment at Kenilworth, is a queen of forty-two, doting on the greateſt criminal of the age, a practiſed poiſoner, a ruthleſs oppreſſor, and the very ſplendours with which he entertained this royal miſtreſs built on the ruin of his neighbours. Knowing this, the charm of romance fades before the ſtern realities of hiſtory, and we congratulate ourſelves on the far nobler age in which we live—a time when virtue and purity poſſeſs the throne, and when the privileges of Engliſhmen, won by centuries of political energy, ſtand baſed on an independence that fears neither arbitrary monarch nor overgrown favourite. What a wonderful contraſt does this era of art, ſcience, and true liberty, preſent to the boaſted days of Elizabeth, even with a Shakſpeare, a Spenſer, and a Sydney to honour them!

It was in returning from the grand entertainment at Kenilworth, and whilſt ſhe was at Woodſtock, on her way to town, that the Queen was met by one of the moſt horrible pieces of news which ever flew acroſs affrighted Europe—the Maſſacre of St. Bartholomew.

The Earl of Leiceſter left his property to his brother Ambroſe, Earl of Warwick, for his life, and then to go to his own ſon, Robert Dudley, whom he in his will termed his *baſe* ſon. This was a ſon by Lady Sheffield, the widow of Lord Sheffield, whom Leiceſter had ſecretly married during his reſidence at court, at the very time that he and the queen were living more like married people than anything elſe. Yet as ſoon as he was tired of Lady Sheffield, ſhe narrowly eſcaped death by poiſon, and, being menaced by Leiceſter, ſhe conſented to marry Sir Edward Stafford. He was moſt anxious to conceal this con-

nexion from the queen, and he ſucceeded. The unhappy Sir Robert, the ſon of this marriage, came into poſſeſſion of Kenilworth ſoon after the deceaſe of his father, by the death of his uncle, the Earl of Warwick, and he took meaſures to prove his legitimacy; but theſe proved his ruin. His father had married the Counteſs of Eſſex during the life of Sir Robert's mother; ſhe had married another man; and theſe inquiries were likely to bring to light many things which touched the honour of very powerful families. In fact, it was aſſerted that there were only two ladies of Elizabeth's court whom this accompliſhed raſcal had not corrupted. The proceedings were put to an abrupt termination by a ſpecial order of the Houſe of Lords; the depoſitions were ſealed up, and copies were not to be taken without the king's ſpecial licenſe. Sir Robert, though he had proved his legitimacy, was politely permitted to travel: in plain language, he was baniſhed, that his damaging knowledge might be kept at a diſtance from the public ear in England.

Sir Robert is declared to have been a man of rare attainments; but he muſt have inherited ſome of the libertine notions of his father. He had married Alicia, the daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, near Kenilworth, by whom he had a daughter Alicia. On quitting England, however, he did not take his wife with him; but Dugdale informs us that "Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Charles Southwell, a very beautiful lady, went with him into Italy in the habit of a page, and there married him." The emperor Ferdinand II. created him a duke; and his real wife, who continued to reſide in England, and died at the age of ninety, bore the title of Ducheſs Dudley. In the church at Stoneleigh is the marble altar-tomb of the ducheſs and her daughter, with their recumbent figures upon it, under a canopy with arms on

the facings. In the church of St. Mary, at Warwick, is the ſplendid tomb of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; with a Latin epitaph "giving him," ſays the guide book, "credit for virtues which hiſtory refuſes to aſſociate with his name."

As Sir Robert Dudley continued to reſide in Italy, where he enjoyed the friendſhip of the Duke of Tuſcany, who conferred on him a penſion, and as he never returned to England, James I. ſeized on Kenilworth and preſented it to his ſon, Prince Henry. Henry avowed his readineſs to pay Sir Robert £14,500 for his title to the caſtle and eſtate, notwithſtanding the legal incapacity to which he had rendered himſelf ſubject: but owing to the death of the prince, only £3,000 was actually forwarded, and no part ever reached the fugitive Sir Robert. What a Ruſſian ſort of liberty does this fact reveal to us in the time of the Stuarts, when a nobleman could not travel without a royal licence, and if he did not return at the time fixed, his eſtate was ſeized by the crown! The caſtle, or rather the ruins of it, have ſince paſſed through various hands. It was the property of Charles I., at the outbreak of the civil war, when it fell into the power of Cromwell, who beſtowed it on ſome of his officers, who demoliſhed it for the ſake of the materials, which they ſold. They felled the timber and drained the moat and lake. On the reſtoration, Charles II. granted the caſtle and eſtate to Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rocheſter, a ſon of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, who ſucceeded to the title of a man, if poſſible, more diſſolute than Elizabeth's Leiceſter. After this it paſſed by marriage into the family of the Earl of Eſſex, and then to Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, whoſe deſcendants ſtill poſſeſs it. The preſent earl is careful to preſerve the ſtill magnificent ruins, as much as ruins can be preſerved, from decay. The

remains of Cæſar's Tower, of Mervyn's Tower, the Great Hall, and Leiceſter's Buildings, are ſtriking fragments of the once magnificent whole. Leiceſter's Buildings, though laſt erected, exhibit the greateſt decay, from being conſtructed of a more periſhable ſtone.

KENILWORTH—MERVYN'S TOWER.

Some remains of the ancient abbey, ſaid to have been built by Geoffrey de Clinton, the original builder of the caſtle, ſtill remain near the caſtle,—part of them now forming a cow-houſe or barn, as well as the old gateway,—and the fine

Norman arch forming the entrance to the pariſh church is ſaid to have been the chief entrance to the abbey, which was removed thither. Altogether, the pleaſantneſs of the country in which the remains of Kenilworth ſtand, their own ſtriking beauty, and the memory of the ſtrange phaſes and contraſts of human life which have occurred here, make them as intereſting a ſcene of ruined grandeur as any in the country.

The Caſtle of Caernarvon.

THE caſtles of Caernarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway, all on this north-weſt coaſt of Wales, are monuments of the ſubjection of the Principality by Edward I. Other caſtles on this coaſt he took and ſtrengthened, for inſtance thoſe of Flint and Rhuddlan, as yokes on the necks of the North Welſh; theſe three he built expreſſly for that purpoſe, and, though all now more or leſs in ruin, they remain ſplendid evidences of his power, and of the architectural taſte of the age. We have no finer ſpecimens of caſtellated building than in the fortreſſes of Caernarvon and Conway, and what remains of the extenſive caſtle of Beaumaris ſhows what it once was. Even the Welſh, who do not forget the object of their erection, yet regard them with pride.

Edward I., a warrior and ſtateſman of the firſt rank, cheriſhed, as the great purpoſe of his life, the reduction of the whole of the magnificent iſland of Great Britain into one compact and noble kingdom. This could not be done without invading the country and conſtitutions of Wales and Scotland, which had as much right to maintain their own independence, their own laws and cuſtoms, as England had. But warriors by nature and profeſſion think little of ſuch rights, and readily perſuade themſelves that the project which aggrandizes their own

country ſanctifies the moſt flagrant uſurpations, and renders innocent all the bloodſhed and the crimes which irreſiſtibly attend ſuch enterpriſes. At the preſent day, the general ſenſe of both England and Scotland, if not of Wales, would refuſe to pronounce on Edward I. any other verdict than that of a great benefactor to his nation for what he did, and even for what he attempted yet failed in, towards the conſolidation of Great Britain under one crown.

From the very firſt eſtabliſhment of the Norman dynaſty in England, it has caſt greedy glances on the Welſh mountains; and though it had been more ſucceſsful in its attempts on Ireland, from the days of the ſame Henry II. who conquered that country, encroachments had been ſteadily making on the Welſh borders. As that monarch once rode through a part of Wales attended by a ſplendid retinue of knights and barons, he looked with contempt on the Welſh gentlemen riding on their rough ponies, and on the poorer people clad in their goat or ſheep-ſkin garments. But the Welſh looked on the Engliſh with an equal contempt, not unmingled with the jealous fear of the Norman thirſt of conqueſt; and a mountaineer approached the proud Engliſh king, and ſaid:—"Thou ſeeſt this poor people, but, ſuch as they are, thou ſhalt never ſubdue them—that is reſerved alone for God in his wrath."

Still monarch after monarch diſplayed his hankering after a ſhare of their little mountain land, and ſtill more the bordering barons had made raids into the Welſh territory in order to plunder, and to extend their own already too extenſive eſtates and juriſdiction. It was principally in South Wales that theſe inroads had been made. The conquerors had ſeized on the greater portion of Monmouthſhire, by the time Edward aſcended the throne, and they held in poſſeſſion, though an uncertain and continually-diſputed one, the greater

part of South Wales. To ſecure the hold they had gained, they raiſed ſtrong caſtles; and to ſtimulate their aggreſſive propenſities, the Engliſh monarchs granted them large eſtates out of the uſurped diſtricts. As they approached the feet of the mountains, they raiſed chains of fortifications at intervals ſufficiently near to be able to afford each other aid in any attack from the natives. Thus by the time of Edward I., there was a regular chain of fortreſſes occupying the banks of the Monnow, the Wye, and the Severn; theſe were Scenfreth, Groſmont, Monmouth, Trelech, probably Tintern, Chepſtow, and Caldecot. A ſecond line ſtretched diagonally from Grosmont on the Monnow, to the banks of the Rumney; namely, Whitecaſtle, Tregaer, Uſk, Langibby, Caerleon, and Newport. This diagonal line, with the ſtrong caſtle of Abergavenny to the north of it, was intended to curb the mountaineers, who made perpetual incurſions on the invaders. Thus the conflict went on till the time of Edward I.: the Welſh ſeizing every opportunity to ſurpriſe any of theſe ſtrongholds, and to cut off the Engliſh paſſing from one to another. But the advantage was ſtill on the ſide of the Engliſh, and the circle of mountain independence continually grew narrower and narrower. Since the conqueſt of Ireland, the Engliſh ſhips were on the alert to watch and blockade the weſtern coaſt of Wales, and, by the fortification of Milford Haven, to hold the port of embarkation for the ſiſter iſland. In the wilderneſs of Tivy, and amid the faſtneſſes of the mountains, moors and marſhes, the Welſh ſtill held their own, and ſtill breathed vengeance on the invaders. They would have been ſtill more formidable to theſe, but for their mutual differences and feuds.

As yet, however, little impreſſion had been made on the northern portion of the Principality, and Edward I. ſet himſelf to this great enterpriſe. He had learned in the Cruſades to

endure all ſorts of military hardſhip, and to encounter all kinds of obſtacles; and he now prepared in earneſt for the invaſion and thorough ſubjugation of North Wales. He did not want for pretexts for his invaſion. He complained that Llewellyn had not kept a treaty made ſome time before, by which both parties had bound themſelves not to harbour or protect the enemies or revolted ſubjects of the other; but this was as true of Edward as of the Welſh prince. He complained that Llewellyn had not done homage as the vaſſal of the Engliſh crown, which he had conſented to do, and an accident enabled Edward to drive the Welſh prince to acts of hoſtility. Llewellyn, in the reign of Henry III., had taken part againſt that monarch with the barons, and with Simon de Montfort, their leader. He had now contracted a marriage with Elinor de Montfort, the daughter of the deceaſed earl, who was on her voyage from France to Wales, when, with Emeric, her younger brother, ſhe was ſeized by ſome Engliſh ſhips and ſent to Edward. Llewellyn juſtly complained of this outrage on a prince with whom the Engliſh king was at peace, and demanded the inſtant releaſe of his bride. But of this Edward took no notice, and Llewellyn in his reſentment committed ſome ravages on the Engliſh borders. This was enough for Edward: he would have found ſome pretence for the invaſion of Wales, had this not preſented itſelf, or he would have commenced it without; but now he ſet forward at once, under the guiſe of the injured party.

After the feaſt of Eaſter, 1277, he marched out of Weſtminſter with a force which increaſed as he advanced northwards. At Midſummer he croſſed the Dee, and inveſted and took the Caſtles of Flint and Rhuddlan. Here he remained ſtrengthening theſe fortreſſes at his leiſure, ſpreading his fleet along the coaſt, and cutting of all Llewellyn's ſupplies

from the Iſle of Angleſea. Llewellyn and his forces were compelled to retreat into the mountains; whilſt his falſe and unpatriotic brother David had joined the Engliſh invader, was living in his camp, and was rewarded by an Engliſh bride, the daughter of an Engliſh earl, for his treaſon. David was himſelf created an Engliſh baron, and was promiſed great eſtates and honour for his ſervices in tracking his brother and countrymen into their mountain retreats, and for the enſlavement of his country. On the arrival of winter, with famine added to its other terrors, Llewellyn was compelled to ſue for peace. This was dictated to him at the Caſtle of Rhuddlan on the 10th of November, and theſe were the conditions:—He was to cede the whole of the Principality as far as the river Conway; to do homage for the remainder, and deliver hoſtages for the keeping of theſe terms and for the maintenance of peace. He was allowed to retain Angleſea; but that was to fall to the Engliſh crown in caſe he died without iſſue male; and even during his life-poſſeſſion of it he was to pay an annual rental of 1,000 marks. Beſides all this he was to pay down a fine of fifty thouſand pounds. On the other hand, Edward engaged to ſurrender Elinor de Montfort.

It was impoſſible for Llewellyn to pay the enormous fine, and Edward made a merit of remitting that as well as the rent of Angleſea; but he delayed to deliver up Llewellyn's bride, and nearly a year elapſed before he did this. In the meantime the Engliſh invaders, by their inſolences and aggreſſions, rouſed the warm blood of the Welſh into reſiſtance. They derided the national cuſtoms of the Welſh, ridiculed their poverty, made conſtant encroachment on their lands, and cut down the woods eſpecially exempt from their touch by the treaty. David, the brother of Llewellyn, amid the favours and honours received for the ruin of his country, ſaw theſe atrocities and

indignities perpetrated on his own people, and grew aſhamed of his conduct. He paſſed over to his brother, made reconcilement with him, and joined him in repelling and puniſhing the haughty conquerors. On the night of Palm Sunday, 1282, David, as ſome amends for his paſt treaſon, attacked and made himſelf maſter of Hawarden Caſtle, killed moſt of the defenders, and wounded and took priſoner the proprietor, Roger Clifford, the juſticiary, and a man who, though honoured by the Engliſh, was charged by the Welſh with being one of their moſt cruel oppreſſors. There was a general riſing of the Welſh; they deſcended in torrents from their mountains, and headed by the two brothers, Llewellyn and David, advanced to the attack of Flint and Rhuddlan. Edward had rendered theſe impervious to their means of aſſault; but they took and deſtroyed other fortreſſes, and drove many of the Engliſh over the Marches.

On the receipt of this news, Edward haſtily ſummoned together a ſtrong body of troops, and once more marched for North Wales. Before he commenced operations there, which he now meant to be of the moſt deciſive character, he received powerful reinforcements, and, attended by 1,000 pioneers, he advanced towards Flint and Rhuddlan, driving before him all oppoſition. Leaving thoſe ſtrongholds in his rear well garriſoned, he took up his quarters at Conway, and ſent forward his troops to recover the country betwixt that place and Angleſea. His fleet at the ſame time ſailed along the coaſt, and enabled his troops to reduce Angleſea. His large band of pioneers cut down woods and opened up roads into the very heart of the Snowdon group of mountains. There, however, the Welſh in their deſpair fought furiouſly, and in the narrow defiles of the hills they preſented obſtacles to the advance of the Engliſh troops, which were not overcome without terrible ſlaughter. But Edward ſtill had freſh ſupplies of ſoldiers

marching down from England, or conveyed by his veſſels along the coaſt, to replace the victims ſacrificed to his ambition; and, determined to conquer the country at any coſt, he procured the ſervices of a ſpecies of troops fully accuſtomed to mountain warfare, being mountaineers themſelves. Theſe were bands of Baſques from the Pyrenees, who climbed the ſteepeſt rocks and threaded the moſt intricate valleys with as much lightneſs and rapidity as the Welſh themſelves. Theſe active and relentleſs enemies took the Welſh by ſurpriſe in their moſt concealed faſtneſſes, and by their aid Edward chaſed them from their laſt places of refuge. Deſcending from the hills, no longer their impregnable bulwarks, they, however, fell on Edward's troops, who were croſſing into Angleſea, with the fury of deſpair. They found them engaged in conſtructing a bridge of boats acroſs the Menai Straits, and, attacking them before it was finiſhed, and whilſt ſome were on one ſide and ſome on the other, at the time of high tide, when their unfiniſhed bridge was uſeleſs, they effected a great ſlaughter of them, and amongſt them a great number of the hated Baſques and Gaſcons. On this occaſion fell under the weapons of the exaſperated Welſh, or in the waves, borne down by their heavy armour, thirteen knights, ſeventeen eſquires, and many hundreds of foot-ſoldiers.

Edward was himſelf ſtill lying at Conway, probably planning or commencing the caſtle there, which was to hold the Welſh in check, and afford a ſtrong poſition for his troops in caſe of another general riſing. He now, however, advanced in perſon to chaſtiſe their audacity; but in a deſperate encounter with Llewellyn himſelf he ſuffered a ſignal defeat, had two of his ableſt generals killed, and was obliged to ſeek his own ſafety in retreat to one of his caſtles. Llewellyn and his brave ſubjects were now highly elated, and felt confident that with

the approaching winter they ſhould ſucceed in driving the proud enemy entirely out of their borders. But the reſources of Edward were not ſo ſoon exhauſted. Protected by his ſtrong caſtles of Flint and Rhuddlan, he could wait the operation of other plans, and the Welſh ſoon found that he had a ſtrong army now advancing from Pembrokeſhire and Caermarthen, through South Wales, to take them on that ſide, while Edward himſelf fell upon them from the north. To meet this double danger, Llewellyn left his brother David to keep Edward at bay in this quarter, and himſelf marched ſouth to meet the advancing forces. But the Engliſh, who ſeem to have had good information of his progreſs and ſtrength, ſuddenly ſurpriſed him near Builth, in the vale of the Wye; and whilſt he was ſeparated from the main body of his troops, and as he was repoſing himſelf, diveſted of his armour, killed him, cut off his head, and ſent it to Edward; who deſpatched it to London to be placed in the Tower, crowned with a diadem of willow; in mockery of a Welſh prophecy, that a Prince of Wales would be crowned in England,—a prophecy often ſince fulfilled, but in a ſenſe very different to what the Welſh or the prophet himſelf imagined.

This terrible blow ſcattered confuſion and deſpair amongſt the Welſh. Many of the chieftains made the beſt terms they could with the conqueror; but Prince David, who had now done bitter penance for his early deſertion of his brave brother, ſtill maintained the hopeleſs conflict for about ſix months. His end muſt have ſeemed to him dictated by a ſevere Providence, as the peculiar puniſhment of his own crime towards his prince, his brother, and his country. As he had betrayed their cauſe, he was now betrayed by ſome of his own countrymen and followers, and delivered a captive, with his wife and children, to the inexorable conqueror at Rhuddlan Caſtle.

Edward diſgraced himſelf by putting David to death with all the ignominy and brutal cruelty attached to the death of a traitor; forgetting that he was no traitor, but a brave man who had been bravely fighting for the liberties of his country. It is true that his doom was fixed with all the ſolemn formality of a parliament held at Shrewſbury in the following September, but it was wholly at the option of Edward thus to try him or to acquit him. He was hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his limbs then ſent to be expoſed in different places, becauſe, as it was ſtated by proclamation, he had "conſpired the death of his lord the king."

Thus fell the royal line of Llewellyn the Great, and the laſt liberties of the Principality. There were yet much remaining ferment of an indignant population, and ſome deſperate attempts to revive a general reſiſtance, but they were all in vain; and Edward ſpent a year in North Wales after the death of Llewellyn in deviſing meaſures for ſecuring the dominion that he had won there. The firſt ſtep was a wiſe one. Immediately after the fall of Llewellyn at Builth, he iſſued a proclamation offering peace and the enjoyment of all their lands and perſonal liberties to the people; aſſuring them that they ſhould be put on the ſame footing in thoſe reſpects with his ſubjects of England. He alſo ordered a reduction of taxes, and, whilſt he introduced the general laws of England, he reſpected, as far as poſſible, the ancient uſages of the country. He divided the whole Principality into ſhires and hundreds, bringing it thus into conformity with the reſt of the kingdom, and at the ſame time facilitating its civil government and the preſervation of tranquillity. He gave liberal charters and privileges to various trading and mining companies, thus alluring the inhabitants by the hope of profit from their mountains; and amongſt the towns thus benefited, were Caernarvon,

Rhuddlan, Aberyſtwith, and others. Whilſt, however, he endeavoured to mollify the ſpirit of the Welſh by the extenſion to them of civil, ſocial, and commercial advantages, he did not truſt by any means wholly to theſe, but planned the erection of a chain of ſtrong fortreſſes which ſhould command the north as completely as the ſouth was commanded by the ſame means. And thus aroſe, with others, the three princely ſtrongholds of Conway, Beaumaris, and Caernarvon.

The caſtle of Conway ſeems to have been commenced a couple of years later than Caernarvon Caſtle; Caernarvon being begun immediately on the defeat and death of Llewellyn, that is, in 1282, or in the ſpring of 1283. Conway was not commenced till the following year 1284, when, finding that theſe two caſtles were not ſufficient to keep the Welſh in check, Edward erected the caſtle of Beaumaris, in 1295. There is a great reſemblance in the ſtyle of the two caſtles of Conway and Beaumaris—they have round towers; whilſt Caernarvon has octagonal, hexagonal and pentagonal ones. The caſtle of Conway was ſtill further defended by the town on the land ſide, being alſo encloſed with a high wall and round towers, which yet remain. Every one is ſtruck with the Mooriſh look of theſe walls and towers, and the tradition is that Edward had them raiſed after the model of ſuch as he had been familiar with in the Cruſades. The caſtle of Beaumaris is curious from ſeveral cauſes. Though built on the banks of Beaumaris Bay, it has no natural ſource of ſtrength whatever. It ſtands on a flat in an open country, rather commanded by the landward ſlopes than otherwiſe. For this reaſon, it was not only ſurrounded by a deep moat, well ſupplied with water from a never-failing ſpring, and alſo from the ſea, but it is encloſed in a high, ſtrong wall, with round towers and battlements, and every arrangement for thoſe within annoying an enemy without. Between

this encircling ballium and the caſtle itſelf there is a wide ſpace, ſo that any enemy making himſelf maſter of this wall would have the ſame proceſs to commence again with the caſtle itſelf, which is alſo defended by ſtrong towers, and by walls of an enormous thickneſs. There is a covered way, called the Gunner's Walk, running out at right angles from near the main gateway towards the ſea, which it appears at the time of the building of the caſtle came directly up to the outer ballium. Under cover of this way the garriſon could make ſallies to attack any veſſels approaching that ſide. Nor are theſe all the precautions of defence. On obſerving the gateways, though both thoſe in the ballium and in the caſtle are on the oppoſite ſides, they are not exactly oppoſite. The gateway in the ballium towards the ſea is conſiderably on one ſide of the next gateway in the caſtle, and this is the caſe alſo on the other ſide of the caſtle. The effect of this would be to baffle greatly any enemy who had forced either of the outer gates. They would not find the inner gate directly before them, but on one ſide; ſo that their onward impetus would be broken; their means of directing any catapult or other machine againſt the inner gate would be diminiſhed; and in caſe that, on the forcing in of the outer gate, the inner one was not ſecured, it would give the garriſon more time for that purpoſe.

The caſtle of Caernarvon, which is the one now engaging our attention, differs greatly from theſe other two; and if not more ſtriking in appearance than that of Conway,—than which Pennant ſays "one more beautiful never aroſe,"—it is equal in grandeur, and has, in truth, a royal and moſt ſtately air. Its ſituation is very fine; for, though it ſtands in the not very ſplendid town of Caernarvon, it is placed on the ſhore of the Menai Straits; and, looked down upon from a rocky eminence called Fort Hill, a good view is obtained of it and

the town, of the Menai Straits, the oppoſite ſhore of Angleſea, with the diſtant ſummits of the Holyhead and Parys hills, the blue peaks of the Eifridge, in the promontory of Lleyn, the group of mountains ſurrounding Snowdon, and on a clear day the far-off heights of Wicklow, in Ireland. The architect

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

employed by Edward I., in its erection, was Henry Ellerton, or de Elreton; and, according to tradition, many of the materials were brought from Segontium, or the old Caernarvon, and much of the limeſtone of which it is built came from Twr-Celyn, in Angleſea; and of the gritſtone from Vaenol, in the county of Caernarvon: the Menai facilitating the carriage from both places.

The foundations of the caſtle are ſurrounded on three ſides by water. It is bounded on one ſide by the Menai Straits, on another by the eſtuary of the Seoint, the river which runs hither from the Lake of Llanberis. As you approach the caſtle, its walls and towers have an air of lightneſs, which deceives you completely as to its ſtrength, for theſe walls are immenſely thick and ſtrong. The doorways in the gateway towers and the windows are more lofty and graceful than the doors and windows generally in caſtles of that age. The walls encloſe an area of about three acres, and are themſelves from ſeven to nine feet thick. They have within them each a gallery, with ſlips for the diſcharge of arrows, and are flanked by thirteen towers, all angular, but differing in the number of their angles. The very maſſive pentagonal tower, called the Eagle Tower, guards the ſouth of the Seoint, and is ſo called from a now ſhapeleſs figure of that bird, ſaid to have been brought from the ruins of the neighbouring Roman ſtation of Segontium, but probably placed there ſimply as being one of Edward I.'s creſts. This majeſtic tower has three turrets, and its battlements diſplay a mutilated ſeries of armour heads of the time of Edward II. This tower is the only one of which the ſtaircaſe remains perfect, and by 158 ſtone ſteps you may aſcend to the ſummit, and obtain a ſplendid view thence over the ſtraits, the town, and the ſurrounding country. In the lower part of this tower is ſhown a ſmall dark room, meaſuring 12 feet by 8 feet, in which Edward II. was born. That unfortunate prince was moſt probably born in the caſtle ; but it has been endeavoured to be ſhown that it could not poſſibly be in this tower, as it would appear not to have been built for ſome years afterwards, and, indeed, only to have been finiſhed by Edward II. after he became King of England. The Rev. C. H. Hartſhorne, of Cogenhoe, in Northamptonſhire,

aſſerted at the annual meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, held at Caernarvon in September, 1848, that this caſtle, inſtead of being built, as Pennant and others repreſent, in about two years, was not completed in leſs than thirty-eight years—that it was begun in 1284, and only completed in 1322.

As Edward firſt entered the town of Caernarvon on the 1ſt of April, 1284, and his ſon was born on the 25th of the ſame month, twenty-four days only are left for the building of the Eagle Tower, which would be work, not for Engliſh or Welſh builders, but for the Afrits of the "Arabian Nights," and would ſeem to put an end to the whole tradition of Edward of Caernarvon having been born in the room aſſigned him by popular aſſertion. And yet tradition ſo often maintains itſelf againſt ſtatiſtics, and againſt theories ſtarted long afterwards, that we ſhould not be ſurpriſed if, after all, the firſt Prince of Wales was actually born in that little, diſmal room. In the then diſturbed condition of North Wales; amid the intenſe indignation of the Welſh at the murder of their beloved prince, and the barbarous execution of his brother David; under the well-known ſpirit of revolt and revenge which was fiercely fermenting in the minds of the natives, it is not likely that Edward would riſk the ſafety of his wife and his infant in the open town. No doubt he had ordered the erection of a ſtronghold here immediately on the fall of Llewellyn. This was in the autumn of 1282, and Edward was born, it is ſaid, in the caſtle of Caernarvon, on the 25th of April, 1284. Here was a good part of two years in which a ſtrong building might have been raiſed ſufficient for a ſtout defence: and this is probably what is meant when it is ſaid by the hiſtorians that Edward commenced this caſtle in A.D. 1282-3, and completed it in two or three years. It is moſt probable that he did commence and complete ſuch a caſtle as anſwered his immediate

purpoſe, and that in this caſtle his ſon Edward was born; that Edward I., however, contemplated and erected a much larger and more impoſing caſtle on the ſpot—the preſent ſtructure; and that he cauſed the part in which his ſon's birth took place to be encaſed in the larger building, and that it forms an internal part of the preſent Eagle Tower, juſt as the poet Thomſon's cottage at Richmond now forms a portion of the larger villa of the Earl of Shaftesbury. It may be remarked that there is no appearance of any different maſonry on the exterior of this part of the Eagle Tower. Of courſe not. The architect would new-front that part in uniformity with the reſt; but that need not in the leaſt diſturb the exiſtence of this room.

That is our opinion of the real fact; and it is one which at once reconciles the tradition and the proofs that the preſent ſplendid fabric was not completed in two years, but in two reigns. All Mr. Hartſhorne's ſtatiſtical facts may be fully admitted, and the tradition of the place remain untouched. We ourſelves have juſt as much, or rather more, faith in tradition than in ſtatiſtics; for, in ſcores of caſes, tradition has aſſerted itſelf ſucceſsfully againſt apparent facts, and, in ſcores of caſes, ſtatiſtics have proved very deluſive. That Edward I. would be very ſure to preſerve the *locale* of his ſon's birth, and that the Welſh would vividly retain a knowledge of it, may be inferred from the part which Edward meant to play with his ſon, and the deluſive hope which his plan excited in the minds of the Welſh. He preſented this infant ſon to them, and told them that they ſhould have a native Welſhman for their prince. As Alphonſo, Edward's eldeſt ſon, was ſtill living, the Welſh, in their ardent patriotiſm, fondly jumped to the idea that they would have their own principality under a prince of their own. Alphonſo died, Edward of Caernarvon became King of England,

and that hope was at once ſternly quenched. Under ſuch circumſtances, the Welſh were not likely to forget the ſpot where the prince on whom ſuch hopes were hinged firſt ſaw the light. We may, therefore, without much chance of miſtake, accept at once the facts that Edward II. was born in this very tower, and yet that the Eagle Tower was not completed till the tenth year of the ſecond Edward's reign.

The main gateway of the caſtle is flanked by lofty towers, of vaſt ſtrength. Over the grand entrance arch ſtands, in a niche, a mutilated ſtatue of Edward I., with his hand upon a half-drawn ſword, as if to intimate that he was equally prepared to pluck it forth on any menace of reſiſtance, or to ſheathe it at the deſire for peace. In the archway beneath are grooves for four portculliſes. The entrance on the eaſt ſide is called the Queen's Gate, becauſe Queen Eleanor is ſaid by tradition to have entered the caſtle by it. On paſſing into the interior you obſerve the traces, on the two oppoſite buildings, of a partition wall having formerly divided it into two courts. Much of the interior is cleared away, leaving expoſed one of the fine corridors, which led from one part of the caſtle to another. On the ſouth-eaſt ſide is ſome modern building, which has been raiſed within the old walls. Several of the dungeons are yet viſible; and in one of theſe was confined, in the reign of Charles I., the celebrated William Prynne.

No more zealous, fiery, and yet honeſt ſpirit, certainly was ever confined here than Prynne. He was at once a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn and a determined Puritan. His famous "Hiſtrio-maſtix, or a Scourge for Stage Players," being ſuppoſed to reflect on Henrietta, the Queen of Charles I., who had herſelf acted in a paſtoral at Somerſet Houſe, Prynne was proſecuted in the Star Chamber; and his ſentence and its rigid execution are a ſtriking proof of the ſavage ſpirit of the age, though it

was already near the middle of the ſeventeenth century, namely, in 1634. He was fined £3,000, expelled from the Univerſity of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, degraded from the bar, ſet in the pillory, both his ears cut off, his book burnt publicly by the hangman, and himſelf condemned to perpetual impriſonment. But no amount of cruelty could tame that daring ſoul. Whilſt ſtill impriſoned in the Tower, and after three years' durance, he launched forth another book, reflecting ſeverely on the hierarchy generally, and particularly on the popiſh follies and political deſpotiſm of Archbiſhop Laud. For this he was further ſentenced by the infamous Star Chamber to be fined £5,000, to be again ſet in the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. and L., for Seditious Libeller, to have the very roots of his ears dug out by the hangman, and to be impriſoned in this caſtle of Caernarvon.

But the event ſhowed that there was a ſpirit afloat which theſe fierce barbarities of regal tyranny were only rouſing into a degree of fury which would ſweep both church and throne from the land. The Puritan friends of Prynne flocked to Caernarvon Caſtle in ſuch numbers, that the poor mutilated priſoner ſate more like a monarch holding a perpetual levee than a convict who had endured the vileſt inſults and the ſavageſt brutalities of the law. Only ten weeks had elapſed ſince Prynne was brought to this royal ſtronghold when he was illegally removed by a warrant from the Lords of the Council, and removed to the caſtle of Mount Orgueil, in the iſland of Jerſey.

The current of democracy, however, was running at full tide, and 1641 ſaw Prynne releaſed from Mount Orgueil by a warrant of the Speaker of the Long Parliament, and received at Southampton on his landing with all the honours and applauſes

of a Roman conqueror in an ovation. A little time ſaw him a member of Parliament, reſtored as a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and made Recorder of Bath. Yet, moſt barbarouſly and ſhamefully treated as Prynne had been by the king, he did not let this embitter his ſpirit againſt him, or lead him to aſſiſt in condemning him to death. On the contrary, he denied the ſupremacy of Parliament, proteſted againſt the aſſumptions of Cromwell, and was now impriſoned in turn by the republican power. He ſaw himſelf thruſt into the dungeon of Dunſter Caſtle, in Somerſetſhire, and afterwards of Pendennis Caſtle, in Cornwall. He was expelled Parliament, declared incapable of holding any office in the Commonwealth, and deprived of the recorderſhip of Bath. He was one of the firſt to work with the reactionary party for the Reſtoration, and on the accompliſhment of that event was again reſtored to his recorderſhip of Bath and his ſeat in Parliament, and was made keeper of the records in the Tower, where he had formerly been a priſoner. Yet even here did not end his troubles; for his free expreſſion of his opinion on Government matters ſubjected him to the cenſures of the Houſe of Commons. Beſides his political doings and writings, Prynne was a voluminous author, as his "Calendar of Parliament" and his "Records" teſtify. It is curious that in theſe laſt he endeavours to prove the ſupremacy of the Kings of England in eccleſiaſtical affairs, as ſhown by the public records from the earlieſt times to thoſe of Edward I., the lateſt period which he lived to illuſtrate.

There is no reminiſcence more lively than that of the ſhort incarceration of Prynne in this caſtle. One of its earlieſt hiſtorical events was the ſurpriſe of it by Madoc, a natural ſon of Llewellyn, in 1295, and his retention of it till Edward I. expelled him from it. In 1402 Owen Glendower made a ſucceſsful attempt to ſeize ſeveral of the Welſh caſtles, but was

repulſed from the gates of this ſtronghold. In the wars of the Roſes it repeatedly changed maſters, and in 1644 Cromwell's forces obtained poſſeſſion of it, made 400 of the garriſon priſoners, and enriched themſelves with much ſpoil. Lord Byron ſoon after retook it for the king; but in 1646 the Parliament regained it. In 1660, the firſt year of Charles II., an order was iſſued for the demolition of the caſtle; but, fortunately, it was not completely carried out. The property ſtill continues in the poſſeſſion of the Crown; and the Marquis of Angleſea holds the office of conſtable of it, as well as that of mayor of the town and ranger of Snowdon Foreſt.

A ſhort diſtance from the Caſtle, on the ſteep bank of the river Seoint, are yet remaining ſome ſtrong walls of a Roman fort; and not far from them, between the town and the church of Llanbeblig, is the ſite of the Roman ſtation of Segontium. That martial people ſaw, as well as the warlike Edward, the advantages of this ſituation for keeping in check both the Welſh mountaineers and the iſlanders of Angleſea. An extenſion of the Cheſter and Holyhead Railway to Caernarvon enables touriſts to viſit eaſily this very noble and intereſting caſtle. Camden ſays that in his time Caernarvon was "comprehended within a ſmall and almoſt circular extent of ſtrong walls, the weſt ſide being entirely occupied by its beautiful caſtle." Camden alſo, ſpeaking of the remains of the old Roman fort, near Segontium, ſays, "On the oppoſite ſide of the Seoint, about half a mile from the town, are the ruins of a Roman fort, its walls entire on three ſides, about ten feet high, and near four feet thick, built of rude ſtones ſtrongly cemented together, and encloſing an area of about eighty yards from eaſt to weſt, by forty-five from north to ſouth; the weſt ſide, overhanging the ſteep bank of the river, has no traces of a wall. Helena, the wife of Conſtantine, is ſaid to have had a chapel

here, and her name is alſo preſerved in a well half a mile below on the river ſide, very good "for bathing little lads when they be very ſick for want of wind breath, after being cleaned by a broom from the ſlaver." This is a quotation from an older author, probably from Leland. The well appears to have been a ſpa; and the broom, no doubt, was intended to clear the ſcum from its ſurface, not from the "little ſick lad," as would at firſt ſight appear the meaning of the paſſage.

The Priory of Lindisfarne.

AMONGST thoſe wild and ſtern baſaltic rocks and iſlands which ſtud the Northumbrian coaſt, the haunts of myriads of ſea-fowls, and the ſporting-grounds of fierce winds, the largeſt is Lindisfarne, or Holy Iſland; ſo called from its having become, very early in the Saxon times, the ſeat of a community of Chriſtian prieſts. This iſland is directly oppoſite Beal, near the great north road, and now a ſtation on the North-Eaſtern Railway. On its north-weſt point, indeed, there runs out a narrow promontory to within half a mile of the Northumberland ſtrand. From the coaſt below Beal there is a way marked out acroſs the ſands by a line of poſts; and the paſſage over theſe ſands, which are bare at low-water, is ſomething more than two miles. The country-people paſs over on foot or with carts at ſuch times, but it is by no means ſafe for ſtrangers. The ſands in the deepeſt part are ſeldom ſo free from water as to ſuperſede the neceſſity of wading above the ſhoes; and there are quickſands, which have not unfrequently ſwallowed up horſes and carriages, as the records of the country ſhow. Perhaps the beſt croſſing is from the lower end of Fenham Flats, nearer to Belford, where the coaſt ſweeps round ſouth-eaſt, and runs in a long promontory into the ſea, to a point

called the Old Law, whence the paſſage to Lindisfarne is only about half a mile, and boats are always in readineſs to fetch you over.

The walk along the coaſt to this point is extremely wild. The fury of tempeſts has thrown up a chaos of ſand-hills, and

LINDISFARNE; GENERAL VIEW.

the riotous waves have torn out caverns and hollows, and ſcattered the beach with ſea-weeds, ſhells, and drift, at high-water mark. The long, thin ſea-graſs on the ſand-hills hiſſes in the wind as you advance, and behind other hills before you

the ſea booms ſolemnly. Here and there you come upon a fiſherman's hut amid the ſand-hills, with boats, pitch-caſks, and old boards, the relics of wrecks, ſcattered about. As you advance, the ancient Priory, and to its right the Caſtle,—the two chief buildings of the iſland,—riſe more and more boldly before you, juſt as Sir Walter Scott deſcribed them in the voyage of the Abbeſs of Whitby and her nuns in "Marmion."

> Higher and higher roſe to view
> The Caſtle with its battled walls,
> The ancient monaſtery's halls,
> A ſolemn, huge and dark-red pile,
> Placed on the margin of the iſle.

As you approach, you are ſtruck by the dark cliffs that gird the iſland, flanked by enormous maſſes of rock fallen from them to the ſea-beach. You land and find yourſelves near the ruins of the Abbey, with a fiſhing village adjoining it, and acroſs a mooriſh flat, at about half a mile diſtant, the caſtle built into the ſummit of a ſtern pile of rocks. It is altogether a fiſhing place, with its boats on the ſhore, its refuſe of fiſh, and its drying-houſes for the herring ſeaſon. There are children at play, fiſhermen going about, ſlovenly-looking village ſtreets, thatched huts, and the grand old ruins of the abbey.

We ſtand and wonder what in the olden time could have induced the holy fathers to chooſe ſuch a deſolate ſpot for their abode. It could not have been for the love of ſcenery, it muſt have been for the love of ſouls. At preſent the population of the whole iſland is about 1,000 ſouls, who have one reſident clergyman; but formerly, no doubt, the fame of the place drew worſhippers from very diſtant regions. And in truth, we may ſee that a certain reſemblance to Iona, the original ſchool of Britiſh Chriſtianity in the North, probably determined the

ſettlement of the brethren here. The very air of deſolation reminded them of their northern home: the margin of the ſea, with its wild, tumbling waves, and the church a landmark far around to the inquirers after the faith that taught ſelf-denial and the aſpiration after a higher world.

In our account of Iona in our previous volume, we related the circumſtances under which Lindisfarne became one of the firſt ſeats of Chriſtianity in the North of England, as Glaſtonbury was at a much earlier date in the South. Iona was ſending forth its devoted apoſtles, not only into different parts of Britain, but to many a diſtant part of the Continent, ere the uſurping power of Rome had cloſed the way againſt ſo ſimple and unambitious a race of teachers. Whilſt St. Columb and his companions were Chriſtianizing the Picts of Scotland, as his predeceſſors had Chriſtianized the people of Ireland, Columbanus,—a younger and different man to Columb,—and his friend Gall, went forth into Switzerland and France. Having ſettled ſchools of the faith in the Voſges, Columbanus advanced to Lombardy. Agilulf went and founded the convent of Bobbio in the Apennines. Clement conveyed the Goſpel to Bavaria, aſſiſted by Sampſon and Virgilius. The latter penetrated into Carinthia, and became Biſhop of Salzburg. Theſe great evangeliſts were followed by John Scotus Erigena, who ſettled at the court of Charles the Bald; by Claude Clement, called Claude of Turin, from his ſtation there; but who afterwards founded the Univerſity of Paris, as John Scott, called Albinus, did that of Pavia. Sedulius, labouring in the North of Italy, afterwards became Biſhop of Oreta in Spain, as Donatus did of Fieſole in Italy; and it was by theſe men of Hibernia and Iona that the doctrine of Chriſt was eſtabliſhed in the Ciſalpine valleys, and maintained its purity in the Waldenſian church, in defiance of all the power and perſecutions of Rome.

It was the lot of the meek but zealous Aidan to become the apoſtle of the North of England. We learn from Bede that Donald the Fourth, King of Scotland, had embraced the faith from the preaching of ſome of theſe ſimple Culdees from the Weſt, and had given an aſylum to Acca, the widow of Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland, and to her ſeven ſons, who had fled into Scotland with her from the wrath of their uncle Edwin. Donald ſeized the opportunity to inſtil into the minds of theſe Saxon princes the truth of Chriſtianity. On the death of Edwin two of them returned to Northumberland, and reigned there, one over Bernicia and the other over Deira. But they relapſed into idolatry, and ſoon fell in the invaſion of Cedwell, King of Cumberland, and were both killed by him, one in battle, one in cold blood. Oſwald, who was the ſecond ſon of Ethelfrith, then made an attempt to reconquer his rightful dominions; but, ſeeing the ſtrength of the enemy, and the fewneſs of his followers, he threw himſelf on the power of the only true God, planted the croſs in the front of his army, and on his knees implored the Lord of Heaven to vindicate the rights of Chriſt and of himſelf. Victory ſate on his banners; he recovered all Northumberland, and, thus confirmed in the new faith, he not only proclaimed himſelf a Chriſtian, but laboured anxiouſly to convert his ſubjects to that faith. He applied to Donald of Scotland to ſend him a teacher of the truth; and Donald ſent to Iona, to requeſt one to be haſtened to Northumberland. Corman, a pious but auſtere brother, was ſelected on this miſſion; but he ſoon returned diſpirited to Iona, ſaying, "The Northumbrians are ſo obſtinate, we muſt renounce all idea of changing their manners." As Aidan heard this he ſaid to himſelf, "O, my Saviour! if thy love had been offered to this people, many hearts would have been touched! I will go and make Thee known—Thee who broke not the

bruiſed reed!" Then turning to Corman, he ſaid, "Brother, you have been too ſevere towards hearers ſo dull of heart. You ſhould have given them ſpiritual milk to drink, until they were able to receive more ſolid food." All eyes were at once turned on Aidan; and the brethren exclaimed, "Aidan is worthy of the epiſcopate!" And accordingly Aidan was ſent to Northumberland.

At that time Northumberland extended in a line from the Cheviots to the Tweed, and Roxburghſhire was part, not of Scotland, but of that kingdom. Melroſe ſeems to have been the location firſt ſelected by Aidan, who arrived in Northumberland in 635; but he ſoon reſigned the charge to one of his diſciples, and, moving ſouthward, fixed his abode in the deſolate iſland of Lindisfarne, amid the roar of the ocean, and expoſed to the ravages of the fierce ſea-rovers of the time.

The account which Bede gives us of Aidan is like that of one of the primitive apoſtles. He traverſed the country on foot to teach the rude inhabitants, accepting the pooreſt accommodation, and undaunted by any neglect of his teachings or any oppoſition. In time he ſucceeded in converting the chiefs, and then the bulk of the people. He died in the year 651, the ſeventeenth of his epiſcopacy, of grief, it is ſaid by Godwin, for the death of the king who had proved ſo true a friend to the faith and to him. He was ſucceeded by Ferian, another monk from Iona, who converted both Peada, the ſon of Penda, King of the Mercians, who had invaded Northumberland and killed King Oſwine, and Sigebert, king of the Eaſt Angles, and they ſent for four prieſts to preach to their ſubjects. He was in turn ſucceeded by Colman, who alſo came direct from Iona; and in the third year of Colman's epiſcopacy there aroſe a controverſy with the Roman church regarding the proper time of keeping Eaſter, as well as the

mode of tonſure. This had begun on the firſt appearance of Aidan on the ſcene, as it had met the Britiſh monks in every quarter where they approached the Roman ones; but it was now raiſed to an intenſity which demanded ſettlement, and it was agreed to call a ſynod at Whitby, before the Abbeſs Hilda, to determine theſe points. The queſtion was decided againſt the Britiſh prieſts; and Colman, rather than fall into the Roman practice, returned to Iona. In fact, the queſtion included not merely the points directly at iſſue, but that of the ſupremacy of Rome, which was everywhere aſſerted, and which the apoſtles of Iona would not admit, any more than their followers the Waldenſes. Eata, one of twelve Engliſh boys whom Aidan had educated, was at this juncture Biſhop of Melroſe; he conformed, and one of his prieſts, named Tuda, went to Lindisfarne, and ſucceeded to Colman. Thus both Melroſe and Lindisfarne fell under the Roman rule. Tuda died of a peſtilence in a few months, and was ſucceeded by Eata, the Biſhop of Melroſe. He was the laſt of what were called the Scottiſh biſhops; that is, Iona biſhops; and Bede, though oppoſed to them on queſtions of the tonſure and the true keeping of Eaſter, takes the opportunity to pay them the higheſt eulogiums on their ſimple lives and zealous piety. In the church only was magnificence allowed. Their poſſeſſions conſiſted chiefly of cattle, for they only retained money till they could diſtribute it to the poor. When the king came there it was purely for the exerciſe of the rites of religion, and he was attended only by a few followers; and if he partook of refreſhment it was the ordinary frugal diet of the monks. As for temporal affairs, they refuſed to meddle in them, conſidering that the buſineſs of temporal authorities, and theirs to attend to the ſpiritual needs of their flocks. Hence they were univerſally admired and beloved by the people.

Eata, underſtanding that Cuthbert, who was Biſhop of Hexham, would prefer Lindisfarne, reſigned it to him in 685. St. Cuthbert had originally been a ſhepherd near Melroſe ; but, as he tended his ſheep on the banks of the Leder, he ſaw a viſion of the ſpirit of Aidan aſcending into heaven. This divine ſpectacle had ſuch an effect on his mind that he determined to dedicate himſelf to the ſame holy life which had thus glorified the good biſhop. He applied to Eata, and was received into the monaſtery. He removed with Eata to Lindisfarne, and became prior there, till Eata reſigned the ſee to him. Lindisfarne was a place after his own heart. He ſtrengthened himſelf here by prayer and meditation, and by long and arduous rambles through the moorlands and mountains of Northumberland, preaching to the half-ſavage population in the glens and faſtneſſes whither the ſound of the goſpel had never yet reached. After fourteen years of ſuch labours, though of only about two years as biſhop, St. Cuthbert retired to one of the Farn Iſles, a few miles ſouthward, and in the one neareſt to the land,—called thence the Houſe Iſland,—built himſelf a hut of ſtone and turf, and gave himſelf up to prayer and meditation, like one of the old aſcetics in the Thebaic deſert. It is ſaid that he maintained himſelf by vegetables that he cultivated ; which muſt have been one of the greateſt of his miracles, for the winds ſweep over this deſolate iſland now with ſuch force as to carry away any vegetation. Once his friends prevailed on him to return to the monaſtery, but he ſoon quitted it again, and went back to his hut, where he died, and whence his body was conveyed to Lindisfarne, and depoſited near the high altar; but on his deathbed the ſaint, foreſeeing the deſtruction of this monaſtery by the inroads of foreign enemies, took a pledge of the brethren that whenever they were forced to quit it, they ſhould carry his bones with them.

The predicted invaſion did not take place for 105 years, when the Danes and other barbarians fell upon it, deſtroyed or drove away the monks, and pillaged the church. The monks who eſcaped, however, this time returned and reſtored the monaſtery to a habitable condition. But nearly a century afterwards (in 887) the Danes made a more murderous deſcent upon it: the holy brethren took up the relics of the ſaint, and quitted the place, which was on this occaſion ſo far demoliſhed by the barbarians that it was never reſtored, though a cell was maintained there till the reign of Henry VIII., when all the monaſteries and their cells were ſuppreſſed. The body was conveyed to Melroſe, and, the monks again removing, it was depoſited for 113 years at Cheſter-le-Street, the ſee remaining there for that time. The brethren fleeing thence from fear of pirates, the ſaint's body was removed to Ripon, and finally to Durham, St. Cuthbert and Lindisfarne becoming thus the parents of that great biſhopric. The legends of this miraculous wandering of the remains of the ſaint are well told by Scott in the ſecond book of "Marmion:"—

Nor did St. Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with theſe in holy tale;
His body's reſting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Danes burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Iſle;
O'er northern mountain, marſh and moor,
From ſea to ſea, from ſhore to ſhore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpſe they bore.
They reſted then in fair Melroſe;
But, though alive he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repoſe,
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his ſtone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as goſſamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For ſouthward did the ſaint repair;

Cheſter-le-Street and Ripon ſaw
His holy corpſe, ere Wardelaw
Hailed him with joy and fear;
And after many wanderings paſſed,
He choſe his lordly ſeat at laſt,
Where his cathedral, huge and vaſt,
Looks down upon the Wear;
There deep in Durham's Gothic ſhade
His relics are in ſecret laid:
But none may know the place,
Save of his holieſt ſervants three,
Deep ſworn to ſolemn ſecrecy,
Who ſhare that wondrous grace.

In this account Scott wilfully violates the truth of hiſtory by giving St. Cuthbert daughters. No nuns were ever allowed in Lindisfarne, or at any other ſhrine of this ſaint. No woman of any kind after his death was ſuffered to ſet foot in his ſhrine, or his abbey. His honour had been aſperſed by a fair, falſe princeſs, in his youth, and could only be cleared by a miracle. Henceforth he kept all women at a diſtance, not even letting his monks keep a cow; for he ſaid, "Where there is a cow there is a woman, and where there is a woman there is miſchief." Even the great Queen Philippa, who had, by the ſaint's aid, won the battle of Neville's Croſs, was not allowed to ſleep in the Abbey, on a ſubſequent viſit with her huſband Edward III. The monks having diſcovered this horrible fact at midnight, rouſed her from her ſleep, and, haſtily collecting her garments, ſhe had to flee to the caſtle. Yet this averſion did not overcome the ſaint's pious benevolence; for we find in his life many inſtances of his curing women miraculouſly of the moſt ſerious complaints.

Excellent deſcriptions of the very intereſting ruins of Lindisfarne Priory may be found in Hutchinſon's Hiſtory of Durham, in Surtees' Hiſtory, and in Groſe's Antiquities. Groſe ſays:—"The nave of the church conſiſts of a wide centre and two

ſide aiſles, the columns of which are heavy, and the arches circular. In the ſuperſtructure of the north and ſouth walls pointed arches appear. The windows are narrow, ornamented with a corner pilaſter, and a moulding of a few members. The walls are very thick, and every part wears a gloomy

LINDISFARNE PRIORY: RAINBOW ARCH.

countenance. The ſouth wall of the middle tower is ſtanding, about fifty feet high, and one corner tower at the weſt end of the church remains perfect. Theſe ruins ſtill retain one moſt ſingular beauty—an arch unloaded with any ſuperſtructure,

ſupported by the ſouth-eaſt and north-weſt corner pillars, and ornamented with the dancette or zigzag moulding, ſtretching a fine bow over the chaſm of ruins occaſioned by the falling-in of the aiſles."

This fine airy arch ſtill remains like a "rainbow in the ſky," and is conſequently called "the Rainbow Arch." The building is chiefly of a ſoft red ſandſtone, and is conſequently much worn by the weather. The oldeſt parts of the church are genuine Saxon, with low, ſturdy columns, many of them five feet in diameter. Within the ruins ſtand a ruſtic chapel and burial-ground crowded with memorials of death by ſhipwreck and the drowning of fiſhermen.

No one ſhould viſit the ruins of Lindisfarne without walking to the Caſtle, and from its elevated platform taking a wide and noble view of the iſland and the ſurrounding ſea and country. As to the iſland itſelf you have a complete view of it; the ocean ſurging all round againſt its dark rocks; and its little area of cultivation, corn, graſs, and potato-patches, but bare of trees, the winds tolerating nothing higher than buſhes. Dugdale ſays, "The proſpect from the iſland is beautiful. To the northward you command the town of Berwick, over an arm of the ſea about ſeven miles in breadth. At near the ſame diſtance to the ſouth you view Bamborough Caſtle, on a promontory. On the one hand, you have a view of the open ſea, ſcattered over with veſſels; and on the other hand, a narrow channel, by which this land is inſulated, about two miles in width. The diſtant ſhore exhibits a beautiful hanging landſcape of cultivated country, graced with a multitude of hamlets, villages, and woodlands."

He might have added that betwixt you and the land you ſee St. Cuthbert's Iſland, whoſe legend Scott alludes to thus :—

But fain St. Hilda's nuns would learn,
If on a rock by Lindisfarne
St. Cuthbert ſits and toils to frame
The ſea-born beads that bear his name.
Such tales had Whitby s fiſhers told
And ſaid they might his ſhape behold,
And hear his anvil ſound :
A deadened clang,—a huge dim form
Seen but and heard when gathering ſtorm
And night were cloſing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne diſclaim.

Theſe foſſils, called *Entrochi*, or, popularly, St. Cuthbert's beads, are ſtill found among the rocks on the north-eaſt ſide of Holy Iſland. They are about the ſize of the ſeeds of the mallow, and of a dark leaden colour.

From the height of the Caſtle, now a coaſtguard ſtation, you have a full view of the black and iron-bound rocks, called the Farn and Staple Iſlands, the haunts of ſea-fowl, and the ſcene of ſo many fatal wrecks. On one of the fartheſt out at ſea, called the Longſtone rock, ſtands the lighthouſe from whence the brave Grace Darling and her father iſſued to ſave the ſurvivors, nine in number, of the paſſengers of the *Forfarſhire* ſteamer, wrecked on the 7th of September, 1838. Turning landward, the eye in clear weather catches the ſummit of the Cheviot hills, and in ſuch an atmoſphere it ranges ſouthward as far as the ruins of Dunſtanborough.

The great purſuit of the preſent inhabitants of Lindisfarne and the neighbouring coaſt is fiſhing. In the herring ſeaſon there is a great reſort to the Farn Iſles from different places betwixt Leith and Yarmouth, and even from France. North Sunderland ſends out a little fleet of herring-boats, the great ground for the herrings being ſouth-eaſt of the Crumſtone Rock. Lindisfarne ſends alſo a great number of lobſters and holibut,

and other fiſh, to London. Of the ancient purſuits of Lindisfarne ſome ſpecimens yet exiſt in illuminated Miſſals and Goſpels, in the library of Durham Cathedral and in the Britiſh Muſeum. The one in the Britiſh Muſeum is the ſo-called Durham Manuſcript, in its rich, jewelled binding. It is a copy of the Four Goſpels, written by the learned Biſhop of Lindisfarne, Eadfrith, or Egfrid. It is in his own hand, tranſcribed with all the elegance of Saxon caligraphy. It will be found in the Muſeum—Nero D., 4—and has been moſt minutely deſcribed by Selden, Mareſchall, Smith, Wanley, and, laſt of all, by Aſtle. According to a note at the concluſion of St. Matthew's Goſpel, which gives a full account of this moſt intereſting book, the text—that of the Vulgate—was written by Eadfrith; Ethelwald, his ſucceſſor, ſupplied the illuminations, which are brilliant beyond conception. Belfrid beſtowed upon it a cover of ſilver and gold, bedecked with precious ſtones; and, a while after, Aldred, a prieſt of the houſe, added an interlinear Dano-Saxon verſion, with marginal notes. The ſubſequent hiſtory of this book is very curious. It remained in the church at Lindisfarne until the monks were compelled by the Danes to flee from the iſland, and then it became the companion of their travels. During their flight it fell into the ſea, and it is ſaid that a monk ſaw it in a viſion, thrown up uninjured on the coaſt. On ſeeking for it, it was there found. At length it reached Durham, with the other treaſures of the church; and there it remained till Lindisfarne roſe again from its aſhes, when it was carried back, and formed an item in the inventories of the priory of Holy Iſland till its diſſolution.

Lindisfarne had many inmates who could beſtow wealth on ſuch objects of art and veneration. Several Saxon kings and princes retired to it, and became brethren there. Amongſt theſe was Ceolwulf, King of Northumberland, who reſigned his

crown in 737 to Edbert, his couſin, and carried with him to the priory great riches in money and eſtate. He alſo introduced ale and wine into the convent, inſtead of the milk and water of Aidan, their founder. In the reign of Edbert, the ſucceſſor of Ceolwulf, Offa, a prince of the royal blood, took

LINDISFARNE PRIORY: NORMAN PORCH.

ſanctuary in Lindisfarne, from ſome cauſe not explained. Edbert, the king, dragged him from the high altar of this ſacred place, put him to death at once, and impriſoned the biſhop in Bamborough Caſtle.

Such were the ſcenes that occaſionally diſturbed the quiet of this hallowed retirement, when the ſtormy paſſions of half-ſavage princes were added to thoſe of nature. How ſubſtantial muſt have been a fabric, ſo

> Expoſed to the tempeſtuous ſeas,
> Scourged by the winds' eternal ſway,
> Open to rovers fierce as they,
> Which could twelve hundred years withſtand
> Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hands!

Tynemouth Priory.

THE Priory of Tynemouth was founded in the early Saxon ages, nearly coeval with Whitby and Lindisfarne. It ſuffered the ſame ravages from the Danes, and once or twice was totally demoliſhed and left for long years as a heap of ruins. Yet it roſe, phœnix-like, from its aſhes, and continued till the great era of Henry VIII., which put an end to the glories, abuſes, benevolences and crimes, of all theſe magnificent manſions. Tanner, following Leland and Creſſy, aſſerts that there was a religious houſe there in the very earlieſt ages of Chriſtianity in theſe iſlands. It would ſeem to have been originally intended for nuns, and ſo continued to the time of St. Cuthbert; for Virca, Abbeſs of Tynemouth, preſented to that ſaint—not ſeeming to take any offence at his myſogyny—a rare winding-ſheet, in emulation of the holy lady Tuda, who had ſent him a coffin. Perhaps, however, theſe peculiar gifts might have a particular meaning, namely, that the ladies would be glad to have him comfortably conſigned to his ultimate home. Whatever might be the original ſtructure on this airy ſpot, we are told by Leland that Edwin, King of Northumberland, erected a nunnery of wood here, and that his daughter Roſella took the veil in it. Oſwald, the great patron of the Iona clergy, who began his reign in the year 634, removed

this wooden building and replaced it by one of ſubſtantial ſtone; from which occurrence he has been repreſented by many as the original founder of Tynemouth monaſtery. The place acquired ſuch ſanctity that perſons ſought eagerly to be buried within its walls; and, amongſt thoſe interred within it, was no leſs a perſon than Oſwin, King of Deira, who was ſlain by Oſwy, King of Bernicia, in 651. Again, it was ſaid to owe its foundation to Egfrid, King of Northumberland, who reigned from 671 to 685; but during his reign the Danes committed fearful ravages in Northumberland, and moſt likely deſtroyed the monaſtery of Tynemouth, ſo that Egfrid literally became its reſtorer.

In this revived ſtate it received the earthly remains of Oſred, King of Northumberland in 792; but it was deſtined to ſuffer a ſucceſſion of ravages during the next century and a half from the Danes, ſufficient to have deterred all attempts to re-inhabit it. It was plundered by them in 800; again by Inguar and Hubba in 866; again in 870, when it was occupied by nuns; by Halfdan the Daniſh king in 876, only ſix years after one of theſe viſitations; and finally in the reign of Athelſtan, King of the Weſt Saxons, between 924 and 940. Such was the deſpair of the monks and nuns of Tynemouth—for it appears to have had both—created by theſe calamities, that, for a very long time, nothing could induce any of the religious to occupy it. In fact, its ſituation was itſelf an invitation to the roving vikings to viſit it. It ſtood on a bold cliff, overhanging the ſea, ſhowing itſelf for leagues over the ocean, and naturally awakening the cupidity of theſe marauders. At length, when they had left nothing further in Northumberland worth carrying off, the biſhop of the dioceſe begged the ſite from the Earls of Northumberland, and once more peopled it. Soon after this the ſexton dreamed of the ſpot where lay the remains

of the king and martyr Oſwin. Judith, the wife of Toſtig, Earl of Northumberland, ſupported the ſexton in his ſearch; and, the royal bones being diſcovered and honoured with a ſtately tomb, conferred a great intereſt on the monaſtery. The Danes paid ſeveral ſucceſſive viſits to the coaſt, took and burned the Caſtle of Bamborough ſo late as 995, but do not ſeem to have moleſted Tynemouth.

In 1074, Tynemouth Priory was deprived of the relics of King Oſwin, which were conferred by Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, on the monks of Yarrow, who removed them thither. The earl alſo beſtowed the property of Tynemouth, and all its lands, on Yarrow. Yet, though it was even taken from Yarrow, and made a mere cell to the monaſtery of St. Alban's forever, it became the burial-place of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and his ſon, Prince Edward, who were killed on St. Brice's-day, 1094. Succeſſive kings confirmed to the monaſtery all its lands and privileges; and Hugh Pudſey, Biſhop of Durham, in 1196, confirmed the monks of Tynemouth in all their tithes in Durham and Northumberland. About this time, however, Matthew Paris tells us that a man got into the monaſtery in the garb of a monk, who was no monk, but a Judas, and who, ſecretly watching his opportunity, put the prior's ſeal to a counterfeit deed, which he handed to one Robert, their enemy, who thereupon began to boaſt of what was in his power; but, this exciting the prior's ſuſpicion, the fraud was diſcovered, and the traitor, having over-fed and drank himſelf, died of apoplexy, and the monks in the cloiſter ſaid they plainly heard a voice ſaying,—"Take him, Satan! take him, Satan!"

In the time of Edward II., the Scots, encouraged by his imbecility, made fierce raids into Northumberland, and plundered the Priory of Tynemouth; but ſome of them, being

taken priſoners, were ſent to London and hanged. Edward II.'s queen reſided ſome time in the priory, and a natural ſon of Edward's, named Ada, was buried there. At the diſſolution, the annual revenue of Tynemouth Priory amounted to a clear value of £397 10*s.* 5½*d.*; and its manors, manor-houſes, villas, and royalties in Northumberland, were numerous, as may be ſeen in Dugdale. In the reign of Edward VI., the Duke of Northumberland became the poſſeſſor of the demeſne, lands, and appurtenances of the priory; and Dugdale ſtates the manor of Tynemouth to be in his time in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Northumberland, but the ſite of the monaſtery in that of the crown.

From very early times there ſtood a caſtle in near proximity to the priory. No doubt the expoſed ſituation of the priory, and its frequent ravages by the Danes, rendered this meaſure neceſſary, though it could not be very conducive to religious quiet. In early times the prior, however, made uſe of the caſtle for confining any of his refractory monks; and Prior John incarcerated there William Pigeon, who contrived to put the prior's ſeal to a falſe deed. Newcome, in his Hiſtory of St. Alban's, ſays—"During the invaſion of England by the Scots, when the Engliſh army was abſent at the battle of Crecy, Ralph Neville, then keeper of the marches, intended to ſend all the Scots priſoners to Tynemouth, under pretence of confining them there in the caſtle, but in reality to eat up the prior and live upon the Church. But Thomas de la Marc, then abbot of St. Alban's, haſtened away to the king, who had juſt arrived at Langley, and petitioned him that he would ſuffer no one—*not even the prior*—to lodge priſoners in the caſtle. During the wars betwixt Charles I. and the Parliament, Tynemouth Caſtle was beſieged and taken by the Scots. A garriſon was put in by the Parliament, and the defences im-

proved. Colonel Lilburn was appointed governor, but he declared for the king; and Sir Arthur Haſlerigg marched from Newcaſtle againſt him, ſtormed the fort, took Lilburn, cut off his head, and hoiſted it on a pole as a leſſon to other governors. In the period of the great French war, and during the menaces of invaſion, the caſtle and the whole promontory on which the priory ſtands were treated by the military engineers in a manner that, however it might contribute to the ſafety of the coaſt, was greatly at the coſt of the remains of the priory."

What the priory was in its beſt days may be ſeen from a "platte," or plan, of the peninſula on which it ſtands, made in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and yet preſerved in the Cottonian Manuſcript, Auguſtus I., vol. ii., art 6. From this we learn that, "entering from Tinmouth town, over a wide moat and drawbridge, ſtood the Ward Houſe, with what was called the 'Utter Forte' to the right; a neck of land projecting from which, and rounding off parallel with that part of the peninſula on which the abbey itſelf ſtood, formed the 'Priour's Haven.' A little to the left of the drawbridge already mentioned was the 'Gatehouſe Houſe,' in the way from which to the 'Great Court,' right and left, were the 'Kylne' and 'Conſtable Lodgyng,' the 'Back Houſe' and 'Mylne.' To the left, near the brink of the cliff, was the 'Gonner's Lodge' and the 'Pultre Yard;' then the north walk, with two barns, a barn-yard, a garner, three ſets of ſtables, and a cow-houſe. In the centre of the area which formed the complete ſite was the 'Abbey Kirke,' to the eaſt of which was the 'Gardyn Place.' The weſt end of the abbey church, ſomewhat narrower than the main buildings, as being apparently without aiſles, is marked as the 'Paryſh Kirke.' North of this, apparently fronting the great court, already named, was the 'Priour's Lodgyng.' The 'Chapter Houſe' and 'Dortoz,'

or dormitory (continuing from which was the edifice named 'Lord's Lodgyng'), adjoined the ſouth ſide of the choir of the abbey church, forming the eaſt ſide of the cloiſter; part of the pariſh church formed the north, the 'Common Aule' the weſt, and the 'New Aule' the ſouth ſides. South of the common hall were 'Botereye Aule' and 'Ketchyn;' and then the 'Southe Courte,' occupying the remaining ſpace to the cliffs which overlooked the Prior's Haven. North of the buttery hall and kitchen was the 'Ender Courte,' with the 'New Lodgyng' and 'Bruhouſe.' The whole precinct of the abbey was ſurrounded by a ſtrong wall; that part of the ſite towards Tinmouth, being unprotected by the ſea, appears to have been rendered doubly ſtrong by a wall and ditch. Adjoining the ditch to the ſouth-weſt of the town of Tinmouth were the 'Old Fiſh Pownds,' now an old dyke."

Thus we have a moſt complete view of the abbey and caſtle of Tynemouth, in their full ſtate in the Elizabethan era, with all their appurtenances about them,—granaries, fiſh-ponds, everything requiſite for them to hold out againſt a ſiege, if neceſſary. At the preſent moment the place retains ſome ſtrong features of the olden time. True, the abbey has been aſſailed by Scotch Covenanters, Engliſh Puritans, winds, weather, and thoſe worſt of all dilapidators, men who look with covetous eyes on fine old buildings when they want to erect ugly new ones without the trouble of quarrying and ſquaring. Under all theſe influences this beautiful abbey has ſhrunk to a mere fragment; but it is a fragment which ſhows what the whole muſt have been, and what churls they muſt have been who pulled it to pieces to build the preſent bald Governor's Houſe. Walter White ſays, with a juſt indignation:—"From what remains of the ruin, with its tall and graceful arches, ſome round, ſome pointed, and all richly red

in colour, we can mentally rebuild the priory, and imagine its former pride and magnificence. Spoliation, more than time, is to blame for the deplorable dilapidation; and it ſeems ſomething like a mockery that the authorities ſhould write a warning to the miſchievous, while the governor's houſe ſtill

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

ſtands but a few yards diſtant, a model of ugline ſs, built of ſtone taken from the ancient walls. Looking thereon, you ſtill wonder how the builder could ever convert that which was already beautiful into anything ſo unſightly. If it is left

ſtanding as a foil to the architectural graces of the ruin, the purpoſe is fully anſwered."

The portion of the priory church ſtill remaining is moſt beautiful. Its arches are for the moſt part round, but here and there ſhowing the pointed ones, included under a general round arch. There are three tiers of theſe arches, one above the other: the lower ones very tall and beautifully worked; the ſecond tier of equal grace, but ſhorter; the upper are greatly dilapidated. A portion of the choir is fitted up as a church; and at the eaſtern end is St. Oſwin's ſhrine, reſtored at the expenſe of the Duke of Northumberland. It has its ſtained glaſs windows, and emboſſed ceiling, and reſembles a lovely little oratory. But in ſtrange contraſt to it ſtands, not far off, the modern barracks. The decaying church and the noiſy canteen riſe ſide by ſide. It is an odd medley of the picturesque old and the unpicturesque new. What is moſt in keeping with the remains of the abbey is a graveyard that lies around it; but this the governor of the caſtle, or the Board of Ordnance, ſome years ago endeavoured to ſhut the inhabitants out from, and to prevent them laying their dead by the ſide of their anceſtors. The ſpirit of the people, however, broke through this arbitrary attempt. In fact, there is no place more calculated to inſpire ſolemn and elevating ideas than this lofty, airy promontory, amid the evidences of preſent human activity and the ſlumbers of the dead. The ſea daſhes on the perpendicular cliffs far below you, and roars amid huge blocks of ſtone fallen from them; whilſt the eye roves far over the ocean, beholding buſy ſteamers, gleaming ſails, and, along the ſands, fiſhermen and ſtrolling people, children at play, and nets drying.

Stephen Oliver, the younger, in his "Rambles in Northum-

berland," ſays, "To behold a ſtorm at ſea, a more likely ſituation could ſcarcely be pointed out than Tynemouth Caſtle-yard; for the ſea, during a gale of wind from the eaſtward, breaks with tremendous violence over the rocks at the foot of the cliff by which the caſtle-yard is bounded; and many a gallant ſhip is wrecked in ſuch weather; ſometimes directly on the rocks below the caſtle, though more frequently on the Herd Sands to the ſouth, or on the dangerous rock called the Black Middins, to the north of the Tyne." We may ſuppoſe the anonymous author of the following ſtanzas ſitting on the edge of the Priory Cliff, muſing on ſuch ſubjects, when he penned them. They relate to the "Morning Star," a veſſel from the port of Tyne, which, in 1818, periſhed in the Cattegat, with all hands.

THE "MORNING STAR."

The "Morning Star"
Sailed o'er the bar,
Bound for the Baltic Sea;
In the morning grey
She ſtretched away,
'T was a weary day to me.

And many an hour
In ſleet and ſhower,
By the lighthouſe rock I ſtray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark,
Of him that's far away.

The caſtle's bound
I wander round,
Among the graſſy graves;
But all I hear
Is the north wind drear
And all I ſee—the waves!

Oh roam not there,
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the fruitleſs tear!
Thy plaint of woe
Is all too low,
The dead they cannot hear.

The "Morning Star"
Is ſet afar,
Set in the Baltic ſea;
And the billows ſpread
O'er the ſandy bed
That holds thy love from thee!

Having ſaid enough of the hiſtory of Tynemouth Priory, let us conclude with a ſample of its traditions. In an old black-letter pamphlet, we have an account of the "The Monk's Stone, a Goodlye Legend of a Croſs; ſhewing how a certayne Monk wandered from his Monaſterie of Tinemouth, and going unto ye Caſtell of Seton De-la-Val, ſtole therefrom a Pigg's Head; with what befell him on his waie back: newlie written downe by the auctour from ſundrie truthes gotten out of diuerſe bookes and ould writeings, and from ye ſaieings of manie aunciente men and wiues of verie goode report."

The legend is more particularly told afterwards:—"Once upon a time in the days of old, a certain monk of the Priory of Tynemouth, ſtrolling abroad, came unto the Caſtle of Seton De-la-Val, whoſe lord was a-hunting, but expected home anon. Among the many diſhes preparing in the kitchen was a pig, ordered expreſſly for the lord's own eating. This alone ſuiting the liquoriſh palate of the monk, and though admoniſhed and informed for whom it was intended, he cut off the head, reckoned by epicures the moſt ſavoury part of the creature, and, putting it into his bag, made the beſt of his way towards the monaſtery. A while after, De-la-Val and his fellows returned from the chaſe, and being informed of the theft, which

he looked upon as a perſonal inſult, he remounted his horſe, and ſet out in purſuit of the offender, and by dint of hard riding overtook him about a mile eaſt of Preſton; and ſo belaboured him with his ſtaff, called a hunting-gad, that he was hardly able to crawl to his cell. This monk dying within a year and a day,—although, as the ſtory goes, the beating was not the cauſe of his death,—his brethren made it a handle to charge De-la-Val with his murder: who, before he could get him abſolved, was obliged to make over to the monaſtery, as an expiation of the deed, the Manor of Elſig, hard by Newcaſtle, with divers other valuable eſtates; and by way of amends to ſet up a monument on the ſpot, where he had ſo properly chaſtiſed the gluttonous monk; inſcribing thereon:—

O horor, to kill a man for a Pigg's Head."

That is the main tradition; but there are others, and one is that De-la-Val was conveyed to York, tried, and pardoned by the Crown; and that the monks, chagrined at the reſult of the affair, erected this ſtone with its inſcription, to give vent to their mortification. But the fact is, that the ſtone,—a part of which yet remains in a field, a little to the north-eaſt of Tynemouth, and in the immediate vicinity of the farmſtead of Monkhouſe,—was an ancient croſs, called the Seton Croſs. It is mentioned in various ancient writings from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and always called the Rood, or Croſs, and as ſtanding on Rodeſtane Moor. It is ſuppoſed to have ſtood at the boundary of the Seton eſtate, and on a road proceeding directly from Seton to Tynemouth, of which traces are yet viſible. When Groſe viſited it, this ſtone was broken, part of it lying on the ground, and a gentleman told him he remembered it ten feet high. He gives a drawing of it, full of carved figures, and evidencing that it had been originally a

very elaborately executed croſs. After his time, a farmer dragged the broken part away, and then pulled up the remaining pedeſtal, becauſe people trod down his crops by reſorting to it. It was put down again, but again ſhifted repeatedly; the laſt and fourth time, becauſe it was in the way of a farm outhouſe about to be built. It was then ſet down in its preſent ſituation. The upper part was afterwards found built into the wall of the barn of the ſame farmhouſe.

The moſt probable tradition is that the monk was near this croſs when the angry knight overtook him, and fled to it for ſanctuary; to which the aſſailant, in his wrath, paid no regard; and that, in record of the offence, the monks had carved on the pedeſtal the following rhyme, more ancient than the proſe inſcription already given:—

O horrid dede
To kill a man for a pig's hede!

The ſubject has furniſhed ballad and ſtory. In one long ballad, which has been modernized and reprinted in the "London Univerſity Magazine," in the "Story Teller," and by Hone, Sir Delaval, as he is called, is made to go to the Cruſades before he could feel "all right" after the penance and the loſs of his eſtates. On his return, the ballad thus concludes:—

Once more is merrie the border land—
Hark! through the midnight gale
The bagpipes again play a waſſail ſtrain,
Round flies the joyous tale;
Many a joke of the friar's poke
Is paſſed o'er hill and dale.

The Ladye Delaval once more ſmiled,
And ſang to her wean on her knee,
And prayed her knight in fond delight
While he held her lovinglie;

Nor grieved he more of his dolours ſore
Though ſtripped of land and fee.

At Warkworth Caſtle, which proudly looks
O'er the ſtormy northern main,
The Percy greeted the Border knight,
With his merrieſt minſtrel ſtrain,
Thronged was the hall with nobles all
To welcome the knight again.

Now at this day while years roll on,
And the knight doth coldly lie,
A ſtone doth ſtand on the ſilent land,
To tellen the ſtrangers nigh,
That a horrid dede for a pig his hede,
Did thence to heavenward cry

Whitby Abbey.

If e'er to Whitby's ſilver ſtrand
Thy pilgrim ſteps have ſtrayed;
Deſcended Hakeneſs' valleys deep,
Or roved through Eſkdale's ſhade;

Then ſure thy weary feet have toiled
The ſteep aſcent to gain,
Where holy Hilda's mouldering pile
O'erhangs the foaming main.

BALLAD OF ST. HILDA.

ONE of the moſt ſtriking objects on the coaſt of Yorkſhire is the ruined abbey of Whitby. From its elevation, and its overlooking the ſea-cliffs, it is an object ſeen far out at ſea, and up and down the coaſt. Expoſed as is the lofty ſite of the abbey ruins, the neighbourhood of Whitby itſelf has many beauties. The town lies deep below the abbey, and the church near it, in the vale of the Eſk, the river running through it, and its houſes climbing in cluſtered confuſion, one above another, up the ſteep hill-ſides to a great height. In fact, a flight of nearly two hundred ſteps has to be aſcended to reach the church from the level of the river; but above them the view is very animated, of the river expanding deep below, between the buſy wharves, and the ſhips paſſing in and out between the moſſy headlands that reſtrain the billows of the ſtormy ſea. Near the church ſtand the remains of the abbey,

WHITBY ABBEY.

being encloſed in private grounds, but admitting free acceſs to the public.

In Dugdale's time a great part of the central tower was ſtanding; but the laſt portion of this fell in 1830, and now lies a heap of graſs-grown ruins. But ſtill the main walls of the church, with their triple heights of finely-carved windows, and its richly-cluſtered columns, remain to delight the eye with their grace and loftineſs. Moſt of theſe arches are pointed, ſhowing a much more recent origin than the earlieſt ſtructure of the abbey; but there are ſtill round arches that bear teſtimony to a much higher antiquity.

This monaſtery is ſaid to have been firſt erected by St. Hilda, the abbeſs of Heruten, now Hartlepool, in conſequence of a vow made by her, and on ground granted by Oſwy, King of Northumberland. This took place in 657; and Ælfleda, a daughter of Oſwy, became a nun in the eſtabliſhment, and ſucceeded as abbeſs on Hilda's deceaſe, which occurred in 680. The monaſtery was for both men and women. The name of the place in the Saxon times was Streoneſhall, meaning the bay of a watch-tower; but on the invaſion of the Danes it obtained the name of Vitby, or the White Town; now ſlightly changed into Whitby.

The main event which diſtinguiſhed the rule of St. Hilda was one to which we have already ſeveral times alluded,—the council which was held here in 664 to ſettle the queſtion of the true time of keeping Eaſter, and, in fact, the ſupremacy of the Britiſh or the Romiſh Church in theſe iſlands. Henry, in his excellent "Hiſtory of England" (vol. iii., p. 203), gives the following account of this moſt important event:—"It appears that the Engliſh in the kingdoms of Kent and Weſſex were converted to and inſtructed in the Chriſtian religion by miſſionaries from Rome and France, whilſt thoſe of Mercia and Northumberland received the light of the Goſpel from preachers of the Scotch nation. All theſe different teachers eſtabliſhed the rites and uſages of the church from whence they came in thoſe which they planted; which gave riſe to many controverſies between the Engliſh churches in the ſouth and thoſe in the north, about their reſpective cuſtoms, particularly about the time of keeping Eaſter, and the form of the eccleſiaſtical tonſure. The churches planted by the Roman miſſionaries kept Eaſter on the firſt Sunday after the fourteenth and before the twenty-ſecond day of the firſt month after the vernal equinox, and thoſe planted by the Scotch kept that feſtival on the firſt

Sunday after the thirteenth and before the twenty-firſt day of the ſame moon. By this means, when the fourteenth day of that moon happened to be a Sunday, thoſe of the Scotch communion celebrated the feaſt of Eaſter on that day, whereas thoſe of the Roman communion did not celebrate theirs till the Sunday after. The Romiſh clergy in the ſouth of England, animated with the haughty, intolerant ſpirit of the church from whence they came, were not contented with enjoying their own cuſtoms in peace, but laboured with much violence to impoſe them upon the Britons, Scots, and northern Engliſh, who were all abundantly tenacious of their own uſages. At length a famous council was ſummoned by Oſwy, King of Northumberland, at Whitby, in Yorkſhire (A.D. 644), to determine this mighty controverſy; which occaſioned no little confuſion in his own family,—his queen and ſon following the Roman ritual, while he obſerved the Scotch. The principal champions on the Roman ſide at this council were Agelbert, Biſhop of the Weſt Saxons, with Agatho, James, Romanus, and Wilfrid, prieſts; while Colman, Biſhop of Lindisfarne, with ſome of his clergy, managed the argument on the other ſide. The Scotch orators maintained that their manner of celebrating Eaſter was preſcribed by St. John, the beloved diſciple; and the Romaniſts affirmed, with equal confidence, that theirs was inſtituted by St. Peter, the prince of the apoſtles, and the door-keeper of heaven. Oſwy was ſtruck with this laſt obſervation; and, both parties acknowledging that Peter kept the keys, the king declared that he was determined not to diſoblige this celeſtial porter upon any account, but to obſerve all his inſtitutions to the utmoſt of his power, for fear he ſhould turn his back upon him when he came to the gate of heaven. This ſagacious declaration was applauded by the whole aſſembly, and the Roman orators obtained a com-

plete victory, at which Biſhop Colman, and many of his clergy, were ſo much offended, that they left England and returned to their native country.

St. Hilda, under whoſe roof this great triumph of Romaniſm was gained, was a princeſs of the blood, being the daughter of Hereric, nephew—or, as ſome ſay, grandſon—of the great Saxon King, Edwin; and was baptized by Paulinus himſelf, when only fourteen years of age. Her ſiſter Hereſuit was abbeſs of Chelles, in Normandy, in whoſe convent Hilda ſpent a year, and then, returning to Northumberland, became abbeſs of a ſmall nunnery on the river Wear; afterwards of Heruten, or Hartlepool, and, finally, of Whitby. Bede gives us a long account of the death of this famous abbeſs being ſeen in a viſion by a nun, who alſo heard the death-bell tolling ſupernaturally at Hakeneſs, now Hackneſs, thirteen miles ſouth of Whitby, and near the ſhore; and that, when the meſſengers arrived with the news of her deceaſe on the previous night, they found the nuns ſaying maſs for her ſoul.

This Hackneſs was a cell of Whitby. It lies between Whitby and Scarborough, and is now the property of Sir John Vanden Bempdé Johnſtone, Bart. The old manor houſe lies in a lovely valley amidſt woods, having all the air of a monaſtic ſecluſion. It was originally erected, like to many others on this coaſt, for nuns; but the pirates that infeſted the ſeas in the Saxon times rendered it too unſafe for them. We are told, too, in the reign of William Rufus, not only that pirates ravaged this ſhore, but that thieves and robbers came day and night out of the foreſts, and carried off all they could lay hands on. In Forge Valley, leading to Hackneſs from Scarborough, are the remains of a monaſtic cell, and traces of an iron foundry, as at Rievaux Abbey, indicating that the monks

were not all "lazy monks," but looked after the minerals on their eſtates.

Such was the ſanctity of this famous abbeſs, that tradition relates that the numerous foſſils found on that ſhore, now called ammonites, and which reſemble ſnakes coiled up, but without any heads, were real ſerpents which infeſted that neighbourhood, and were thus deprived of their heads, and petrified for ever, at the prayer of the holy abbeſs. Scott refers gracefully to this, and to other legends of St. Hilda and her convent, in the ſecond canto of Marmion:—

Then Whitby nuns, exulting, told,
How to their houſe three barons bold
Muſt menial ſervice do;
While horns blow out a note of ſhame,
And monks cry "Fie, upon your name!"
In wrath, for loſs of ſylvan game,
St. Hilda's prieſt ye ſlew!
This, on Aſcenſion-day each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Muſt Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.
They told how in their convent cell
A Saxon princeſs once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how, of thouſand ſnakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of ſtone,
When holy Hilda prayed:
Themſelves, within their holy bound,
Their ſtony folds had often found.
They told how ſea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they ſail,
And ſinking down with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the ſaint.

Foſſils, in fact, abound in the neighbourhood of Whitby. Walter White, in his "Month in Yorkſhire," ſays:—"The foſſil ſpecimens in the muſeum of the Literary Society of

Whitby are eſpecially worthy of attention. Side by ſide with a ſection of the ſtrata of the coaſt from Bridlington to Redcar, there is a collection of the foſſils therein contained, among which thoſe of the immediate neighbourhood, ſuch as may be called Whitby foſſils, occupy the chief place. There are ſaurians in good preſervation, one of which was preſented (ſold?) to the muſeum for £150, by the nobleman on whoſe eſtate it was found embedded in lias. The number of ammonites of all ſizes is ſurpriſing. Theſe are the headleſs ſnakes of St. Hilda's nuns, and the 'ſtrange frolics of Nature' of philoſophers in later days, who held that ſhe formed them for 'diverſion after a toilſome application to buſineſs.' Perhaps it is to ſome ſuperſtitious notion connected with the ſnake-ſtones that the town owes the three ammonites in its coat of arms. In all, the foſſil ſpecimens in the muſeum now amount to nearly nine thouſand."

The tradition regarding the birds is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is alſo aſcribed to the power of her ſanctity, that thoſe wild geeſe, which in the winter fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the ſouthern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down ſuddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts; a relation I ſhould not have made, if I had not received it from ſeveral credible men. But thoſe who are leſs inclined to heed ſuperſtition, attribute it to ſome occult quality in the ground, and to ſomewhat of antipathy between it and the geeſe, ſuch as they ſay is between wolves and ſcylla roots; for that ſuch hidden tendencies and averſions, as we call ſympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preſervation of them, is a thing ſo evident, that every body grants it." Mr. Charlton, in his Hiſtory of Whitby, attributes this effect to the number of ſea-

gulls that, when flying from a ſtorm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of paſſage, who do the ſame on their arrival on ſhore after a long flight.

The ſtatement of the menial ſervice done by the deſcendants of thoſe baronial houſes to the abbeſſes of Whitby is very curious, and is quoted by Scott in his notes to "Marmion," as thus given in "The True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby:—"In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conqueſt of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce; the lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and a freeholder named Allatſon, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or deſert place belonging to the Abbot of Whitby; the place's name was Eſkdale-ſide, and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, theſe young gentlemen having met, with their hounds and boar-ſtaves, in the place above-mentioned, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eſkdale-ſide, where was a monk of Whitby, who was a hermit. The boar, being ſorely purſued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel door, there laid him down, and preſently died. The hermit ſhut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himſelf in at his meditations and prayers, the hounds ſtanding at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being juſt behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and ſo came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth, and within they found the boar lying dead; for which the gentlemen, in a fit of great fury, becauſe the hounds were put from their game, did moſt violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-ſtaves, whereby he ſoon after died. Thereupon, the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that

they were in peril of death, took ſanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time the abbot, being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the ſanctuary, whereby they were in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the ſeverity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, ſent for the abbot, and deſired him to ſend for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot ſo doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very ſick and weak, ſaid unto them, 'I am ſure to die of thoſe wounds you have given me.' The abbot anſwered, 'They ſhall as ſurely die for the ſame.' But the hermit anſwered, 'Not ſo; for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I ſhall lay on them for the ſafeguard of their ſouls.' The gentlemen, being preſent, bade him ſave their lives. Then ſaid the hermit, 'You and yours ſhall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his ſucceſſors, in this manner: that, upon Aſcenſion-day, you, or ſome of you, ſhall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eſkdale-ſide, the ſame day at ſun-riſing, and there ſhall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him, and he ſhall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten ſtakes, eleven ſtrout ſtowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or ſome of you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, ſhall take twenty-one of each ſort, to be cut in the ſame manner; and you, Allatſon, ſhall take nine of each ſort, to be cut as aforeſaid, and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the ſame day before mentioned. At the ſame hour of nine of the clock, if it be full ſea, your labour and ſervice ſhall ceaſe; and if low water, each of you ſhall ſet your ſtakes to the brim, each ſtake one yard from the other, and ſo yether

them on each ſide with your yethers; and ſo ſtake on each ſide with your ſtrout ſtowers, that they may ſtand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you ſhall do, make, and execute the ſaid ſervice, at that very hour, every year, except it be full ſea at that hour; but when it ſhall ſo fall out this ſervice ſhall ceaſe. You ſhall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did moſt cruelly ſlay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your ſins, and do good works. The officer of Eſkdale-ſide ſhall blow *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your ſucceſſors, ſhall refuſe this ſervice, ſo long as it ſhall not be full ſea at the aforeſaid hour, you, or yours, ſhall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his ſucceſſors. This I entreat, and earneſtly beg, that you may have your lives and goods preſerved for this ſervice; and I requeſt of you to promiſe, by your parts in heaven, that it ſhall be done by you, and your ſucceſſors, as is aforeſaid requeſted; and I will confirm it by the faith of an honeſt man.' Then the hermit ſaid, 'My ſoul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive theſe men my death, as Chriſt forgave the thieves on the croſs.' And in the preſence of the abbot and the reſt, he ſaid, moreover, theſe words: 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo ſpiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemiſti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.' So he yielded up the ghoſt the 8th day of December, Anno Domini, 1159, whoſe ſoul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This ſervice," it is added, "ſtill continues to be performed with the preſcribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in perſon. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert."

This incident is very illuſtrative of the avidity and dexterity with which the Church, in the good old Roman times, ſeized

on any circumſtance by which to lay the great feudal lords and their property under its power. Theſe three young ſprigs of ariſtocracy little dreamed, we may be well aſſured, that in their fury over their game—a fury almoſt equalling that of the game fanatics of the preſent day—they were attacking a member of the powerful abbey of Whitby in the perſon of the poor hermit. The hermit lived, it appears, from the 16th of October to the 8th of December; that is, fifty-three days, or a month and more than three weeks. During this time the abbot and abbeſs of Whitby had had plenty of leiſure to plan the penance of theſe youngſters. This was nothing leſs than the rendering themſelves for ever vaſſals of the monaſtery of Whitby, and bound to their good behaviour to all generations. Piouſly as the hermit expreſſed himſelf, the completeneſs of the deed, as taken down from his utterance, ſhows how much deſign and deep policy lay under theſe words of forgiveneſs. It was well that in ſuch times there was a power which could hold in check the otherwiſe lawleſs barons; but the reſtraining power in time needed reſtraint itſelf, and, not acknowledging it, fell and paſſed away.

It may ſeem ſtrange that the abbot of Whitby is mentioned in the caſe alone, and not the abbeſs. The following paſſage will explain this:—"The abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coaſt of Yorkſhire, founded by Oſwy, king of Northumberland, contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was uſual in ſuch eſtabliſhments, the abbeſs was ſuperior to the abbot." We may ſuppoſe that, in ſuch caſes as the one above, the abbot came forward rather than the abbeſs, as more fitted for ſuch worldly work; and it would appear that the male element, as is uſually the caſe, got the upper hand eventually, for there were no nuns in Whitby Abbey in Henry VIII.'s time,

nor had been for long before that period. The ceremony of the ſervice done by the deſcendants of theſe wild hunters was called Horngarth, from the blowing of the horn.

The Norwegians landed and plundered Whitby in the twelfth century, in the time of Richard, who had been prior of Peterborough, and who died in 1175. When the abbey was ſurrendered in Henry VIII.'s time, its groſs annual rental amounted to £505, ſome ſhillings, ſo that it had become very rich; and, indeed, the enumeration of the places in its poſſeſſion ſhow its great wealth and power. They may be ſeen in Dugdale. The landed property at Whitby, and the ſite of the abbey, were granted to Sir Richard Chomley, Knt., and in Dugdale's time remained in that family, and, in fact, do ſo ſtill.

Charlton ſays:—"Amongſt others, Whitby Abbey, after being plundered of the wood, the timber and lead on its roof, as alſo of its bells, and everything elſe belonging thereto that could be ſold, was left ſtanding with its ſtone walls, a mere ſkeleton of what it had formerly been." The cells, or houſes ſubordinate to this abbey, were Hackneſs, in Whitby Strand; Middleſburgh, the church of All Saints in Fiſhergate at York; and Godeland, or Gotheland; beſides ſeveral hermitages. The abbot of Whitby was one of thoſe abbots who were conſidered ſpiritual barons, but did not ſit in Parliament.

The perſon of moſt literary diſtinction amongſt the monks of Whitby was Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon poet, to whom, Bede informs us, the moſt ſublime ſtrains of poetry were ſo natural that he dreamed in verſe, and compoſed the moſt admirable poems in his ſleep, which he repeated as ſoon as he awoke. A ſpecimen of his work, "The Origin of Things," is preſerved in Alfred's tranſlation of Bede's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and is ſuppoſed to be the oldeſt ſpecimen of the Saxon now remaining. It may intereſt the reader to ſee what was the

language ſpoken and written in this country about A.D. 670, and therefore we preſent this fragment with a literal tranſlation of it in parallel columns :—

Nu we ſceolan herian	Now muſt we praiſe
Heofon-rices weard.	The guardian of heaven's kingdom.
Metodes mihte,	The Creator's might,
And his mod-gethone.	And his mind's thought.
Wera wuldor-fæder !	Glorious Father of Man !
Swa he wundra gehwæs,	As of every wonder he,
Ece drihten,	Lord Eternal,
Oord onſtealde.	From the beginning.
He æreſt geſceop	He firſt framed
Eorthan bearnum	For the children of earth
Heofon to hrofe,	The heaven as a roof,
Halig ſcyppend !	The holy Creator !
Tha Middangeard,	Then mid-earth,
Moncynnes weard,	The Guardian of Mankind,
Ece dryhten,	The Eternal Lord,
Æfter teode,	Afterwards produced,
Firum foldan,	The earth for men,
Frea aelmitig.	Lord Almighty.

The fame of St. Hilda was very great all over the north of England in Catholic times ; and not only was there a full belief in her headleſs ſnakes,—

How ſole amid the ſerpent tribe
The holy abbeſs ſtood,
With fervent faith, and up-lift hands
Graſping the holy rood ;

The ſuppliant's prayer and powerful charm,
The unnumbered reptiles own ;
Each, falling from the cliff, becomes
A headleſs coil of ſtone ;

and likewiſe

How, when above the oriel arch
The ſcreaming ſea-fowl ſoared,
Their drooping pinions conſcious fell,
And the virgin ſaint adored ;

but Charlton, in his hiſtory of Whitby, ſays :—"I ſhall produce one inſtance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which prevails even in our days; and that is the conſtant opinion that ſhe rendered, and ſtill renders, herſelf viſible, on ſome occaſions, in the Abbey of Streoneſhall, or Whitby, where ſhe long reſided. At a particular time of the year, namely, in the ſummer months, at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the ſunbeams fall in the inſide of the northern part of the choir; and it is then that the ſpectators, who ſtand on the weſt ſide of Whitby churchyard, ſo as juſt to ſee the moſt northerly part of the abbey, paſt the north end of Whitby church, imagine that they perceive, in one of the higheſt windows, the reſemblance of a woman arrayed in a ſhroud. Though we are certain that this is only a reflection cauſed by the ſplendour of the ſunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is conſtantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her ſhroud, or, rather, in a glorified ſtate; before which, I make no doubt, the Papiſts, even in theſe our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their glorified ſaint."

Netley Abbey.

LEASURE touriſts croſſing from Southampton to Cowes in the Iſle of Wight, have often admired the woods of Netley on their hanging ſhore, with here and there a ſummit of broken wall peering through the noble trees. The ſituation on the banks of Southampton Water, about three miles from that town, and near a part of the New Foreſt, is particularly charming, and has often drawn the foot of the lover of nature or of art to a nearer inſpection of it. The beauty of the place is by no means diminiſhed by this approximation. There is a foreſt air about it ſtill; the trees are wonderfully lofty and fine, and many of them have ſprung up in the interior of the once fair building, whilſt maſſes of luxuriant ivy clamber the lofty walls, and depend in rich prodigality from their crumbling ſummits, adding a fuller grace to the ſcene. The viſitor, ſeated on a fallen ſtone, ſtill feels a foreſt ſilence around him; and the neighbourhood of the Southampton Water ſeems to complete the feeling of the monaſtic tranquillity which for ages brooded over the ſpot. Mr. Moile, in his "State Trials," has infuſed this feeling livingly, bringing into the picture the monks of Binſtead, alſo, in the Iſle of Wight, oppoſite,—

> In Netley Abbey,—on the neighbouring iſle
> The woods of Einſtead ſhroud as fair a pile;—
> Where ſloping meadows fringe the ſhore with green,
> A river of the ocean rolls between,

NETLEY ABBEY: EAST WINDOW.

Whoſe murmurs, borne on ſunny winds, diſport
Through oriel windows and a cloiſtered court;
O'er hills ſo fair, o'er terraces ſo ſweet,
The ſea comes twice a-day to kiſs their feet;
Where ſounding caverns mine the garden bowers,
Where groves intone, where many an ilex towers,
And many a fragrant breath exhales from fruit and flowers;
And lowing herds and feathered warblers there
Make myſtic concords with repoſe and prayer;
Mixed with the hum of apiaries near,
The mill's far cataract and the ſea-boy's cheer;
Whoſe oars beat time to litanies at noon,

Or hymns at compline by the riſing moon ;
Where, after chimes, each chapel echoes round
Like one aërial inſtrument of ſound,
Some vaſt, harmonious fabric of the Lord's.

Netley Abbey, however, has little beſides its preſent beauty to intereſt the imagination. No ſtriking hiſtories preſent themſelves in its annals ; in fact, its annals are loſt ; no regiſter of the abbey is known to exiſt. In this reſpect, the glorious old Abbey of Beaulieu, whence its monks originally came, has much the advantage over it. There ſudden offſhoots from the ſecular world's convulſions, ever and anon ſuddenly broke its religious repoſe, and called in the monks to adminiſter conſolation to the glittering but leſs happy beings of the political ſpheres of exiſtence. There came the brave but unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, ſeeking refuge ; there the bold impoſtor, Perkin Warbeck, made a paſſing retreat. Netley, ſituated nearer to the coaſt, would have ſeemed more expoſed to ſuch viſitations ; but it appears ſingularly to have eſcaped, and to have ſlumbered on in a dream-like, poetical quiet, through its days of proſperity.

Its preſent remains ſhow plainly its date. Its light and lofty arches and pointed windows are of the early Engliſh order, according with the date of its foundation in 1239, by Henry III., who dedicated it to the Virgin Mary and St. Edward. Some authors have doubted its foundation by Henry ; but the charter of the third Henry, given in Dugdale, ſufficiently atteſts its foundation by him, and this is confirmed by the annals of Waverley and Parcolude. It was anciently called variouſly Netley, Nethley, Letteley, Edwardſtow, or De Loco Sancti Edwardi. The name has been traced to *de laeto loco*, from its pleaſant ſituation, and again from Natan-leaga, or Leas of Naté, a wooded diſtrict extending from the Avon to

the Teſt and Itchin. John, Earl of Warren, one of the great patrons of Caſtleacre, in Norfolk, alſo confirmed to Netley the manor of Schire, near Guildford, in Surrey, which had been given to the monks by Roger de Clerc, in the year 1252. For a long time its revenues continued very ſmall. It was, however, afterwards better endowed by Edmund Earl of Cornwall, Robert de Ver, and Walter de Burg, the laſt of whom conferred on it lands in Lincolnſhire. But, at the diſſolution, its groſs revenue only amounted to £160 2*s*. 9½*d*, and its clear revenue to £100 12*s*. 8*d*.

The deſtruction of the abbey, according to Willis Brown, commenced about the period when it was inhabited by the Earl of Huntingdon. This was after it had paſſed from the family of Sir William Paulet, to whom it had been granted by Henry VIII., and afterwards from that of the Earl of Hertford. The Earl of Huntingdon,—or Sir Bartlet Lucy, as aſſerted by others,—ſold the materials to a builder of Southampton, ſoon after the beginning of the eighteenth century; but an accident which happened to Mr. Taylor, the builder, ſaved the edifice, or rather the preſent ruins of it. The account of the accident is this. Sir Bartlet Lucy, who had become the poſſeſſor of the Abbey in 1700, ſold the materials of the great church to a builder of Southampton, of the name of Taylor. After Taylor had concluded his contract with Sir Bartlet, ſome of his friends warned him againſt touching the remains of the abbey, ſaying that they would themſelves never be concerned in the demolition of holy and conſecrated places. Their remarks made a deep impreſſion on Taylor; who alſo dreamt that, in taking down the roof of the church, the keyſtone of the arch above the eaſt window fell from its place and killed him. He told his dream to Mr. Watts, a ſchoolmaſter in Southampton, the father of Dr. Iſaac Watts, who gave him the ſomewhat

Jeſuitical advice to have no perſonal concern in pulling down the building. This advice Taylor did not follow, and his ſkull, it is ſaid, was actually fractured by a ſtone which fell from the eaſt window. The accident had the good effect of ſtaying the demolition of the abbey, which has ſince been uninjured except by time and touriſts. The remains are now the property of T. Chamberlayne, Eſq., of Cranbury Park.

The principal remains of Netley Abbey are the chapel, a crypt, popularly called the Abbot's kitchen, the chapter-houſe, and the refectory. The chapel was in the form of a croſs; the ſouthern tranſept and the choir are the moſt perfect portions; the northern tranſept has been deſtroyed, and many parts are much mutilated. The roof of the whole has fallen in, and moſt of the windows have loſt their tracery. The length of the chapel, when entire, was about 200 feet; the breadth 60 feet, and at the tranſepts, 120 feet. The crypt is a curious vaulted apartment, 48 feet long by 18 feet broad. The precinct was ſurrounded by a moat. The ſouth gateway opens into the fountain, or cloiſter court, round which the various monaſtic buildings were arranged. On the north ſide of the court was the church; on the weſt the kitchen, refectory, and chapter-houſe; and on the eaſt the abbot's houſe and garden. Traces of the ancient cloiſters may be ſeen in the court, eſpecially on the ſouth and weſt ſides. A turret at the ſouth corner of the ſouth tranſept is ſaid to have ſerved for a landmark. A portion of the walls of the domeſtic buildings is of brick; and if theſe be the original walls, they are probably the earlieſt poſt-Roman example of the uſe of brick in England. The firſt large building conſtructed entirely of brick is Hurſtmonceux Caſtle in Suſſex. The portion of the abbey on the eaſtern ſide of the cloiſter court is ſtill encloſed within ancient walls.

The ruins of the abbot's houſe adjoin; and beyond the traces of the moat eaſtward are the hollows of two large fiſh-ponds.

Horace Walpole, in his days of Gothic enthuſiaſm, was enchanted with Netley, and ſeems to have contemplated reſtoring at leaſt enough of it for a houſe. What an eſcape it had of being

NETLEY ABBEY: WEST FRONT.

Strawberry-hilled! He wrote to Bentley:—"Shall I deſcribe Netley to you? I can only by telling you it is the ſpot in the world which I and Mr. Chute wiſh. The ruins are vaſt, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roof, pendent in

the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows, wrapped round and round with ivy. Many trees are ſprouted up among the walls, and only want to be *increaſed with cypreſſes!* A hill riſes above the abbey, encircled with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two ſmall platforms. This little caſtle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill. On each ſide breaks in the view of the Southampton Sea, deep blue, glittering with ſilver and veſſels; on one ſide terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calſhot Caſtle; and the Iſle of Wight riſing above the oppoſite hills. In ſhort, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradiſe. Oh, the purple abbots! what a ſpot had they choſen to ſlumber in! The ſcene is ſo beautifully tranquil, yet ſo lively, that they ſeem only to have retired *into* the world."

The viſitors and touriſts of to-day are juſt as much charmed with the ruins of Netley as the monks and Walpole were. They crowd there in ſummer to picnic amongſt the ruined walls and lofty trees, and are not always careful to avoid deſecrating theſe delightful ſpots with their relics of greaſy paper, and of ſhrimps and ſardine boxes. But the grounds are carefully kept, and theſe unſightly objects are daily removed, to be only in fine weather daily left again; a ſtrange deſecration that one would think every lover of the picturesque would feel inſtinctively aware of.

A military hoſpital has been erected in the immediate neighbourhood of the ruins; an intruſion which for its object might have been tolerated had its ſite been healthy, which is denied by many medical men; neither did the Queen, on her recent viſit, find all the arrangements there entirely to her ſatisfaction. Theſe may be readily remedied, whatever the ſanitary conditions of the ſite may be. The *caſtle* which Walpole

mentioned at Netley is one of the many ſmall forts built by Henry VIII. for the protection of the ſouthern coaſt. Calſhot Caſtle, at the mouth of the Southampton Water, on the oppoſite coaſt, is another of them, and both of theſe are now inhabited.

Hurſtmonceux Caſtle.

HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE is remarkable as being a caſtle built of brick, and perhaps one of the oldeſt buildings of that material in the kingdom, except ſuch as are of Roman origin. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., but, as is ſuppoſed, on the ſite of a manor-houſe which had exiſted there from very early times. The eſtate fell into the hands of a Norman lord at the Conqueſt; and in the "Magna Britannia" we have this hiſtory of it and its poſſeſſors:—"Hurſtmonceux, a village ſituate among the woods, being from its woody ſituation called at firſt Herſt; for the Saxons called a wood Hyrſt. This place, ſoon after the coming in of the Normans, was the ſeat of a family of gentlemen who took their name from the place, and were called de Hurſt for ſome ſucceſſions, till William, the ſon of Walleran de Hurſt, for what reaſon is not known, took the name of Monceux, which was at length annexed, for diſtinction's ſake, to the village itſelf, and ſo it hath been long called Hurſt-Monceux. John de Fiennes, male iſſue failing in this family of Monceux, married the female heir, who brought this manor and ſeveral other eſtates of her anceſtors into his family, and their heir Robert inherited them. Roger, the great-grandſon of John, made the manor-houſe here his ſeat, and obtained a licenſe of

King Henry VI. to make a caſtle of it, and enlarge his park there with 600 acres of land, and left it at his death to his ſon Richard de Fiennes, Fenes, Fienes, or Fienles.

"Theſe Fiennes were deſcended from Ingelram de Fienes, who took to wife Sibilde de Tyngrie, daughter of the heir of Pharamuſe de Boloigne, who was deſcended from the earls of Bologne, and nephew to Maud, the wife of King Stephen. Richard de Fiennes above mentioned, being thus nobly deſcended, was knighted and made the chamberlain to King Edward IV., and having before married Joan, the daughter and ſole heir of Thomas Lord Dacre, was by reaſon thereof created by letters patent, 37 Hen. VI., accepted, declared and ſummoned to Parliament as a baron of this realm, under the name and title of Lord Dacre. But this lord did not enjoy his inheritance without diſturbance for ſome time; for Humphrey Dacre, ſecond ſon of Thomas Lord Dacre, ſued this lord for ſome part of his lands and the honour itſelf; but King Edward IV., who was choſen honorary arbitrator between them, having heard their ſeveral pleas, confirmed the honour and eſtate to him, the ſaid Richard, Joan his wife, and the heirs of their bodies lawfully begotten, becauſe ſhe was the next and right heir of Thomas Lord Dacre above-mentioned. And ſo the family of Fiennes continued Lords Dacre as long as male iſſue in their direct line continued, as we ſhall ſhow anon.

"Richard de Fiennes, the firſt Lord Dacre, having been made Conſtable of the Tower, one of King Edward IV.'s Privy Council, and attended the Parliament as a baron from 38 Hen. VI., to 22 Edw. IV., departed this life 2 Rich. III., in poſſeſſion of this manor, and was buried in the pariſh church there, dedicated to All-Saints, as was Joan his wife, who died 1 Hen. VII., and were ſucceeded by their ſon and heir, Thomas de Fiennes. He was a ſtout defender of the Lancaſtrian title

in King Henry's reign, both againſt the Corniſhmen and Scots, and having been ſummoned to Parliament from 11 Hen. VII., to 21 Hen. VIII., died in the ſame reign, and was buried in this pariſh church, on the north ſide of the high altar, appointing by his teſtament that a tomb ſhould be made there for him, and our Lord's ſepulchre placed thereon, with tapers of ten pounds weight burning about it, and that an honeſt prieſt ſhould ſing for his ſoul ſeven years, and have yearly twelve marks ſterling for his ſalary, and to find bread for the ſacrament, wine and wax. This family of Fenys failed, 36 Elizabeth, in the iſſue male, and Margaret, ſiſter of Gregory Fenys, married to Sampſon Leonard, Eſq., carried their eſtate and honour to his family, which thereupon became Lords Dacre, whoſe ſon Richard ſucceeded him, and died in this place. His grandſon, Thomas, was created Earl of Suſſex, 26 Car. II."

In this extract the reader has a fine example of the thoroughly unſettled manner of ſpelling till of late years, eſpecially in proper names. Thus we have Hurſt ſpelled Herſt and Hyrſt; Bologne ſpelled Bologne and Boloigne; and Fiennes ſpelled Fiennes, Fenes, Fienes, Fienles, and Fenys.

Since the Leonards, Lords Dacre, Hurſtmonceux has paſſed into the hands of the families of Hare, Naylor, Kemp, and Curteis. George Naylor purchaſed the eſtate in 1701 for £38,215. It remained in his family for about a century, and was then purchaſed by Francis Hare Naylor, Eſq., M.P., for £60,000. Towards the end of 1777, the caſtle being ſubmitted to the examination of Wyatt, the architect, he repreſented it as ſo much out of repair that it would be better to quit it, and build a new houſe out of the materials. The thing was done, and the preſent Monceux Place was enlarged out of it. We can imagine an architect of Wyatt's taſte, or rather want of it, being delighted to pull to pieces the only

ſpecimen of a brick caſtle in England, and to erect a Wyattville villa out of it. The only wonder is that he did not pull the whole down; but it may be ſuppoſed that ſome little poſſeſſion of taſte in the proprietors prevented the utter deſtruction of this unique fabric.

The ſhell of the caſtle is ſtill finely mantled with ivy, long, no doubt, to remain a monument of Wyatt Vandaliſm. Not only has the building been ravaged, but thoſe fine woods around, which Horace Walpole noticed with ſo much admiration, have been for the moſt part felled. Still the ſituation, though low, is very pleaſant. As you approach the main

HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.

gateway to the ſouth, you are ſtruck by its bold and impreſſive aſpect. Above it are the arms of the Fiennes, with their ſupporters, the alaune, or wolf-dog. The flanking towers are 84 feet high, and are capped with watch-turrets, from which there is a good view of the ſea, at a few miles diſtance; for the caſtle overlooks the bay of Pevenſey, and preſents a full ſight of Beachy Head.

Paſſing over a wooden bridge, where the drawbridge ſtill remained in Walpole's time, you find the caſtle encloſing three courts, the main one and two leſſer ones. In the courts ſtill lie great piles of brickwork, either the refuſe of what was ſelected for Hurſtmonceux Place, or what was ſuperfluous for it; and in ſpring-time the ground is thickly ſtrewn with blue violets, and the air perfumed by them. Huge trunks of ivy aſcend the walls of the rooms, and clothe in luxuriant maſſes the roofleſs battlements. Hazel-buſhes have alſo ſprung up in the courts, and the wallflower has aſſerted its ancient right to the deſolated reſidences of great men. Thick moſs has carpeted the floors ſince men have removed their ruſhes and carpets, and nature altogether has done her beſt to reconquer the place from the deſecrations of a Wyatt.

The ſouth and north fronts of the caſtle meaſured 206 feet, and the eaſt and weſt ones 214 feet. The Green Court was the firſt entered, and beyond it was the Great Hall, which had one of the old baronial central fire-places. This hall had no upper ſtory, ſo that the ſmoke could paſs out at the roof. This was the caſe alſo with the kitchen, of which the great oven of the bakehouſe yet remains, being 14 feet in diameter. Walpole found the ſmall chapel in the ſouth-eaſt front ſtill retaining ſome of its ſtained glaſs; but much of it had been removed to very odd places, and he ſays he found "St. Catherine and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand exiled into the buttery."

The alaunes of the Fiennes figured in moſt of the windows of the caſtle, and the walls at the demolition continued internally of bare brick. No doubt, they had been hung with tapeſtry, and therefore had not been plaſtered; "that age," ſays Walpole, "not having arrived at the luxury of whitewaſh." But when tapeſtry ceaſed to hide the brickwork, we have plenty of proof that drawing took its place. Our great families did not ſit with bare brick or ſtone walls. Tapeſtry, ſilk, or ſtucco-work gave a fitting finiſh to their interiors. Under the tower at the ſouth-eaſt angle was the dungeon; and, when Groſe viſited it, there remained a ſtout ſtone poſt for ſecuring chains to. Over the porter's lodge was the room called the "Drummer's Hall," which was ſaid to be haunted by a ſpirit which occaſionally beat a drum at midnight. Addiſon's comedy of "The Drummer," Walpole ſays, was ſuggeſted by this tradition; but it might have been juſt as well ſuggeſted by the celebrated Drummer of Tedworth, who ſo long annoyed the family of Mr. Mompeſſon. The drumming here has been ſaid to have been the work of a gardener, who invented the ſcheme to allow the midnight viſits of ſmugglers from Pevenſey, without fear of intruſion from chicken-hearted coaſt-guards and revenue officers. Some carvings by Grinlin Gibbons were removed from the caſtle after Walpole's viſit, and are now at Hurſtmonceux Place. There are ſtill traces of the moat, and of a large reſervoir of water connected with it; and a row of grand old Spaniſh cheſnuts beyond the moat are ſaid to be older than the caſtle itſelf.

The viſitor ſhould notice the peculiar character of ſcenery betwixt the caſtle and the neighbouring coaſt. The wide, dreary marſh-lands, interſected by reed-grown water-courſes, and the yellow lichen colouring the old thorn trees that grow in the moorlands, ſhow the prevalence of damp exhalations.

Hurſtmonceux Place has nothing to recommend it, not even Wyatt's architecture, which he undoubtedly believed to be much finer than that of the caſtle. It will give the viſitor, however, fine breezy proſpects towards Beachy Head; and both the churchyard and the church poſſeſs monuments of the Fiennes, and others of intereſt. Among the memories of the place are, that it was the rectory of Archdeacon Hare; that here his brother, Marcus Hare, ſpent his youth; and that John Sterling, whoſe life has been written both by the Archdeacon and Thomas Carlyle, was the Archdeacon's firſt curate at this place.

But a particular intereſt attaches to Hurſtmonceux from its lying juſt in the neighbourhood where the Norman Conqueror landed, and from which he marched to fight that eventful battle which overthrew the Saxon rule in England, and made the Norman barons lords of England, now for eight hundred years. The Conqueror, who landed at that ſingular old town, ſucceſſively inhabited by Britons, Romans, and Saxons, the Anderida of the natives, muſt have marched very near Hurſtmonceux on his way to meet Harold at Epiton, from that dynaſty-deciding conflict thence called Battle. All that coaſt, from Pevenſey to Haſtings, is ſaid to have been covered by the Conqueror's ſhips, landing troops, and by the troops marching towards that common centre of action. They paſſed through and over Crowhurſt, the very manor of Harold himſelf; for it appears by the Conqueror's ſurvey that Crowhurſt was one of the many lordſhips which Harold, Earl of Kent, was poſſeſſed of, but which, with the throne, were loſt to the Conqueror. William, as we ſuppoſe, gave this lordſhip, with divers other eſtates, to Alan Fergant, Earl of Brittany and Richmond, as a reward for his courage and conduct in the victorious battle by which he, with his aſſiſtance, and that of other Normans, won the crown.

Croyland Abbey.

CROYLAND ABBEY—or Crowland Abbey, as it is frequently called—was one of the moſt wealthy and important monaſteries in this country. It had amongſt its abbots ſome very able men, eſpecially the ex-chancellor Turketul, and Ingulphus, the hiſtorian of the eſtabliſhment in the reign of William the Conqueror. Theſe men had a talent for governing and managing, and raiſed the monaſtery to a height of great reputation and power.

Croyland was built on a great bog in the fens of the Lincolnſhire Holland. It was on an iſland lying between a number of ſtreams, ſtruggling towards the Waſh, between the main ſtreams of the Welland and the Nen. Brompton, in deſcribing the marſhland of Croyland, ſays: —"Eſt autem palus illa, de qua loquimur, latiſſima et viſu decora, multis fluviis et inſulis decurrentibus irrigata, multis lacubus magnis et parvis dilata, multis etiam ſylvis inſulis florida et amœna, infra quam abbatiæ de Ely, Chateris, Thorneye, et Crouland ſituantur: ſed juxta eam abbatiæ de Burgh et Spaulding, eccleſia ſancti Ivonis ſuper vocam fluvium Huntingdon, et eccleſia ſancti Egidii ſuper Grentam fluvium Cantabrigiæ ſtatuuntur." It was a vaſt watery region of ſtreams, lakes, woods, principally, it may be preſumed, of alders and willows,

of rank vegetation and wild fowl, with plenty of fat eels. In this tottering and quagmire waſte did the Saxon monks lay the foundations of Croyland, Ely, Thorney, Chateris, and Peterborough, having a prophetic ſenſe that, as this unctuous diſtrict of fiſh and frogs, reeds and bulruſhes, became drained, it would become eminently rich. Another motive, no doubt, was to avoid the viſits of the Danes, who might find ſuch places as Lindisfarne and Whitby, on their ſolid rocks, more acceſſible, and might not care to drag their veſſels up the ſluggiſh ſtreams of Lincolnſhire, or to wade amid its mud after theſe half-aquatic neſts of monks.

It was one of the fancies of theſe old devotees to ſelect a ſpot for their religious meditations where nobody elſe could or would live. In this oozy and flaggy fenland, amid the dark, gloſſy alder trees, and the whiſpering of reeds, with the wild duck, the water-hen, and the flitting dragon-fly, a young warrior, of high family connexions, renouncing his military profeſſion, and aſſuming the eccleſiaſtical habit, had built his ſolitary hut, and ſought a way to heaven at a diſtance from the elbowings of man. Guthlac, this ſoldier no longer of any earthly king, but become the ſoldier of Chriſt, and fighting his battles alone with the inviſible enemies of man, ſoon became, however, famous for his ſanctity and his prophetic gifts. To him fled Ethelbald, a Saxon earl, and great nephew of Penda, being purſued by his couſin Ceolred, who then governed Mercia. Guthlac not only comforted Ethelbald, but aſſured him that he would undoubtedly live to wear the crown of Mercia, and that without any trouble, any battle, or any bloodſhed. Improbable as this ſeemed, it all came to paſs; and Ethelbald, mindful of his vow to build a monaſtery on the ſite of Guthlac's cell if theſe aſſurances were verified, proceeded in 716 to fulfil his promiſe. Guthlac had departed this life; but

he ſhowed Ethelbald that he was equally attentive to this engagement, by appearing to him, and pointing out the exact ſpot for the erection of the ſacred fane. It was juſt as unlikely a ſituation for a building as could be imagined. It was a deep and watery ſwamp; but Ethelbald cauſed great numbers of the neighbouring alders to be cut down, and driven into the ſpongy maſs. On this was raiſed a building of wood, but not before hundreds of boat-loads of dry earth had been brought from a diſtance of nine miles to make a ſolid ſurface or floor for the monaſtery. Ethelbald then ſent for Kenulph, a monk of Eveſham, and conveyed the iſland of Croyland to him and his monks for ever, deſcribing all the boundaries in a charter, and giving three hundred pounds down, and a hundred a-year for ten years, towards the erection of the building. When this was finiſhed, the remains of Guthlac were conveyed into the church, and buried with great ceremony near the high altar, where they continued to perform many miracles. At the time of the building of Croyland there were four other hermits inhabiting cells on this marſhy iſland, who were permitted by the abbot Kenulph to finiſh their days there; and Pega, the ſiſter of Guthlac, was alſo an anchoriteſs on the iſland; but ſhe brought to the monaſtery the ſacred treaſures poſſeſſed by Guthlac, namely, his pſalter, and the whip of St. Bartholomew, which figures, along with three knives, in the arms of Croyland ſtill. She brought other relics, and, putting them into the hands of Kenulph, retired to her cell at about two miles diſtance from the monaſtery, when, after an abode of two years and three months, ſhe went to Rome and there ended her life.

Notwithſtanding the quagmire character of the place, monks flocked to it, and men of ſubſtance conferred affluence on it. Kings who, like Ethelbald, in the days of their adverſity, had

ſought refuge there, gave them gifts and privileges. Witlaf, who had concealed himſelf there from the purſuit of King Egbert, on becoming king himſelf, gave a freſh charter to Croyland in 833, and granted the privilege of ſanctuary betwixt the five waters of Croyland. He beſtowed alſo on the monaſtery his coronation robe, to be made into a cope or caſula; a golden veil, embroidered with the Fall of Troy, to be ſuſpended on the walls on the day of his anniverſary; a golden cup with figures of vine-dreſſers fighting with dragons, called his crucibolum, and his drinking horn. In the following reign, however, the brother of Witlaf ſtripped the monaſtery of

CROYLAND ABBEY: WESTERN FRONT.

its jewels and gold; and, in the ninth century, the Danes not only plundered the monaſtery, and murdered the monks, but burnt down the church, the convent, and its offices.

The monaſtery continued for a long time in ruins; but, in 946, as Turketul, the chancellor of King Edred, was on his way into Northumberland to quell a rebellion there, he happened to take his way by Croyland, where he found three old monks who had eſcaped the maſſacre of the Danes, and the oppreſſive hand of King Beorred, who had ſeized on the ſacred lands. Theſe monks had conſtructed a little oratory within the ruins, where they received the great chancellor in the beſt manner they could, ſhowed him the relics of St. Guthlac, and related to him the ſtory of their misfortunes. The chancellor was greatly affected by their humble piety, their ſorrows, and their hoſpitality. After putting down the northern rebellion, he again took Croyland in his way, and gave the monks twenty pounds in ſilver. On his return to court, he extolled everywhere the generous behaviour of the monks in their deep adverſity, ſo that "Croyland courteſy" became a phraſe. The king, on hearing of the calamities of Croyland, gave Turketul full licenſe to do whatever he thought neceſſary for the reſtoration of the monaſtery. After this Turketul declared his intention of aſſuming the cowl and retiring himſelf to Croyland. The king did all in his power to diſſuade him from this deſign, but, finding it vain, he accompanied him to Croyland. Turketul made over to the king all his manors, which were more than ſixty, reſerving only every tenth; and thoſe ſix manors which lay near Croyland he conferred on the abbey. At this royal viſit two of the monks, who had fled to Wincheſter from the Danes, Bruno and Aio, were recalled. Turketul was appointed abbot. He now liberated the manors of the monaſtery, which were in debt, and the king gave a

new charter to it. Many learned men followed Turketul to Croyland. The church and monaſtery were rebuilt about 950; and alſo a cell at Pegaland dedicated to the virgin, St. Pega, on the eaſt ſide of the monaſtery, in which he placed ſuch perſons as wiſhed to join the brethren, till they had received fair trial of their characters and progreſs in piety. Some of theſe continued ſeculars, ſome became prieſts, others clerks. Turketul, by the aid of Aio, who was an eminent civilian, and Thurgar, who had been at Croyland from his youth, drew up the hiſtory of the abbey, from its foundation to the fourteenth year of King Edgar. He then divided the brethren into three different ranks, according to the time they had been in the monaſtery, aſſigning them their particular duties. The third and ſenior claſs conſiſted of men who had reached their fiftieth year. They were called Sempactæ, or privileged perſons, and were exempted from all offices in the houſe, except by particular command of the abbot. Each had his own chamber, with a junior brother to keep him company, and a clerk or boy to wait on him. There has been much diſcuſſion on this word Sempacta, and Du Cange ſuppoſes it to mean, not that theſe monks were Sympactæ, but had *συμπακται*, or junior monks, to attend on them.

Having brought Croyland into admirable order, and made it a model among monaſteries, Turketul died at the age of ſixty-eight, having been abbot twenty-ſeven years. Turketul's conſtitution had ſuffered much from bodily wounds, received in early life; and thus he reached only a moderate age for an inmate of Croyland; for, contrary as it may ſeem to our notions of the unhealthineſs of low and damp ſituations, the monks of Croyland frequently attained amazing ages. One of them, Clarenbaldus, was a hundred and ſixty-eight at the time of his deceaſe. Swarlingus, another monk, was a

hundred and forty-two; and Turgarus, a third, a hundred and thirteen. Brunus and Aio were very old. On his death-bed Turketul called together the whole of the brethren, and made the ſteward read to them the exact amount of the property, furniture, and treaſures, both in money and relics, of the monaſtery, that the ſteward might be anſwerable for theſe after his death. The money itſelf amounted to ſix thouſand pounds. He alſo warned them expreſſly and repeatedly to take eſpecial care of their fire. This was afterwards deemed prophetic, for the abbey was burnt down in the time of Ingulphus.

From this period (975) to the Norman Conqueſt, the fortunes of Croyland were various, ſometimes receiving rich benefactions, ſometimes ſtripped by the Danes under Turkel, Swane, and others. With the Conqueſt came a ſevere trial to the monks. Wulketul was then abbot; and Ivo Tailbois, the Norman, married the ſiſter of the Saxon earls Edwin and Morcar, became the lord of Hoyland, or Holland, ravaged the lands of the monks, and maimed their cattle. His malevolence was inflamed by the honour paid by the brethren of Croyland to the name and remains of the great Saxon earl, Waltheof, who had been a great benefactor to them. Wulketul irritated Tailbois ſtill more by publiſhing an account of the miracles performed at Waltheof's tomb, in the chapter-houſe of Croyland. He was ſummoned before a council in London, 1075, accuſed of idolatry, and committed to priſon at Glaſtonbury, "ſub cruentiſſimo tum abbate Thurſtano, procul a notis et a ſua patria." The treaſure of the abbey was, at the ſame time, confiſcated to the king.

Walketul being thus depoſed, William the Conqueror appointed to the abbacy Ingulphus, who became the hiſtorian, and the moſt efficient head of the monaſtery ſince the days of Turketul. He was a favourite of King William, having been

at court in 1051, when William paid his viſit to Edward the Confeſſor, and ſo much attracted William's regard, that he invited him to accompany him to Normandy, and made him his ſecretary. Ingulphus afterwards ſet out with thirty knights and clerks on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They had the ill fortune to be attacked and plundered by the Arabs before arriving at Jeruſalem. They managed, however, to reach the Holy City, and ſaw the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but were prevented viſiting any other of the ſacred places by the Arabs. They reached home, reduced to two-thirds of their number, and in the moſt deplorable ſtate of wretchedneſs. Ingulphus retired to the Abbey of Fontenelle, where he became prior. When Duke William embarked for England, he brought him from his abbot twelve choſen horſemen, and a hundred marks for their pay; and William not only gave in return the vineyard Cari Loci to the Abbey of Fontenelle, but, on the depoſition of Wulketul, ſent for Ingulphus, and made him abbot of Croyland.

Ingulphus found the affairs of the abbey in great diſorder. The monks amounted to ſixty-two, but four were lay brethren; and there were more than a hundred monks from other monaſteries reſiding there, who were called "comproſeſſi." Theſe were from Thorney, Peterborough, Ely, St. Edmundſbury, and places as diſtant as St. Albans, Weſtminſter, Norwich, and even York. They came and went as they pleaſed, ſtaying half a year, or a year, and then returning to their own monaſtery again. The plea for this was the troubled ſtate of the times, and the neceſſity of ſeeking a place of ſecurity. But we may ſuppoſe that there was a good deal of licenſe in the practice; and Ingulphus, accordingly, found the affairs of the convent in a very ruinous ſtate. The ſteward had grown enormouſly rich, and, when Ingulphus examined into his accounts, he

claimed Helieſtone, one of the manors, as his own. Ingulphus brought the matter before the king's judges at Stamford; and as Aſhford, this unjuſt ſteward, was riding thither on the day appointed, his horſe threw him and broke his neck. This was regarded as a clearly divine judgment; but this was not all. As the body of Aſhford was carried in his coffin to burial at Peterborough, a ſudden darkneſs and heavy rain fell on the proceſſion; the coffin was thrown violently from the bearers' ſhoulders, was broken open, and the corpſe rolled out on the muddy ground, where it was ſuffered to lie a conſiderable time, no one daring to approach it. Theſe awful events ſettled the queſtion, not only of the right of the monaſtery to Helieſtone; but thenceforward, ſays Ingulphus, no one ever again dared to encroach on the patrimony of St. Guthlac.

From this period to the diſſolution, the monaſtery enjoyed a ſtate of great proſperity. Ingulphus went up to London to ſolicit the king on many accounts. The firſt matter was highly creditable to him. It was to pray William to remit the puniſhment of Wulketul, and allow him to return to Croyland. William reſtored him to liberty, but forbade him to approach Croyland except on ſpecial invitation from Ingulphus himſelf. Ingulphus, however, found frequent occaſion to invite him thither, on the plea of conſulting him on matters connected with the rights of the monaſtery, on which no prior was ſo well informed, and thus he added much to the comfort of the old abbot during the remainder of his days. Ingulphus alſo laid claim to many parts of the poſſeſſions of the convent which had been uſurped by the new lords of the land, and ſucceeded againſt all but the too powerful Ivo Tailbois, who ſtill kept faſt hold on the manor of Spalding; but Ingulphus left a ſtrict charge to his ſucceſſors to aſſert their right to it on all poſſible occaſions. A few days after his return home, we are told that

"the winter ſet in with unuſual ſeverity. The proviſions of the convent failed; the fens were ſo bound up with ice, that nothing could be conveyed from the neighbouring manors. In this extremity, Abbot Ingulphus betook himſelf to prayer for a whole night before St. Guthlac's ſhrine. In the morning, while the convent was at prayers in the church, a voice was ſuddenly heard from the north part of the monaſtery, as of an angel ſaying, 'Accipite victualia fratribus, et parate panes ut manducent hii.' The whole convent running out, no perſon could be ſeen; but four large ſacks, two of wheat and two of flour, were ſtanding in readineſs in the church-yard."

But, relieved miraculouſly from one difficulty, Ingulphus found himſelf in another. The Conqueror was dead, William Rufus was on the throne, and the inſatiable Tailbois, who was in favour with the king, ſeized on all the lands of the abbey within his demeſne, at Cappelade, Spalding, Pyncebeck, and Algare. Ingulphus tried the mediation of Richard de Rulos and other friends, but without avail; and he then reſorted to Archbiſhop Lanfranc, to whom he exhibited the title to the abbey lands, and who boldly ordered the Sheriff of Lincoln to compel reſtoration. But the flood of the misfortunes of Croyland had not reached its height. In 1091, four years after Tailbois was compelled to diſgorge the abbey lands, a fire broke out in the monaſtery, through the careleſſneſs of a plumber, and conſumed the greater part of the fabric and many of the charters. No ſooner was this known than many powerful friends ſent in proviſions and money for the preſent ſupport of the monks and the rebuilding of the convent. But the news was alſo ſpecially delightful to the greedy Ivo Tailbois, who hoped that there was an end to the title-deeds of the lands he coveted. But theſe had eſcaped, and this Norman harpy was diſappointed. He then ſet on ruffians to waylay the clerk of Trigus (who had

produced the deeds at Spalding) who ſeized and ſearched him ; but they were again diſappointed, for the wary clerk had ſent them another way. From that time Ingulphus kept the ſurviving charters in great ſecrecy ; and ſoon after Tailbois was accuſed of conſpiring againſt the king, and outlawed ; and thus the convent was relieved of his perſecutions.

Ingulphus cloſed his diſtinguiſhed career in 1109, and was buried with all honour in the chapter-houſe. Joffrid, the prior of St. Ebrulph, in Normandy, ſucceeded him, and began rebuilding the monaſtery. For this purpoſe indulgences were liberally granted, and the monks travelled with them over Wales, Ireland, Cornwall, Denmark, Norway, France, Flanders, and Scotland. Other monks, very learned men—Gilbert, Odo, and William—proceeded to Cambridge, and delivered lectures on grammar, rhetoric, and logic, on Tully and Quintillian, and preached alſo on Sundays and Saints' days in Engliſh, Latin, and French, and againſt the Jews. Their lectures were exceedingly popular, and greatly aided the building fund. In the year 1114, Joffrid laid the firſt ſtone of the new building, and was followed by many diſtinguiſhed perſons, both gentlemen and ladies, who each laid a ſtone, and then a contribution upon it. Some laid down money, ſome an order for a quarrier, a maſon, or a carpenter, to work on the building at their expenſe ; others laid down the title to the patronage of different churches. Theſe, of courſe, were barons, knights, and ladies of great eſtate. The baſes of each pillar were laid by companies of workmen, fifty and ſixty in number, who each offered one day's work in a month till the whole ſhould be finiſhed. Or they were laid by the prieſt, deacon, and men of different pariſhes, who gave wheat, or malt, or the quarrying and carriage of ſtone, or money to an equal value. Whilſt they laid the different ſtones, the Abbot

Joffrid delivered a diſcourſe to each party, and then invited them to attend prayers, and afterwards to dinner. The abbots of Croyland and Thorney, with near four hundred monks of different monaſteries, dined in the refectory; the two earls and two barons, with their wives, the knights and gentlemen, dined in the abbot's hall; the ſix companies who raiſed the ſix pillars, with their wives, in the cloiſter; and the populace in the court; the whole amounting to more than five thouſand perſons.

Three years later, whilſt the building was in progreſs, and the roof not yet on, came an earthquake, cracked the new walls ſo that they had to be ſhored up with beams, and threw much of them down. Scarcely was the place finiſhed, when it was burnt down again, and for the third time. The undaunted monks, however, ſet zealouſly to work, and once more rebuilt it in a very magnificent ſtyle; and William de Croyland, ſome years afterwards, made great additions to it.

Croyland was nearly related with the fate of the mad tyrant, King John. In the year 1216, when ſeverely preſſed by the barons and their ally the Dauphin Louis of France, John, in the autumn of that year, made himſelf maſter of Lincoln; and, taking up his head-quarters there, made many a predatory excurſion into the country round for ſupplies, and for doing all poſſible damage to thoſe who favoured the barons. His eſpecial hatred fell on the Church, and on monaſteries, from the great part which the Pope and Archbiſhop Langton had taken againſt him. The latter, indeed, had ſtirred up the barons to their oppoſition, and drawn the great charter which they compelled him to ſign at Runnymede. At the beginning of October he marched through Peterborough, entered the diſtrict of Croyland, and plundered and burnt the farm-houſes belonging to the abbey. Thence he croſſed over to Lynn,

and, turning againſt Wiſbeach, and attempting to croſs the ſouthern ſide of the Waſh by the ſands, at low water, at a place called the Croſs Keys, he was overtaken by the tide before he reached the Foſs Dyke, and had a great number of his men, his wagons and ſumpter horſes carrying his baggage and money, ſwept away. All the world knows the miſerable end that he made. Coming direct from the plunder of religious houſes, he was compelled to ſeek refuge at Swineſhead Abbey, where he paſſed the night. Here he ate voraciouſly of peaches, or pears, and the next day was exceſſively ill. Tradition ſays that a monk aided his own gluttony by a doſe of poiſon; but this is not recorded by any writer within half a century of the time, and probably was not needed to produce his death. His mortification at the loſs of his baggage and troops, and his voracity, were, it may be ſuppoſed, enough to kill him. Travelling in great agony in a litter, he reached Newark, and there died.

During the wars of York and Lancaſter, the unfortunate Henry VI. paid a viſit to the tomb of St. Guthlac, and ſpent three days and three nights at the abbey, and was ſo charmed with the monaſtic life, that he deſired to be admitted into the fraternity, and in return for this favour he granted the abbey a new charter of liberties. How exactly is this diſpoſition portrayed by Shakſpeare, when he makes Henry exclaim:—

> Oh God! methinks it were a happy life,
> To be no better than a homely ſwain,
> To ſit upon a hill as I do now,
> To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
> Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run.
> * * * * *
> So many minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
> Paſſed over to the end they were created,
> Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
> Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth, a thouſandfold it doth!

This ſhows a ſpirit that would have found a heaven in the peaceful contemplations of the cloiſter. Henry was a monk ſet by a croſs fate on a throne.

In 1464, Croyland had again great inmates. Margaret, Ducheſs of Somerſet, and her daughter Margaret, the Counteſs of Richmond, are recorded to have been received into the ſiſterhood of Croyland.

The revenues of the abbey at the diſſolution ſhow that, in ſpite of all its greedy ariſtocratic neighbours, Croyland had managed to continue rich. Its groſs revenue, according to Speed, was £1,217 5*s.* 11*d.*; its net income, according to Stevens and Tanner, £1,083 15*s.* 10½*d.* The eaſt part of the church, with the tranſepts, was taken down ſoon after the diſſolution; but the nave and the aiſles left ſtanding as a pariſh church till the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century, when, the roof and the ſouth aiſle falling, the north aiſle was fitted up for the uſe of the pariſh, with a heavy, ſhort tower. This tower is of the perpendicular order. On its right hand as you face it, ſtands, in a continued line, the beautiful old weſtern front, in a richly decorated ſtyle, with a fine large window from which all the tracery has diſappeared. This front is finely ornamented with niches, and ſtatues of ſaints as large as life; and on the ſummit formerly were pinnacles, with the figures of St. Bartholomew and St. Guthlac. Theſe have long fallen; but this front, now greatly decayed, and a portion of the ſouth aiſle in continuance, ſhow that, in its perfection, Croyland was one of the moſt beautiful monaſteries in the kingdom.

On the weſt ſide of the church ſtands the famous Triangular Bridge, the only one of the kind, I believe, remaining in the kingdom. It was built to admit three ſtreams at their confluence, which ran through the town and met here. It conſiſts of three ſemi-arches uniting in a common centre, and forming,

TRIANGULAR BRIDGE AT CROYLAND.

by their junction, as many pointed arches. It is ſuppoſed to have been deſigned as a ſymbol of the Trinity. It is too ſteep for carriages, and is little uſed even by horſes. There was a bridge here as early as A.D. 943; it being mentioned in King Edward's charter of that date, and again in King Edgar's

charter, A.D. 966 ; but the preſent ſtructure is not thought to be older than the reign of Edward I. At the end of the bridge next the London road are the remains of a ſtatue, now much mutilated, but deſcribed in old books as that of King Ethelbald, the founder of the abbey. It was, when unbroken, in a ſitting poſture, dreſſed in royal robes, and with a globe in its hand.

The Triangular Bridge poſſeſſes the additional intereſt of being placed at the junction of the three counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Northampton.

Caſtleacre Priory.

CASTLEACRE PRIORY, in Norfolk, is one of the earlieſt Norman priories in England. It was founded by William de Warrene, the firſt Earl of Surrey, in 1085, only nineteen years after the Conqueſt. The remains of the weſt front, with portions of the north and ſouth tranſept, ſhow that it was erected in the higheſt ſtyle of Norman architecture. It has ſcarcely any projecting buttreſſes, but its level façade is enriched by ſucceſſive tiers of arch-work, ſome of theſe ſimple, others interlacing. The great weſtern entrance has a very rich round arch of many receſſes or mouldings, elaborately ornamented with the zigzag, the dot, and other ornaments. Similar archways give entrance on either hand to the tranſepts, but they are leſs ornate, and of ſmaller dimenſions. Within the great round arch is a leſſer pointed one, evidently inſerted afterwards to contract the paſſage to a more convenient ſize. Around and above this great archway are four ſucceſſive tiers of arches running along the whole face of the front,—the lower and third interlacing, the ſecond ſhort and round, the fourth and uppermoſt conſiſting of curious zigzag arches. There has been a noble lofty window over the great weſtern door, apparently of the perpendicular order. Altogether, the weſtern front muſt have been very beautiful.

The deſcription of the Priory in Blomfield's Hiſtory, in 1775, ſhows that the whole of the ſtructure was of equal elegance, and was a place of great extent: "The ſite of the priory church, which lies weſt of the caſtle, was a venerable large Gothic pile of freeſtone, flint, &c., and built in a cathedral or conventual manner. Great part of the front, or weſt end of it, is

CASTLEACRE PRIORY: WEST FRONT.

ſtill remaining, where the principal entrance was through a great arch, over which was a ſtately window. On each ſide of the great door were doors to enter into the north and ſouth aiſles. At the north and ſouth ends of this front ſtood two towers, ſupported by ſtrong arches and pillars. The nave,

or body, had twelve great pillars, making ſeven arches on each ſide, the loweſt joining to the towers. On the eaſt end of the nave ſtood the grand tower, ſupported by four great pillars, through which was the entrance into the choir. On the ſouth and north ſides of this tower were two croſs aiſles or tranſepts; and at the end of the north tranſept there ſeems to have been a chapel or veſtry. The choir was of equal breadth with the nave and aiſles, but much ſhorter, and the eaſt end of it was in form of a chapel. The chapter-houſe ſeems to have joined the eaſt ſide of the cloiſter, and the dormitory to have been near the weſt part of the cloiſter. Weſt of the cloiſter, and adjoining, was the prior's apartment, now converted into a farm-houſe. In a large room above-ſtairs, called the prior's dining-room, is a curious bow-window of ſtone, conſiſting of nine panels. In the firſt were the arms of the priory, painted on glaſs; in the ſecond, the arms of the Earl of Arundel, and Earl Warren, quarterly, but now broken and gone; in the third, Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, gules, a lion rampant argent; fourth, the red and white roſe united, and a crown over it; fifth, France and England, quarterly; ſixth, the roſe, &c., as above; ſeventh, Earl Warren's arms; eighth, quarterly, the Earl of Arundel in the firſt and fourth quarter, and in the ſecond and third, Maltravers, ſable, fretty, or, and Fitz-Alan, Baron of Clun, per feſs, azure, and argent quarterly; ninth, argent, a croſs componè, or and azure, between twelve croſs croſſlets, fitchè ſable: the priory arms, I take it; and theſe letters J. W. joined together by a knot, and, under it, SPITV. PRINCIPALI. CONFIRMA. ME. By this it appears that this window was built by John Winchelſey, prior in the reign of Henry VII. or VIII."

Blomfield thinks this was originally a chapel, and part of the original erection, having the arms of Warren conſpicuous on

its ſouth wall, but that it was afterwards altered into a dining-room. He adds, "The ſite of this priory took in ſeveral acres. The grand entrance was north of the priory church, where is now ſtanding a large and ſtately gatehouſe of free-ſtone. Over the arch, as you enter, are the arms of the Earl Warren, of Arundel, and Warren, quarterly, France and England, and thoſe of the priory. The whole ſite was encloſed with a lofty ſtone wall, good part of which is ſtill ſtanding."

In theſe armorial bearings we have, in fact, a hiſtory of the patronage of the priory. In the firſt place it was that of the Warrens, Earls of Surrey. Theſe were amongſt the moſt powerful nobles in England from the Conqueſt till the reigns of the Edwards. Warren came over with the Conqueror, and obtained great eſtates in Surrey and Norfolk. He is ſaid to have been ſon-in-law to the Conqueror, having married his fifth daughter. We find Earl Warren amongſt the very firſt noblemen who oppoſed the arbitrary acts of King John. He was one of the four who ſigned the inſtructions given by John to Pandulph, engaging to obey the pope; but when John ſet at defiance both his engagement to the pope and his engagements to the barons, Warren was one of the three,—namely, Cardinal Langton and the Earls of Pembroke and Warren,—who were ſent as a deputation to John at Oxford; and, not obtaining ſatisfaction, he was one of the barons who appeared at Runny-mede, and compelled the king to ſign Magna Charta. Again, in the thirteenth century, we find the then Earl Warren taking a prominent part in the reſiſtance of the barons to the encroachments of Henry III., and appearing on the ſide of Mortimer, Earl of Leiceſter. Warren, however, accepted the profeſſions of the king made in the ſtatutes of Oxford, in 1258, and afterwards fought on the royal ſide. In the follow-

ing reign, that of Edward I., when that vigorous monarch endeavoured to recover ſome of the crown lands which the nobles had uſurped under weak ſovereigns, and ſent forth a commiſſion to examine the titles by which ſome of the great barons held their eſtates, he met with a ſort of reſiſtance in Earl Warren, which made him pauſe in ſo dangerous a courſe. When his commiſſioners aſked Earl Warren to ſhow his titles, the earl drew his ſword, and ſaid: "By this inſtrument do I hold my lands, and by the ſame I intend to defend them! Our anceſtors, coming into this realm with William the Baſtard, acquired their poſſeſſions by their good ſwords. William did not make a conqueſt alone, or for himſelf ſolely; our anceſtors were helpers and participants with him." The aſtounded commiſſioners had no anſwer to ſuch an argument; and Edward found it beſt to let the great nobles alone, and to proſecute his inquiries into the titles of men who were not ſo well prepared with ſteel logic.

In the courſe of time, by marriage and otherwiſe, the Warrens became allied to the Dukes of Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel, the families of Maltravers and Fitz-Alan of Clun, as the arms emblazoned in the priory ſhowed. But, beſides theſe, the Biſhops of Norwich and the Archbiſhops of Canterbury were great patrons of Caſtleacre, and the liſt of its benefactors, as given by Dugdale, is very long. It received manors, rectories, advowſons, rents, &c., ſo that at the diſſolution its groſs revenue amounted to £324 17*s*. 5½*d*., and its clear revenue, £306 11*s*. 4½*d*. As early as the thirteenth century, the prior was found to hold four hundred and ſixty acres of arable land, twenty of paſture, ten of meadow, five watermills, with liberty of fiſhing in the neighbouring waters. Beſides this, he had thirty-ſix tenants in the town, with a court baron. Though but a cell of Lewes, yet Caſtleacre

had itſelf ſubordinate cells: Mindham, or Mendham, in Suffolk; Bromholm, South Reinham, and Sliveſholm in Norfolk; a hoſpital at Racheneſſe, in Southacre, for lepers; and Crabhouſe, or Wigenhall priory, in Norfolk, for Auſten nuns. Its monks were of the Cliniac order.

No very remarkable event ſeems to have broken the age-long tranquillity of Caſtleacre; but there is one curious entry in its records, which ſhows how prone people have been at all times to convert benefactions into veſted rights. "John Plantagenet, Earl Warren, by his deed of May 10th (9 Edw. II.), recites that, whereas his ſtewards and others his officers in Norfolk had demanded of this priory certain penſions of meats and drinks as their right, becauſe they had been given at firſt by the monks, out of their free will and reſpect to the ſervants of the Earls of Warren, belonging to their manor of Wike in Caſtleacre, he by this deed quits claim to the ſame, and charges his officers not to demand or receive it for the future."

The ſite of this monaſtery, within its walled precincts, is ſaid to have contained twenty-nine acres, two roods, ten perches. Great dilapidations have taken place in the ruins ſince the deſcription quoted above was given of them by Blomfield. Parkins, in his Hiſtory of Norfolk, gives many pages of the gifts of churches, manors, lands, tithes, &c., by men and women of eſtate, to this priory.

The Church of Caſtleacre, which formerly belonged to the priory, is a large regular building, in which lie buried, amongſt other ancients, the remains of Old Paine, of Caſtleacre, who was ſtandard-bearer to Henry VIII. A little towards the eaſt of the priory ſtood the caſtle of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, on a riſing ground, including within its fortifications and outworks about eighteen acres of ground in a circular form. No doubt it was in this ſtrong place that the Earl Warren of

Edward I.'s time received the royal commiſſioners, and produced his ſword as his title to his eſtates. In this caſtle the earl received the king, Edward I. himſelf, in 1297; and it appears to have been his favourite reſidence, although he had 140 lordſhips in Norfolk beſides.

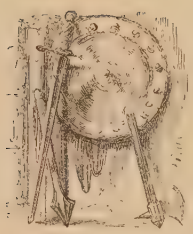
CASTLEACRE PRIORY: INTERIOR.

On the death of John, Earl Warren, in 1347, in the twenty-ſixth year of the reign of Edward III., the eſtates and title paſſed to his nephew, Richard Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, the ſon of his ſiſter Alice, and the title thence became Surrey and Arundel. His ſon Richard, Earl of Surrey and Arundel, rendering great ſervices to Richard II., received a conſiderable

grant of money for theſe ſervices; yet, in the twenty-firſt year of the ſame king, he was attainted and beheaded, and his eſtates and this manor granted to his ſon-in-law, Thomas Mowbray, Earl-Marſhal and Earl of Nottingham, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, who is ſaid to have been ſo inhuman as to bind up his father-in-law's eyes, and become his executioner.

The earldom of Arundel paſſed by marriage into the family of the Duke of Norfolk; but Caſtleacre was ſold by Henry, Earl of Arundel, in the firſt year of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Thomas Greſham, and was conveyed by him to Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter. Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Juſtice, bought Caſtleacre of William Cecil, Earl of Exeter, whoſe ſiſter Elizabeth he married; and in this family it remained, Thomas Coke, Earl of Leiceſter, dying poſſeſſed of it in 1759.

Richmond Caſtle.



RICHMOND is the capital of the weſtern part of the North Riding of Yorkſhire. Camden ſays,—"Richmondſhire, or Rich-Mountſhire, from the caſtle built there on the Mount, comprehends the five wapentakes of Gilling Weſt and Eaſt, Hang Weſt and Hang Eaſt, Halchold, and Claro: bounded on the north by the river Tees; on the eaſt by the river Whiſk, a branch of the Swale; on the weſt by Weſtmoreland, and on the ſouth by the river Nide and the Weſt Riding."

Leland deſcribes the country round as at once beautiful and fertile:—"The whole country of Richmontſhire, by eaſt from the hills and dales, is plentiful of whete and rye, and metely good meadows and woods. The beſt woods lye by eaſt of Swale and Ure rivers. In the dales they burn linge, petes and turfes. In places where they cut down linge, good graſs ſpringeth for the cattle for a yere or two until the linge overgrow it. There is plenty of good ſtone to be quarried in very many places of Richmontſhire. The ſhire hath plenty of tyllage. There be no colepits in Richmont; yet the eaſterly parts of Richmontſhire burne much ſe coles brought out of Durham. There be ſome veins of cole found in the upper

part of the weſt mounts of Richmont, but not uſed for incommodity of carriage to the lower part."

"Almoſt the whole country," ſays Camden, "riſes in craggy rocks and ridges of hills, among which are graſſy vales; and the bottoms and dales are tolerably fertile. The hills themſelves yield plenty of lead, coal, and copper. For, in the charter of Edward IV., we find a copper mine near the town of Richmond. But avarice, which would urge mankind to carry their reſearches even to hell itſelf, has made no great progreſs in theſe mountains, diſcouraged, perhaps, by the difficulty of carriage."

He notices the abundant limeſtone depoſits and their foſſils:—"As to the ſtones reſembling ſea ſhells and other marine productions, found on the tops of hills, as well as in other places, if they are not *luſus naturæ*, I ſhould ſuppoſe them certain evidences of the univerſal deluge of Noah, agreeable to the opinion of Oroſius, a Chriſtian hiſtorian, who thus expreſſes himſelf:—'When the ſea, under Noah, covered the whole earth, and the deluge overſpread the whole globe, all was air and ſea. We have it on the authority of writers of undoubted veracity, that all mankind was deſtroyed except the few preſerved in the ark, in reward of their faith, to repeople the world. Theſe facts are confirmed even by thoſe who, without knowing the tranſactions of paſt times, or even the Author of time itſelf, have yet been led to conjecture it by evidence and appearances of ſtones which we find in hills remote from the ſea, full of ſhells and oyſters, and frequently hollowed by water.'"

The ſide next to Lancaſhire excites his aſtoniſhment by its wildneſs:—"On the ſide of the country next to Lancaſhire is ſuch a dreary waſte and horrid wilderneſs among the mountains, that certain little rivulets that creep here are called

by the neighbourhood 'hell becks;' *q. d.*, rivers or ſtreams of hell, and eſpecially that at the head of the Ure, which runs under a bridge of a ſingle rock in ſo deep a channel as to ſtrike beholders with horror. In this part the goats, deer, and ſtags, of extraordinary ſize, with branching horns, find a ſecure retreat."

The goats, deer, and ſtags have long ſince vaniſhed, but the ſtern ruggedneſs of the ſcenery remains. By following the courſes of the two chief rivers, the Ure and the Swale, Camden informs us of the numerous families of diſtinction which then held the property of the country for the moſt part. Theſe were the Medcalfes of Nappa, "a houſe with towers," who, he ſays, were at that time reckoned the moſt numerous family in all England. "I have heard," he ſays, "that Sir Charles Medcalfe, the firſt of this family, was attended by three hundred perſons of the ſame family, and in the ſame livery, on horſe-back, when, as ſheriff of the county, he met the judges and conducted them to York." Sir Charles, he adds, brought crayfiſh from the ſouth of England, and put them into the Ure, which ran paſt his houſe, and forced its way between two rocks at a place thence called Att-Scarre. That the crayfiſh have ever ſince abounded in the Ure, which, quitting Nappa, approached Bolton, the magnificent caſtle of Richard, Lord Scrope, the Chancellor of England. Then leaving the reſidence of the Lords Scrope, it turned eaſtward to the town of Middleham; the honour of which Alan, the firſt Earl of Richmond, who had received it of the Conqueror, conferred on his brother Rinebald, with all the lands which, before their coming, had belonged to Gilpatric the Dane. In the reign of Henry II., Conan, the then Earl of Richmond, likewiſe gave all Wenſleydale to his relative, Robert Fitz-Ralph, who built a very ſtrong tower at Middleham. His great-granddaughter Mary

conveyed all this property into the family of the Nevilles by marriage.

The Ure then flows on to Jervaulx, or Jervis, Abbey,—ruined, Camden ſays, in his time, — and then to Maſham, poſſeſſed by a branch of the great family of Scrope of Bolton. On the other ſide of the river was Snath, the chief ſeat of the Lords Latimer, who were deſcended from the Nevilles, Earls of Weſtmoreland, and which eſtate afterwards went by a family of daughters into the families of Percy, Cecil, Danvers, and Cornwallis. The Ure next reached Tanfield, formerly the reſidence of the Gernegans, who afterwards merged by marriage into the Greys, Lords of Rotherfield, and aſſumed the name of Marmion.

The Ure now receives the Swale, which has run from the weſtern hills, ſcarce five miles above the head of the Ure, and takes the name of the Swale, running by Richmond, and ſo to Catterick ; or, anciently, Cataracton, from the rapidity of the torrent. The Swale here was famous for Paulinus having baptized in it above ten thouſand Saxons, men, women, and children. In the country around alſo lived the Barons Fitz-Hughs, of Ravenſworth Caſtle, deſcended from the Saxons, and who had increaſed their eſtates by marriages with the great families of Marmion and Furneaux, and which then went by marriage to the Fiennes, Lords Dacre of the ſouth, and the Parrs.

The Swale, continuing its courſe by Hornby, Bedale, and Topcliffe to Mitton, near Aldborough, then becomes the Ouſe, and flows on to York. In this part of its courſe, in Camden's time, it waſhed the eſtates of the Fitz-Alans of Bedale, which family merged into thoſe of the Stapletons and Greys of Rotherford. At Topcliffe was the chief ſeat of the Percies.

Here then, following the rivers, we have the catalogue of the

chief lords of the ſoil, the Scropes, Danvers, Marmions, Greys, Percies, Latimers, Nevilles, Fitz-Hughs, and Fitz-Alans, the Furneaux, Fiennes, Dacres, Parrs, &c., all great names in the hiſtory of this country during the baronial ages, and moſt of them to the time of the Tudors, and ſome of them of wealth and diſtinction yet. Such was Richmondſhire in Camden's time,—a land of hills and ſtreams, of heaths and woods, fair meads and fertile fields; of the chaſe, with its deer and ſtags of extraordinary ſize, and conſequently an attractive place to great knights and barons. The centre of this fine wild and yet agricultural country was Richmond, and its caſtle was inhabited for many ages by the earls of that name. Theſe were originally earls and then dukes of Brittany. The firſt was Alan the Red Earl of Brittany; but it was to his brother Alan the Black that the Conqueror gave Richmondſhire. Conan, the earl in Henry II.'s time, found his earldom of Brittany uſurped by his father-in-law, Viſcount Porheot, and only recovered it by help of Henry II. The ſon of Henry, Jeoffrey Plantagenet, married Conſtance, the ſole heireſs of Conan, and became Earl of Richmond; but the earldom did not deſcend in his line, for the ſon of Jeoffrey and Conſtance, Prince Arthur, was murdered by his uncle, King John of England, and the earldom of Richmond paſſed to the iſſue of Alice, the only daughter of the Ducheſs Conſtance, mother of Arthur, by her ſecond huſband, Guido, Viſcount of Thouars. The ſtory of Prince Arthur has been made immortal by Shakſpeare, and as connected with this caſtle and eſtate demands a conciſe recital.

Jeoffrey, the elder brother of John, and father of Arthur, being dead at the time of the death of Richard I., John determined to uſurp from his nephew, a mere boy, not only the throne of England, but the ſovereignty of Brittany, Normandy, Touraine, and Anjou. For this purpoſe he pretended a will

of King Richard's appointing him his ſucceſſor; but, not truſting entirely to this, he collected the barons at Northampton, and there by bribes and fine promiſes induced them to elect him as king. The hereditary deſcent of the crown had been ſo thoroughly broken by the Conqueror, that it was neither then nor for ages after again reſtored and firmly ſettled. John was playing a deſperate game for his poſterity, in making the crown elective, and the gift of the nation. On the other hand, this was a doctrine ſo agreeable to the people, that he found no difficulty in procuring the conſent of the prelates, and his encrownment by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury on this plea. The archbiſhop laid it down as a fact that no one could be rightfully monarch in England, except by popular choice and voice; and Matthew of Paris gives theſe words as the opening ſpeech of the archbiſhop on this occaſion: "Hear all ye people! It is well known that no one can have a right to the crown of this kingdon, unleſs for his excellent virtues he be elected to it, and then anointed king, as was the caſe with David, Saul, &c. And thus it was ordained, to the end that he whoſe merits are pre-eminent be choſen lord of all the people."

Thereupon the archbiſhop declared John the poſſeſſor of theſe pre-eminent merits, and ſo juſtly king. The people of Brittany were enthuſiaſtic in favour of their Prince Arthur; but, unfortunately for him, he had in John of England and Philip of France two of the moſt dangerous enemies in the guiſe of pretended friends. Each was anxious to ſeize on his territories, and one was as unſcrupulous as the other. Conſtance, the mother of Arthur, a woman of ſtrong paſſions and full of intrigue, had lately married a third huſband, the ſecond being ſtill alive. She carried her boy to the King of France to inſure his ſafety againſt John, and offered the direct vaſſalage

of Normandy, Anjou and Aquitaine, which belonged to Arthur, as the price of this protection. Philip, too glad to poſſeſs ſuch a pretext for invaſion, joined William Deſroches, the commander of the Breton force, and took ſeveral towns and caſtles on the frontiers of Brittany from the Engliſh; but he ſoon betrayed his deſign by deſtroying theſe caſtles, in order to lay open the country to entrance at his pleaſure. Deſroches, indignant at this proceeding, withdrew Arthur and his mother from the French court. Philip, however, regained the perſon of Arthur, and promiſed not only to reſpect his intereſts, but to make them his own by marrying him to his daughter Mary. But he was not long in ſacrificing all theſe intereſts in a peace which he was compelled to make with John; and that ruthleſs tyrant invaded Aquitaine and Poictou, where he did all he could for a time to ingratiate himſelf with the nobles, but ended by carrying off Iſabella, the daughter of the Count of Angoulême, and the wife of the powerful Count De la Marche, a very beautiful woman. John had been married ten years to Aviſa, the daughter of the Earl of Glouceſter, a handſome and good woman, notwithſtanding which he married Iſabella too, at Angoulême; the Archbiſhop of Bordeaux being pliant enough to perform the ceremony; and John then brought her over to England, and not only paraded her there, but had her crowned, and himſelf recrowned with her, by the equally pliant Archbiſhop of Canterbury. In the meantime, the Count De la Marche, in revenge for the abduction of his wife, raiſed a great rebellion in Poictou and Aquitaine; and in the following year, 1202, the King of France incited Prince Arthur to aſſert his rights in Aquitaine, and furniſhed him with 200 knights; promiſing himſelf, at the ſame time, to invade Normandy on his behalf. Arthur was ſtill but a boy of fifteen years of age, his mother was dead, and

he was totally incapable of competing with the ſtout ſoldiers of John. The Bretons followed him with 500 knights and 4,000 foot-ſoldiers, and the barons of Touraine and Poictou ſent him 110 men-at-arms. Arthur was adviſed to lay ſiege to Mirabeau, where his grandmother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, was reſiding. This violent and licentious woman, who had filled her own houſe with hatred and rebellion, and had inſtigated her ſons to a moſt unnatural inſurrection againſt their father, King Henry II., had proved as fierce an enemy to both Arthur and his mother. The town was ſoon taken, but Eleanor threw herſelf into the citadel; and before this could be reduced, John was upon the Breton army, and not only ſecured the perſon of Arthur, but of 200 knights and nobles; amongſt them the Count De la Marche himſelf, and the Viſcounts of Limoges, Luſignan and Thouars, the laſt being the ſecond huſband of Conſtance, Arthur's mother. John took ſuch a vengeance on theſe noblemen as was congenial to his diabolic nature: he threw them into dungeons in Normandy and England, where moſt of them were left to periſh of hunger. Of thoſe carried over to England, twenty-two are ſaid thus to have periſhed in the dungeons of Corfe Caſtle in Dorſetſhire, where, in Saxon times, Edward the Martyr was murdered by his ſtep-mother, Elfrida. There are various traditions of the fate of the unhappy Arthur, but all having a tragical termination. John confined him firſt in the caſtle of Falaiſe, and then in the caſtle of Rouen, where all poſitive knowledge of him ceaſes. Matthew of Paris ſays that at Falaiſe John endeavoured to coax the boy to truſt to the kindneſs of his uncle; but that Arthur replied, indignantly, "Give me mine inheritance, reſtore to me my kingdom of England;" that from that time John determined his death, removed him to Rouen, with orders to keep him cloſely confined, and that nothing more was ever known of him. It was,

however, univerſally reported that John had murdered him with his own hand; and the Monks of Margan entered it in their Yearly Notes that "John, being at Rouen in the week before Eaſter, 1203, after he had finiſhed his dinner, inſtigated by drunkenneſs and malignant fiends, literally embrewed his hands in the blood of his defenceleſs nephew, and cauſed his body to be thrown into the Seine, with heavy ſtones faſtened to his feet;—that the body was notwithſtanding caſt on ſhore, and burnt at the abbey of Bec, ſecretly, for fear of the tyrant."

A popular tradition of the Bretons is that John took Arthur from the caſtle of Rouen, and on the way towards Cherbourg, as they travelled on horſeback one evening, having outridden the reſt of the company, they pauſed on a high cliff over the ſea, where John ſuddenly thruſt the poor boy through with his ſword, and toppled him over the precipice, ſtill alive and begging for mercy, into the ſea. Ralph, the Abbot of Coggeshall, gives the ſtory as moſt nearly followed by Shakſpeare. He ſays that at Falaiſe ſome of John's courtiers,—and hiſtory ſhows that he had a number about him as complete fiends as himſelf,—aſſured him that the Bretons were widely plotting for the reſcue of Arthur, adviſed that he ſhould put out his eyes, and thus render him incapable of governing; that John ſent ſome hardened villains to execute this atrocity; but that the compaſſion of his guards, and eſpecially of Hubert de Burgh, the warden of the caſtle, prevented this. He was, therefore, removed to Rouen, where John ſent for the victim into a boat at night on the river, and there ordered his eſquire, Peter de Maulac, to murder him; but that, Maulac ſhrinking from the crime, John himſelf, in ſpite of the lad's prayers for mercy, ſtabbed him and flung him overboard. Hemingford and Knyghton, on the other hand, aſſert that De Maulac did the deed. At all events he appears to have been an accomplice

in it; for John ſoon after gave him the heireſs of Mulgref in marriage, as the reward for his crime.

This is the tradition which Shakſpeare has followed; but, inſtead of Falaiſe and Rouen, he has placed the ſcene of theſe horrid deeds in the caſtle of Northampton; and relieved John of the actual murder, by making Arthur kill himſelf by a fall from the caſtle wall in endeavouring to eſcape. The reader will recollect the maſterly manner in which the poet makes the monſter John impart to Hubert the deadly deed he intends him to execute:—

John (*to Hubert*). Hubert, I am almoſt aſhamed
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hubert. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet:
But thou ſhalt have; and time creep ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay,—but let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night:
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;)
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well.

The monſter king, however, does unfold his deſign, and Hubert pretends to execute it, but does not. After Arthur's

death, Philip of France, on pretext of avenging Arthur, invaded the Britiſh poſſeſſions in that kingdom; and, in 1205, Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poictou, ſucceſſively fell into his hands, and were loſt to the Engliſh crown, and became the cauſe of long ſubſequent wars. Thus John paid dearly for his treaſon to his nephew: nor did his troubles end here: his whole life was one great trouble. His barons revolted; Lewis, the Dauphin of France, invaded England at their invitation, and this country had a narrow eſcape of becoming a French province. Such are the romantic incidents of the ſhort life of one of the earlieſt earls of Richmond.

After the death of Arthur, Guido, Viſcount de Thouars, the ſecond huſband of Conſtance, became Earl of Richmond; then Ranulph III., Earl of Cheſter, her third huſband. To him ſucceeded Peter de Dreux, who married the only daughter of Alice, only daughter of Conſtance, by Guido de Thouars. In this line it deſcended till the reign of Edward III., ſeveral of the earls marrying into the royal family. Edward III. gave the earldom for a time to his ſon, John of Gaunt; and ſubſequently to John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany. In Richard II.'s reign he loſt this earldom by taking part with France; and the king gave it to Montfort's ſiſter Joan, widow of Ralph Baſſet, of Draiton. It then paſſed to Ralph Neville, Earl of Weſtmoreland; after him to John, Duke of Bedford. Henry VI. conferred it on his own brother, Edward de Hadham, by particular right, that he might have a ſeat next to the dukes in parliament; and thus it came to his ſon, Henry VII. of England. Before Henry won the crown, and while he lived in exile, the earldom was poſſeſſed by the brothers of Edward IV.—the Duke of Clarence who periſhed in the butt of ſack; and Richard, Duke of Glouceſter, the uſurper. Henry VIII. conferred the earldom on a natural ſon of his, who died without children.

James I. preſented the earldom of Richmond to Henry Lodowic, Duke of Lennox, whom he created Duke of Richmond. In that line it continued till 1672, when, on its lapſe, Charles I. conferred the dukedom on his natural ſon by Louiſa Querouaille, Ducheſs of Portſmouth, whom he created Duke of Lennox, Earl of Darnley, Baron Methuen of Torbolton, in Scotland, and Duke of Aubigne, in France. In this family the title and eſtates ſtill remain.

Thus it appears that Richmond Caſtle has, ſince its firſt erection, been ſucceſſively in poſſeſſion of families cloſely connected with royalty; often reverting to the crown, to be again conferred on ſome allied perſon, and frequently on the natural children of the monarch. It has in turn been in the hands of every different dynaſty. Plantagenet, York, Lancaſter, Tudor, and Stuart, all have been its maſters, and its beſtowers. Mad King John, John of Gaunt, "hump-backed Richard," Henry VII., all were lords of Richmond. If it has produced no one of particular pre-eminence of genius, it has been the property of thoſe who have made a tolerable noiſe in the world; but no part of its hiſtory is ſo intereſting as its connection with the unfortunate Prince Arthur. Its union for ſo many generations with the dukedoms of Brittany and Normandy gives it alſo a greater hiſtorical importance: that the dukes of Brittany, the princes of Aquitaine, Touraine, Normandy, and Poictou, ſhould alſo have their houſe, eſtate, and title in this Yorkſhire diſtrict, ſeems now-a-days curious.

But long before the days of the Bretons and Normans, this neighbourhood was a favourite place with the Romans. Numerous coins of various Roman emperors have been dug up on the caſtle hill; and the foundations of Roman ſtations, with coins, urns, and other relics, have been found at Catteric, and ſtill more at Bowes and on the banks of the Greta; with

altars and memorial ſtones, the inſcriptions on ſome of which will be found in Leland and Camden. Leland's account of Richmond itſelf is quaint: "Richmond town is waullid, and the caſtle on the river ſide of Swale is as the knot of the cumpace of the waulle. In the waulle be three gates: French

RICHMOND CASTLE.

gate, the moſt occupied in the north part of the town; Finkel-ſtreete-gate, Bargate; al three be down; veſtiges yet remain. In the market-place is a large chapel of the Trinite. The cumpace of the ruinous waulles is not half a mile about. There are ſuburbs to all the gates; but French-gate ſuburb is almoſt as big as the other ſuburbs, and in it is the pariſh church

of the whole town. At the back of the French gate is the Grey Freres, a little without the walls, ſo that the town walle compaſſith litle but the market-place, the howſes about it, and the gardens between them. The caſtle is nere hand, much in cumpace as the circuit of the town wall, but now it is in mere ruin. There is a conduit of water, elſe there is none in Richmond.

"I cam through the great long ſtrete in Richmont, or I cam to the top of the hill where the beſt of the town called the bailly and the caſtle; ſome think that the place where the baily is was once *externa area caſtelli*, and ſince builded with houſes. Waulled it was, but the waull is now decayed. The names and places of four or five gates remain. There is a chapel in Richmond town, with ſtrange figures in the walls of it. The people there deeme that it was once a temple of idols."

Camden in his time deſcribes the monaſtery of the Grey Friars in Richmond as reduced to its beautiful ſquare tower, and ſays:—"The caſtle ſtands upon the ſouth ſide of the hill, overhanging the river, with a large cataract juſt under it. A more inacceſſible ſituation can hardly be conceived. The ſite is circular. On the north it was defended by a deep ditch and drawbridge, whoſe arch, buried by time, was diſcovered in 1732 by the induſtry of Mr. Wharton, agent to the Duke of Richmond; but it has ſince been buried, and a houſe been built on or near it. The prodigious riſe of the ground conceals the entrance to the caſtle, the ſpacious arch of which may be ſeen within, ſtopped up under or near a ſquare tower, ninety-nine feet high, of three ſtories, built by Conan, Earl of Richmond, in the twelfth century, with a large round column in the middle, which once ſupported the flooring. From its top is a moſt extenſive proſpect over Swaledale, a deep valley with rich

paſture, between a chain of bleak, dreary hills, extending north to Stanemore, and weſt to Weſtmoreland. On the ſouth ſide of the area was the chapel and hall. In the eaſt wall, which is moſt entire, are two towers, called Robin Hood's and the Golden Tower."

There was a Priory of St. Martin at Richmond, which was a cell to the abbey of St. Mary at York. It was founded by Wymar, dapifer or ſteward to the Earl of Richmond, about the year 1100, with certain lands in its neighbourhood; and a cell of nine or ten monks ſent from St. Mary's at York was ſettled there, and continued till the diſſolution.

Let us now ſee how Richmond and its caſtle look at the preſent day. A recent writer (Walter White) ſhows them to us with the old features ſtill looking through ſundry modern ones:—"You come to the brow of a long declivity, the end of the moors, and are rewarded by a view which rivals that ſeen from Scarthe Nick. Swaledale opens before you, overſpread with waving fields of grain, with numerous farmſteads ſcattered up and down, with a long range of cliff breaking the oppoſite ſlope, and, about four miles diſtant, Richmond, its lofty ſeat crowned by the ſquare caſtle keep, tall and maſſive. I ſaw it lit by the afternoon ſun, and needed no better invitation for a half-hour's halt on the heathery bank. You deſcend to the wheat-fields, and ſee no more of the town till cloſe upon it. Swale, as you will notice while croſſing the bridge, ſtill ſhows the characteriſtics of a mountain ſtream. Very ſteep is the graſs-grown ſtreet leading from the river up to the main part of the town. The caſtle occupies the ſummit of a bluff, which, riſing bold and high from the Swale, commands a noble proſpect over what Whitaker calls 'the Piedmont of Richmondſhire.' On the other ſide, towards the river, the walls are all broken and ruinous, with here and there a loophole, or window

opening, through which you may look abroad on the landſcape, and ponder on the changes which have befallen ſince Alan the Red built a fortreſs here on the lands given to him in reward for proweſs by the Conqueror. It was in 1071 that he began to fortify, and portions of his maſonry yet remain, fringed with ivy and tufts of graſs, and here and there the bugloſs growing from the crevices. Perhaps, while you ſaunter to and fro in the caſtle-yard, the keeper will appear, and tell you—though not without leave—his ſtory of the ruins. If it will add to your pleaſure, he will ſhow you the ſpot where George IV. ſat when Prince of Wales, and declared the proſpect to be the fineſt he had ever beheld. You will be told which is Robin Hood's Tower, which the Gold Tower,—ſo called becauſe of a tradition that treaſure was once diſcovered therein—and which is Scotland's Hall, where knights, and nobles, and high-born dames held their banquets. And here you will be reminded of Fitzhughs and Marmions, Randolph de Glanville, and William the Lion, of Nevilles and Scropes, and of the Lennox—a natural ſon of Charles II.—to whom the Merry Monarch gave the dukedom of Richmond, and to whoſe deſcendants it ſtill belongs.

"One ſide of the garth is encloſed by a new building, to be uſed as barracks or a military depot, and near this, at the angle towards the town, riſes the keep. What a mighty tower it is! ninety-nine feet high, the walls eleven feet thick, ſtrengthened on all ſides by ſtraight buttreſſes, an impreſſive memorial of the Normans. It was built by Earl Conan, ſeventy-five years after Alan the Red's baſtions. The loweſt chamber is dark and vaulted, with the rings ſtill remaining to which the lamps were hung, and a floor of natural rock pierced by the old well. The chief entrance is now on the firſt floor, to which you mount by an outer ſtair, and the firſt things you ſee on entering are the arms and accoutrements of the Yorkſhire Militia, all

carefully arranged. The view from the top delights your eye by its variety and extent—a great ſcene of green hills and woods, the winding dale, and, beyond, the brown heights that ſtretch away to the mountains. You ſee the town and all its pictureſque features; the towers of St. Mary's and the old Gray Friars' Monaſtery, and Trinity Chapel at the ſide of the Market-place, now deſecrated by an intruſion of petty merchandize. And, following the courſe of the river downwards, you can ſee in the meadows among the woods the ruins of the Abbey of St. Agatha, at Eaſby. A few miles further, and the ſtream flows paſt Catterick, the Cattaractonium of the Romans, and Bolton-on-Swale, the burial-place of Old Jenkins.

"On leaving the caſtle, make your way down the path which runs round the face of the precipice below the walls, yet high enough above the river for pleaſing views; a good place for an evening ſtroll. Then deſcend to a lower level, and look back from the new bridge, near the railway ſtation; you will be charmed with the ſingularly pictureſque view of the town, cluſtered all along the hill-top, and terminated by the impoſing maſs of ruins, and the lordly keep. And there is ſomething to be ſeen near at hand; the ſtation, built in Gothic ſtyle, pleaſantly ſituated amongſt the trees; St. Martin's Cell, founded more than ſeven hundred years ago, now ſadly dilapidated, and uſed as a cow-ſtall. Beyond, on the ſlope of the hill, ſtands the pariſh church, with a fine lofty tower; and near it are the old grammar-ſchool, famous for good ſcholars; and the Tate Teſtimonial, a handſome Gothic edifice, with cloiſters, where the boys play in rainy weather. It was in that churchyard that Herbert Knowles wrote the poem,—

Methinks it is good to be here,

which has long kept his name in memory."

From this Caſtle-hill you have pleaſant views of gardens and meadows below; of Eaſby Abbey, amid its noble trees, near the river, which was, for centuries, the burial-place of the Scropes, who became poſſeſſors of Eaſby not long after the death of Roald, conſtable of Richmond, founder of the abbey, in 1152. In the meadow beyond you alſo ſee the gate-houſe mantled with ivy, and Eaſby's pretty little church between the gate-houſe and the ruins of the abbey. But, without wandering farther, we may with Walter White "take another ſtroll" on the path under the caſtle, thinking of the ancient legend, and wiſhing for a peep at the myſterious vault where King Arthur's warriors lie aſleep. Long, long ago, a man, while wandering about the hill, was conducted into an underground vault by a myſterious perſonage, and there he ſaw to his amazement a great multitude lying in ſlumber. Ere he recovered, his guide placed in his hands a horn and a ſword. He drew the blade half out of the ſheath, when lo! every ſleeper ſtirred as if about to awake, and the poor mortal, terror-ſtricken, looſed his hold; the ſword ſlid back, and the opportunity for releaſe was loſt, to recur no more for many a long day. The unlucky wight heard as he crept forth a bitter voice crying:—

Potter, Potter Thompſon!
If thou had either drawn
The ſword, or blown that horn,
Thoud'ſt been the luckieſt man
That ever was born.

With its hiſtory and its legends, and its beautiful ſituation and fine ſurrounding country, Richmond Caſtle ſtands a diſtinguiſhed ruin amongſt the brave old remains of the feudal days of England; and what a healthy place it muſt be! That reference to "Old Jenkins" is full of moment in the hiſtory of longevity; for he was but one of a number of men who, in his time (the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and

Elizabeth) lived beyond their hundred years, in that neighbourhood; and, long as is this article, we ought not to close it without the fitting testimony to its healthiness by a short notice of Old Jenkins and his old associates. We have the following account of these living antiquities by Mrs. Anne Saville, who lived at Bolton-on-Swale in the reign of Elizabeth:—

"When I came to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day, he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance he was about 162 or 163; and I asked what kings he remembered. He said Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember. He said, Flodden Field. I asked whether the king was there. He said, No: he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then. He said, 'I believe I might be between ten and twelve; for,' said he, 'I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them.' All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used; the earl he named was general; and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be a hundred years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the abbot of Fountains Abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries.

"Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1670, at

Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkſhire. The Battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was twelve years old when Flodden Field was fought; ſo that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years; viz., ſixteen years longer than Old Parr, and was, it is ſuppoſed, the oldeſt man born upon the ruins of the poſtdiluvian world.

"In the laſt century of his life he was a fiſherman, and uſed to trade in the ſtreams; his diet was coarſe and ſour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has ſworn in Chancery and other courts to above 140 years' memory, and was often at the aſſizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard ſome of the country gentlemen affirm that he frequently ſwam in the rivers after he was paſt the age of a hundred years. In the King's Remembrancer's Office, in the Exchequer, is a record of a depoſition in a cauſe by Engliſh bill between Anthony Clarke and Smirkſon, taken in 1665, at Kettering in Yorkſhire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced, and depoſed as a witneſs. About ſeventy years after his death, a monument was erected at Bolton, by a ſubſcription of the pariſhioners, to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved this inſcription: —'Bluſh not, marble, to reſcue from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a perſon of obſcure birth, but of a life truly memorable; for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments; and though the partial world deſpiſed and diſregarded his low and humble ſtate, the equal eye of Providence beheld and bleſſed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach miſtaken man theſe bleſſings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at eaſe. He lived to the amazing age of 169. Was interred here December 16th, 1670, and had this juſtice done to his memory, 1743.'"

Camden has fallen into an error regarding Jenkins, making him a reſident of the neighbourhood of Bolton Caſtle in Uredale, inſtead of Bolton-on-Swale. The fact is ſtated in the above notice of him; that he lived and died at Ellerton, which is near Bolton-on-Swale, and was buried at this Bolton. Jenkins is ſaid in this account to have remembered the abbot of Fountains. He had good reaſon; for it is ſtated that when he uſed to be ſent to that great abbey on meſſages by Lord Conyers, the abbot always gave him, "beſides waſſail, a quarter of a yard of roaſt-beef for his dinner, and a great black-jack of ſtrong beer." He is ſaid, too, to have ſhared the dole of the monks of Jervaux to poor travellers, and therefore had ſeen that ſplendid monaſtery in all its glory.

In concluding our notice of Richmond Caſtle, it ought not to be omitted that the whole country round is as full of hiſtorical reminiſcences as it is of natural beauty. In Coverdale was born the venerable reformer of that name, who, with Tyndall and others, produced our earlieſt complete edition of the Bible. At Bolton Abbey, Mary Queen of Scots was at one time confined. There, too, lived thoſe bold Scropes, one of whom was Chancellor to Richard II., another fought ſtoutly at Flodden Field, and a third of whom joined the Pilgrimage of Grace on the diſſolution of religious houſes. Of the Lords Scrope of Maſham, one was at the battle of the Standard, and another beheaded for conſpiring againſt Henry V. Then there is that grand old ruin of Middleham, the ſeat of the Nevilles, and one of the many caſtles of Warwick the King-maker, and where he confined Edward IV. after he had ſurpriſed him in his camp at Wolvey. There, conſigning him to the ſafe cuſtody of his brother, the Archbiſhop of York, that prelate, unfit cuſtodian of ſo ſlippery a ſubject, ſuffered him to hunt in the park, and ſo found that Edward had ridden off, and ſoon appeared in London. Subtly did Warwick lay his nets

to re-catch him, the Archbiſhop of York inviting Edward, and Clarence, his brother, to ſupper at his manor of Moor in Hertfordſhire, when, juſt as the king was waſhing his hands before ſitting down to table, ſome one whiſpered in his ear that an armed band was lying in wait for him near the houſe. Once more Edward got ſecretly to horſe, galloped through the night to Windſor, and after many an adventure, and a flight abroad, lived to ſlay the great king-maker at the battle of Barnet, and break up his overgrown power for ever. In this ſame Middleham was born Edward, the only ſon of Richard III. And there is Topcliffe, too, juſt on the border of Richmondſhire, where the Earl of Northumberland was lying in bed when the rumour came that his enemies were about to ſeize him for his intended ſhare in the riſing of the North in Elizabeth's time; and he roſe haſtily and joined the Earl of Weſtmoreland to become in reality a fugitive in Scotland, and to ſee England again only as a betrayed gueſt, betrayed by the Douglas, and then led to the block. But the whole land is ſown with ſtirring events, and we can only ſay further that Richmond Caſtle ſtands like a fine hiſtoric picture, ſet in a fitting frame of great and golden memories.

Byland Abbey.

IN a pleaſant valley near Coxwold, in the Wolds of Yorkſhire, ſtands the ruined but ſtill beautiful Abbey of Byland. The ſtyle of the remains is peculiar, but extremely light and graceful. Theſe conſiſt of the weſt front, and one end of the tranſept. Every part of theſe remains bears teſtimony to erection at different periods. The central door has a richly cuſpated arch, with ſeveral receding pillars and mouldings. Above it is a row of light lancet arches, with a line of ſimilar ſemi-arches running above them. Higher ſtill is the lower half of a noble circular window. On one ſide of this main ſtructure remain a heavy round-headed doorway, and a round-headed window above it, both conſiſting of ſeveral pillars and mouldings, evidently of the oldeſt date in the building. On the left hand is a richly-wrought lancet-headed doorway, and this is all that now remains: ſufficient, however, to denote that the monaſtery, when perfect, was extremely elegant. The date aſſigned to its firſt erection accords with the older, round-arched portion, being of the period when the remains of Saxon had not yet diſappeared from Norman buildings.

Byland is ſaid to have been founded by Roger de Mowbray, a minor in the wardſhip of King Stephen, at the ſuggeſtion of his mother, Gundreda de Mowbray. The hiſtory of the

founding was preſerved by Philip, the third abbot. The occaſion for the erection of Byland Abbey was to eſtabliſh twelve monks and Gerold their abbot, who had been obliged to flee from Furneſs Abbey, in Lancaſhire, by the incurſions of the Scots. They had gone firſt to York, where they were hospitably received by Archbiſhop Thurſtan, who recommended them to Roger de Mowbray. Gundreda, the mother of Roger, and the widow of Nigil de Albine, entertained them for ſome time at the caſtle of Threſk, and then ſent them to join Robert de Alneto, her near relative, a Norman, living as hermit at Hode, where ſhe ſupplied them with proviſions. Finding, however, that the tranſmiſſion of theſe proviſions became very inconvenient, ſhe requeſted her ſon to give them his vaccary, or compaſture, at Combe, and all the land at Wildon, Scakeldon, and Ergham, for their ſupport. Whilſt there, the abbot went to Savigny, in Normandy, to procure exemption from their former ſubjection to Furneſs, which was done by a general chapter of the order; and the abbot returned to York, where he died, and was buried at Hode. In his place, Roger, the ſub-cellarar, one of the monks who left Furneſs, was made abbot. The brethren remained at Hode till A.D. 1143, when they found the ſpot unſuitable for the founding of a monaſtery, and at the requeſt of their patroneſs, Gundreda, Roger de Mowbray, her ſon, gave them the church and town of Biland, or Bella-landa-ſuper-Moram, near the river Rye, and nearly oppoſite to the Abbey of Rievaux. This would have been a charming ſituation, but, being within ſound of each other's bells, it did not agree with their notions of monaſtic ſecluſion, and they again removed to Stocking, near Coxwold, under Blakhow Hill. At this place they repaired an old church, and built a cloiſter and other houſes; and now they ſeemed to have found a permanent abode. They continued there for thirty years,

but theſe were by no means years of peace and uninterrupted religious contemplation. The abbots of Calder and Furneſs, notwithſtanding the exemption which they had obtained from their juriſdiction, commenced law proceedings to compel them again to ſubmiſſion. Theſe vexatious proceedings were not brought to a cloſe till the year 1155, the firſt year of the reign of Henry II. They were then determined in their favour by the abbot of Rievaux, who had been appointed judge, and the Archbiſhop of York took them under his direct protection.

Being now at eaſe, the monks ſelected a yet more eligible ſite for their monaſtery, and finally raiſed it in a valley a little more to the eaſtward, having drained the marſhes and cleared a large tract of woodland. The abbey, of which we now have the remains, was completed and entered upon A. D. 1177, 23 Hen. II. It ſtood near to Burtoft and Berſclive, between Whitaker and Cambe Hill, a pleaſant and retired ſituation. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and continued to flouriſh till the diſſolution.

Byland was not one of the abbeys which ever raiſed itſelf into princely ſtate amongſt the monaſteries of England. It was not one of the mitred eſtabliſhments, whoſe heads aſſumed the ſtate of nobles, and attended parliaments with the retinue of princes; but it had many privileges, and was a well-to-do and independent community. The Biland which the monks had left near Rievaux was thenceforth known as Old Byland: this new Byland was diſtant about five miles from Rievaux; and after croſſing a moor, as you deſcended a very ſteep hill, the proſpect of a very fine country opened upon you, with this abbey and the village near it. Henry II., Henry III., and Henry VI. granted eſpecial privileges to Byland. It was exempted from all tolls, pontage, &c., from paying any ſort of gelds, ſcutage, or hidage, from performing any duties of the county, wapen-

take, or riding, and from all aids and ſecular ſervice. The monks were free in all cities, boroughs, markets, fairs, bridges, and ports, in England and Normandy, and had liberty of holding courts of their own, with ſac, ſoc, thal, theam, infangentheof, and utfangentheof. They could be ſued by no magiſtrate except the king or his chief juſtice. They had free warren over all their demeſnes, and no perſon could intrude upon them. Henry III. made them free of ward-penny, over-penny, thething-penny, hengwith, ſlemwith, blodewite, leirwith, ſleme-frith, grithbreth, foreſtal, hamſokne, heinfare, and all ſervice and ſecular exactions. He extended their right of trying cauſes to their manors of Sutton and Clifton, in Yorkſhire, and at their manor of Wardcope, in Weſtmoreland; and Henry VI. gave them a grant of all waifs, ſtrays, and forfeiture of felons within their lands. Dugdale gives a long liſt of their poſſeſſions in different places. At the diſſolution, the groſs revenue of the abbey was £295 5*s.* 4*d.*; the clear income, £238 9*s.* 4*d.* It was a proſperous abbey of an unambitious kind. No great events are recorded in its annals, nor does it ſeem to have produced, or had the preſence of, any men of pre-eminently diſtinguiſhed talents; but one may, from its ſubſtance and its pleaſant ſituation, fairly ſuppoſe it a favoured ſpecimen of monaſtic retreat.

The viſitor to Byland will not fail to aſcend the hill and take a glance at Coxwold, the church and parſonage of Lawrence Sterne. There he will find the ſame pulpit in the church in which Sterne preached; and on the right hand ſide of the road—the laſt houſe, I think, on that ſide, on the way towards Byland,—he will ſee the ſame houſe which Sterne inhabited. There is a parſonage now adjoining the churchyard; but, at this little houſe of two ſmall rooms in front, and of two ſtories high, the humouriſt lived. The landlady of the village inn was fond of

BYLAND ABBEY.

talking of Sterne. "A very clever man," ſhe ſaid; "a very clever man, indeed; but he had a daughter much cleverer than himſelf." "Really," I ſaid; "in what way did ſhe diſplay this extraordinary ability?" "In an extraordinary way," reſponded the landlady; "by riding about the village on her father's horſe with her face to the tail." This, of courſe, ſhe explained, was when ſhe was a girl of eleven or twelve; but the good woman was not by any means jeſting. This feat of equeſtrianiſm was in her eyes an exhibition of talent far greater than her father's. What her idea of literary fame was we may imagine.

She aſſured us, alſo, that the village doctor lived at Sterne's old houſe—"a very civil man, a very civil man, indeed; and ſhe was ſure he would have much pleaſure in ſhowing it to us." Accordingly my friend, who on that occaſion was driving me in his carriage to Rievaux Abbey, drew up at the door. I knocked, and was admitted by a maid, who aſſured me that her maſter was at home, and would ſee me in a minute. Whereupon ſhe ſhowed me into a ſmall front room, in which Sterne is ſaid to have written, and there I waited ſome time. Anon the ſervant returned, and ſaid her maſter was coming directly. A while after ſhe returned once more, and aſked my name. I gave her my card, and added that I was ſorry to trouble her maſter, as my object was merely to ſee Sterne's abode; and again ſhe made her appearance to ſay that her maſter was engaged and could not ſee me. The village Galen had diſcovered that I was not a hoped-for patient, and "the very civil man,—very civil man, indeed," was not civil enough to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger by allowing him to ſee a cottage in which there was literally nothing worth ſeeing. However, I had been in Sterne's houſe, and diſcovered that all his endeavours to inculcate benevolence of ſentiment had not penetrated very deep into the nature of his ſucceſſor, ſo I adjourned to the church. The ſexton attended with the key, and I entered. It is a lofty, plain church, and there ſtood the old pulpit in which the author of "Triſtram Shandy" uſed to preach. What, however, particularly attracted my attention was a ſolitary ſwallow which was flitting about, and giving an occaſional twitter as it ſought a way out. I looked round; all the windows were cloſed; there was no way for it to eſcape, and I immediately thought of Sterne's ſtarling, which was always plaintively crying "I can't get out."

The ſexton ſaid it had, no doubt, flown in on Sunday, when

the windows were open, ſo that it muſt then (the middle of the week) have been flitting about and vainly ſeeking egreſs for ſeveral days. "Good man," ſaid I, "pull open one or two of your windows, and let it eſcape, for Heaven's ſake!" And what was the man's cool anſwer? "Oh, it will die of itſelf, if we let it alone."

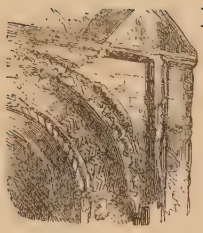
And that was in Sterne's church, in the very front of his pulpit, not many yards from the place where he probably penned that very pathetic incident of the ſtarling, with its cry, ſo full of pitiful appeal, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" Such is the effect of the fineſt touches of genius, of the happieſt incentives to humanity. Who could have believed that ſuch an incident could poſſibly have happened where Sterne had penned thoſe words which have thrilled ſo many a youthful boſom, never again to be forgotten? The ſexton had only to pull a cord to open a window high aloft, no doubt the one through which the ſwallow had entered; but he was reluctant to do it, becauſe, he ſaid, it would let others in; and though he did it at my earneſt inſiſtance, I had a feeling that the moment my back was turned he would cloſe it again, without giving the bird time to find its way out. I afterwards felt much vexed with myſelf that I did not go to the parſonage and aſk the clergyman to ſee that the ſexton did let the poor creature "get out."

As we returned through the village on the following day, the Medicus was leaning over his gate as we paſſed. He was a man of middle age, with a vulgar air, and conſiderable quantity of whiſker about his face; and he had evidently taken a peep at us the day before, and recogniſed us as the perſons who would have liked to ſee Sterne's houſe; for he grinned broadly, and evidently with much ſelf-gratulation, as we drove by, evidently thinking he had done a very clever thing in doing a diſcourteſy.

Such were the revelations of the tone of mind and the ſcale of enlightenment in the place where Sterne drew the picture of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, where he taught us to reſpect human ſorrows in Lieutenant Le Fevre, the blight of the heart in poor Maria, and the ſufferings of animals in the captive ſtarling. As a prophet has no honour in his own country, in that country his teachings are, of courſe, uſually thrown away. Here, inſtead of feeling, there ſeemed an utter want of it; inſtead of the kindlineſs of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, churliſh rudeneſs prevailed, and the higheſt idea of cleverneſs was that of a romping girl riding with her face to a horſe's tail!

The monaſtery of Fors, in Yorkſhire, was ſubject to Byland.

Jedburgh Abbey.



THE abbey of Jedburgh was raiſed by David I. of Scotland, that founder of ſo many religious houſes, in a very pleaſant and pictureſque, but very dangerous neighbourhood. It was always expoſed to the inroads of the hoſtile Engliſh, and ſuffered, as it was ſure to do, frequently and grievouſly at their hands. It ſtood on the river Jed, near the junction of the Teviot with that river. The ballad of the "Hermit of Warkworth" well pictures the ſcenes that were for ages continually occurring in the fair border-lands of England and Scotland.

Lord Percy and his barons bold
They fix upon a day,
To ſcour the marches late oppreſſed,
And Scottiſh wrongs repay.

The knights aſſembled on the hills,
A thouſand horſe and more:
Brave Widdrington, then ſunk in years,
The Percy ſtandard bore.

Tweed's limpid current ſoon they paſs,
And range the Borders round,
Down the green ſlopes of Teviotdale
Their bugle-horns reſound.

And ſoon turned out to meet them the ſtout Scottiſh Borderers; on this ground, as the ballad of "Chevy Chaſe" has it,—

All men of pleaſant Tivydale,
Faſt by the river Tweed.

A very pleaſant dale was Teviotdale, but rather a trying place to live in whilſt theſe fiſticuff days remained. "The vicinage of this abbey," ſays Groſe, "to the Borders, ſubjected it to the depredations of every incurſion or invaſion. Theſe were, in general, carried on with the greateſt cruelty imaginable; neither age, ſex, nor profeſſion affording the leaſt protection, the victors marking their footſteps with fire and ſword.

"The ravages committed in the different incurſions of the Engliſh had ſo damaged this houſe, and reduced its income, as to render it inſufficient for the lodging and maintenance of the canons. King Edward I. therefore ſent ſeveral of them to different religious houſes of the ſame order in England, there to be maintained till this houſe could be repaired and reſtored to better circumſtances. One of the writs is ſtill extant by which a canon, named Ingelram de Colonia, was ſent to the convent of Bridlington, in Yorkſhire."

The abbey of Jedburgh had two cells, one at Reſtenote, in Angusſhire, and the other at Canonby, ſituated on the river Eſke, in Eſkedale, in Roxburghſhire; if poſſible, a more unlucky ſituation than that of Jedburgh. It was frequently plundered and burned by the Engliſh, and the prior and canons obliged to flee during the heat of the war, by which means their records were ſo often deſtroyed, that an accurate account of them is impoſſible. The firſt monks, who were canons regular, were brought to Jedburgh by David I., from the abbey of St.

Quintin's, at Beauvais, in France. Notwithſtanding all the ravages of the Border wars, at the diſſolution the revenue of the abbey, with that of its two cells at Reſtenote and Canonby, amounted to £1274 10s.

The abbey was erected into a temporal lordſhip in favour of Sir Andrew Kerr of Fernihurſt, anceſtor to the Marquis of Lothian, who was in high favour with James VI., who made him a peer, with the title of Lord Jedburgh. The abbey and eſtate yet remain the property of the Marquis of Lothian. The ruins of the abbey are ſtill very fine, and ſhow what the building muſt have been before it was ſo frequently battered and burned by the Engliſh invaders. Beſides the attacks of Edward I. and Edward III., the Earl of Surrey, in 1523, ſtormed and burned Jedburgh, and along with it the abbey. In his diſpatch to Henry VIII., he particularly notices the ſtout reſiſtance of the abbey, which, he ſays, held them till "twoo houres within night," but does not ſpecify when the attack on the abbey commenced. Notwithſtanding, one author after another has ſtated that the ſtorming of the abbey laſted "two hours;" an evident miſtake, founded on the Earl of Surrey's phraſe that it laſted to within two hours of the night.

In this ſame diſpatch he informs us that "the towne was much better than I weened it had been, for there was twoo tymes moo houſes therein then in Berwicke, and well buylded with many honeſt and fair houſes therein, ſufficiente to have lodged M horſemen in garnyſon, and ſix good towres therein; which towne and towres be clenely deſtroyed, burnt, and throwen downe. Undoubtedly there was noo journey made into Scotlande, in noo mann's day levying, with ſoo few a nombre, that is recownted to be ſoo high an enterpriſe as this, both with thies contremen and Scottiſhmen, nor of truthe ſo much hurt doon."

This would ſeem a ſufficient deſtruction for ſome time; but afterwards the Earl of Hertford committed as great ravages there; and ſo completely was the place ſpoiled, that the abbey, in common with the other monaſteries in Teviotdale, had ceaſed to be inhabited at the diſſolution. Nor was it from the Engliſh alone that theſe ill-fated Borders received ſuch treatment. The men of Teviotdale were famous for their martial propenſities, and were as ready to make raids and plunderings as their enemies, and, therefore, the leſs to be pitied. "As for the humours of the people of Teviotdale," ſays Scott of Harden, in the Macfarlane MSS., "they were both ſtrong and warlike, as being inured to war and daily incurſions; and the moſt part of the heritors of the country gave out their lands to their tenants for military attendance, upon rentals, and reſerved only ſome few mainſes for their own ſuſtenance, which were laboured by their ſervants beſides their ſervice. They paid an entry, a herauld, and a ſmall rent-duty; for there were no rents raiſed here that were conſiderable till King James went into England; yea, all along the Border."

This gives a diſmal picture of the ſtate of the border-country till the union of the two kingdoms under one crown. Alternate invaſions, burnings, maſſacres, and every kind of deſolation; ſo that none but men fond of war could live in it, and no profit could be derived from the lands except what conſiſted in mere defence againſt invaders. Theſe men, eſpecially thoſe of Jedburgh, fought with axes, which were called Jeddart axes, or Jeddart ſtaves. Scott, in his "Lay of the Laſt Minſtrel," deſcribes the warriors of Brankſome Hall, as

With Jedwood axe at ſaddle-bow.

He ſays, in his introduction to the "Border Minſtrelſy," that, upon the arrival of the ill-fated Mary in her native country,

ſhe found the Borderers in a ſtate of great diſorder. The exertions of her natural brother, afterwards the famous Regent Murray, were neceſſary to reſtore ſome degree of tranquillity. He marched to Jedburgh, executed twenty or thirty of the tranſgreſſors, burnt many houſes, and brought a number of priſoners to Edinburgh. No doubt, on theſe occaſions, the military commanders, come from which ſide they would, retorted on the Jedburgh men what was popularly called "Jeddard juſtice," hanging them firſt and trying them after. The unfortunate Queen Mary, finding that the ſeverities of her brother, the Regent, had not quelled the fierce ſpirit of the Borderers, appointed the Earl of Bothwell commiſſioner for that purpoſe; but his unprincipled and licentious conduct only embroiled that wretched diſtrict worſe. On this, ſhe herſelf advanced to the Border, determining to hold a court at Jedburgh for the ſettlement of the peace and the puniſhment of the offenders; but, hearing that Bothwell was ſeverely wounded in attempting to ſeize John Elliott of the Parke, a notorious freebooter, in an evil hour for her reputation and happineſs, ſhe mounted her horſe, and rode to Hermitage Caſtle (where Bothwell lay) by a circuitous route, and returned the ſame day, a diſtance, altogether, of nearly fifty miles. A dangerous moraſs, ſtill called the Queen's Mire, is pointed out on the way, where ſhe had a narrow eſcape for her life. On her return to Jedburgh ſhe was ſeized with a dangerous fever, and lay ill for ſeveral weeks at an old manſion ſtill pointed out in the town, and where for ſome time her death was expected.

The confuſion upon the Borders became more and more lawleſs; and when the riſing of the North took place, and the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland fled into Scotland, Northumberland was betrayed by Douglas into the hands of Murray the Regent, but Weſtmoreland was received by the

Laird of Ferniehurſt, cloſe to Jedburgh, and many of the Teviotdale men were greatly ſcandalized that the Lords Ferniehurſt and Hume had not forcibly reſcued Northumberland from the Regent. Murray marched towards Jedburgh to ſeize Weſtmoreland and his followers at Ferniehurſt; but, as he approached Jedburgh, his men, who had no fancy for the work, nearly all deſerted him, and he was obliged to return. In fact, the gentry of the Border, the Humes, Granges, Buccleuchs, Ferniehurſts, Johnſtones, Armſtrongs, Maxwells, Kerrs, Jardines, and others, ruled on the Borders, and ſet both their own government and that of England at defiance. Sir Ralph Sadler, who was poſted at Berwick by Queen Elizabeth to watch the movements of the Scotch court, and to corrupt all the nobles, went amongſt theſe bold Border chiefs, and gives ſome lively deſcriptions in his deſpatches of their mode of life; their drinking, gaming, riding, and open contempt of all authority. During the minority of James VI., the daring of the Border chiefs roſe to an enormous pitch. Buccleuch, with his followers, on one occaſion, aſſiſted by Lord Claud Hamilton, ſeized the Regent Lennox, and were very near getting poſſeſſion of the young king in Stirling. Failing in this, they killed the Regent. Morton, who ſucceeded Lennox as Regent, managed to ſow diſſenſion amongſt the Border chiefs, and made an attempt to ſurpriſe Jedburgh and Ferniehurſt, but was repulſed. After the death of Morton the full licenſe of the Border revived. A ſon of the Earl of Bedford was, in 1585, killed in one of their frays by Kerr of Ferniehurſt, which, at the demand of Elizabeth, brought that doughty chief to a dungeon, where he died. After that, Francis Stuart, an illegitimate ſon of James V., who had been created Earl of Bothwell, on the forfeiture of the infamous Bothwell, huſband of Queen Mary, made great diſturbance on the Border; he was

highly popular with the men of Jedburgh and Teviotdale, and even attempted to ſeize the perſon of James VI. in his palace of Holyrood. In the meantime, the chiefs in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh and the Middle Marches were fighting with each other for the provoſtry of Jedburgh, in which affray Kerr of Ancram, a follower of Ferniehurſt, was killed. Such was the ſavage condition of this neighbourhood down to the very epoch of James VI.'s aſcent of the Engliſh throne. Robert Carr, the infamous favourite of James I., was third ſon of Sir Thomas Kerr, of Ferniehurſt Caſtle, which is only a mile and a half from Jedburgh.

The caſtle of Jedburgh was ſo formidable a protection to the inſubordinate Borderers in theſe diſturbed times, that in the beginning of the ſixteenth century the Government reſolved to deſtroy it; and the work appeared ſo enormous, from its ponderous ſtrength, that it was propoſed to lay a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland to defray the expenſe. On the ſite was raiſed the county gaol, which is ſtill called the caſtle. A ſingular occurrence took place in a cell of this caſtle, in the reign of Charles I., which led to a yet more remarkable one, indicative of the ſtill lawleſs condition of the times. We give it in the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

"In the reign of Charles I., when the moſs-trooping practices were not entirely diſcontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the pariſh of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armſtrong, called, for diſtinction's ſake, Chriſtie's Will, a lineal deſcendant of the famous John Armſtrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James VI. The hereditary love of plunder had deſcended to this perſon with the family manſion; and, upon ſome marauding party, he was ſeized and impriſoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treaſurer, happening to viſit Jedburgh, and knowing Chriſtie's

Will, inquired the cauſe of his confinement. Will replied that he was impriſoned for ſtealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more cloſely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, ſuch as it was, amuſed the earl, who exerted his intereſt, and ſucceeded in releaſing Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawſuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Seſſion, and there was every reaſon to believe that judgment would turn upon the voice of the preſiding judge, who has a caſting vote, in caſe of an equal diviſion among his brethren. The opinion of the Preſident was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the queſtion ſhould be tried. In this dilemma, the earl had recourſe to Chriſtie's Will, who at once offered his ſervices to kidnap the Preſident. Upon due ſcrutiny he found it was the judge's practice to take the air on horſeback on the Sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of theſe excurſions, Chriſtie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accoſt the Preſident and engage him in converſation. His addreſs and language were ſo amuſing, that he decoyed the Preſident into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding ſuddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horſe, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off with the luckleſs judge truſſed up behind him. Will croſſed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to perſons of his deſcription, and depoſited his weary and terrified burden in an old caſtle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horſe being found, it was concluded that he had thrown his rider into the ſea, his friends went into mourning, and a ſucceſſor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor Preſident ſpent a heavy time in the vault of the caſtle. He

was impriſoned and ſolitary, receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the ſound of a human voice, ſave when a ſhepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domeſtic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. Theſe, he concluded, were invocations of ſpirits; for he held himſelf to be in the dungeon of a ſorcerer. At length, after three months had elapſed, the lawſuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to ſet the Preſident at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of the night, ſeized the Preſident, muffled him once more in the cloak, without ſpeaking a ſingle word, and, uſing the ſame mode of tranſportation, conveyed him to Leith Sands, and ſet down the aſtoniſhed judge at the very ſpot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the leſs agreeable ſurpriſe of his ſucceſſor, may eaſily be conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own perſuaſion, that he had been ſpirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himſelf be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were ſaluted once more with the ſounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had ſolaced his long confinement. This led to a diſcovery of the whole ſtory; but, in thoſe diſorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruſe de guerre*.

"Wild and ſtrange as this tradition may ſeem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whoſe perſon this extraordinary ſtratagem was practiſed, was Sir Alexander Gibſon, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottiſh law under the title of *Durie's Deciſions*. He was advanced to the ſtation of an ordinary Lord of Seſſion, 10th of July, 1621, and died at his own houſe of Durie, July, 1646. Betwixt theſe periods, this whimſical adventure

muſt have happened; a date which correſponds with that of the tradition."

Another and the popular verſion of this extraordinary abduction is given in the ballad of Chriſtie's Will. There the Borderer, being engaged by Lord Traquair,—

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
And there he knocked moſt manfullie;
And up and ſpake Lord Durie ſae ſtout,
"What tidings, thou ſtalwart groom, to me?"

"The faireſt lady in Teviotdale
Has ſent, moſt reverent ſir, for thee;
She pleas at the Seſſion for her land a' haill,
And fain ſhe would plead her cauſe to thee."

"But how can I to that lady ride,
With ſaving of my dignitie?"
"O, a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ſall muffled be."

Wi' curch on head and cloak owre face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fine:
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Chriſtie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,
They met, I ween, our noble king.

When Willie looked upon the king,
I wot a frightened man was he!
But even auld Durie was ſtartled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The king he croſſed himſelf, I wis,
When as the pair came riding bye—
"An uglier crone, and a ſturdier loon
I think were never ſeen with eye!"

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He ſhot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garred his auld banes gie mony a crack.

For nineteen days and nineteen nights,
Of ſun, or moon, or midnight ſtern,
Auld Durie never ſaw a blink,
The lodging was ſo dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the roſy-croſs
Had fanged him in their nets ſae faſt;
Or that the gipſies' glamoured gang
Had laired his learning at the laſt.

Having now recounted the incidents of ſtormy times which led to the deſtruction of the caſtle of Jedburgh, and to the ruin of the abbey, which was burnt by the Earl of Hereford in 1545, we will take a curſory glance at the remains of this once magnificent monaſtery, as they yet exiſt. The chapter-houſe, cloiſters, and other parts have periſhed, and the church alone ſurvives, and, in the form of a croſs, extends from eaſt to weſt 230 feet. The choir is much dilapidated, no doubt from being of a much greater age than the reſt. The two lower ſtories conſiſt of maſſive pillars and ſemicircular arches, with the diagonal or zigzag mouldings of Saxon architecture; whilſt the upper windows are of early Engliſh, having been evidently added at a more recent period. The north tranſept is entire, preſenting traceried pointed windows, which are eſpecially of great ſize and beauty. Above the interſection of the tranſepts with the nave and choir, a large ſquare tower riſes on four pillars to the height of 100 feet, ſurmounted by projecting battlements, and crowned with turrets and pinnacles. The nave, meaſuring a hundred feet in length, preſents on each ſide three tiers of arches; the firſt, opening into the aiſle, conſiſts of pointed arches, deeply receſſed and richly moulded, ſupported by cluſtered columns, with ſculptured capitals; the ſecond, which opened into the galleries, conſiſts of beautifully moulded ſemi-circular aiſles, with two pointed arches inſerted in each; and the third, of elegantly pointed windows. The lofty weſtern

front poſſeſſes a Norman door of uncommon beauty, the arch-way exhibiting a profuſion of ornamented mouldings ſupported by ſlender receding pillars to the depth of ſeven feet and a half. Above it is a large window with a ſemicircular arch, flanked by ſmall blank pointed arches, on long, ſlender ſhafts, and this ſurmounted by a beautiful St. Catherine's Wheel. On the ſouth ſide of the choir there is a chapel, which was formerly uſed as a grammar-ſchool, and there the poet Thomſon was educated. But the chief beauty of the building is the Norman door which formed the ſouthern entrance to the church from the cloiſters. This is unrivalled in Scotland for the ſymmetry of its proportions and the elegance of its workmanſhip. Its ſculptured mouldings, ſpringing from ſlender ſhafts, with capitals richly wreathed, preſent the figures of men, animals, and flowers of the moſt admirable delicacy and minuteneſs. Alto-gether, the late Archibald Elliot, architect, pronounced this, in a ſtatiſtical account of Scotland, the moſt perfect and beautiful ſpecimen of the Saxon and Early Gothic in Scotland.

The neighbourhood of Jedburgh is well worthy of poſſeſs-ing beautiful remains of the old times and their arts. The town lies on ground riſing from the weſt bank of the Jed, and is ſurrounded by pleaſant gardens and cheerful villas ſcattered amongſt them and their orchards. Around riſe wooded ſlopes, and at a diſtance is deſcried the dark bulk of Carter Fell. Above the caſtle hill riſes alſo the Dunion; northward is ſeen Hartrigg, the ſeat of Lord Campbell; and farther off the heights of Penilheugh, with its Wellington monument. The neighbouring dale of Teviot is extremely fine, and varied by its hills and ſlopes, and maſſes of wood, remains of the ancient foreſt. The Jed, as well as the Teviot, charmed Burns, who viſited Jedburgh in 1789, and ſung of "Eden ſcenes on cryſtal Jed." Ferniehurſt Caſtle, now in ruins, occupying

a ſteep bank overhanging the Jed, and enriched with ancient woods, is a fine object. On the Jed, at Southdean, under Carter Fell, lived the poet Thomſon's father, when the embryo bard was only two years old, and there he ſpent his

JEDBURGH: WESTERN GATEWAY.

boyhood. From this place his father ſent him, mounted behind a ſervant man, to Edinburgh, to the univerſity; but the town was by no means to the taſte of the author of "The Seaſons:" he had found his way back to the manſe on foot before the man had got there on horſeback, and declared to

the aſtoniſhed family, that he was ſure he could ſtudy as well in Southdean as in Edinburgh. Dr. Somerville, the hiſtorian of William and Anne, was for more than fifty years miniſter of Jedburgh; and there was born the celebrated Mrs. Somer-

JEDBURGH: SOUTH PORCH.

ville. It is the native place, alſo, of Sir David Brewſter; and with theſe names we bid adieu to

> The hoary peaks of Scotland, that give birth
> To Teviot's ſtream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde.

Dryburgh Abbey.

Let us explore the ruined abbey's choir ;
Its fretted roof and windows of rich tracery,
The ſculptured tombs o'ergrown with ſhrubs and brambles,
Midſt broken arches, graves, and gloomy vaults:
Or view the caſtle of ſome ancient thane,
Its hall, its dungeons, and embattled towers,
Mantled with ivy.

E are now come into the immediate vicinity of the great romancer of Abbotsford, and to the place which, for its beauty, as well as ſome anceſtral aſſociations, he choſe for his burial-place. To both theſe influences—thoſe of nature and of anceſtry—no man was ever more ſubject. He raiſed his great fame on their united ſtrength, he broke down the fair fortune which his genius, employed on ſuch themes, had won, and darkened his latter days, and taxed his failing ſtrength, in the endeavour to confer on his name and children higher honours, rather ſecular than literary. With theſe few failings, what a genial glory envelopes his memory, and what a like glory of all rainbow hues has he caſt over the whole country which ſurrounded his favourite abode! He has collected all that hiſtory, tradition, ballad, and legend have bequeathed to this part of Scotland, and has added new charms to them. The perſonal memory of the great romancer, with all his poetic and hiſtoric taſtes, is

now for ever interwoven with the ſcenes and ſtories, chivalrous or monaſtic, that he loved.

Dryburgh lies amid the ſcenes in which he not only took ſuch peculiar delight, but which furniſhed him themes both for his poems and romances, and which were rich in thoſe old ſongs and narratives of Border feats and raids which he has preſerved in his Border Minſtrelſy. Melroſe, the Eildon Hills, the haunt of Thomas of Ercildoune, Jedburgh, Yetholm, the Cowdenknowes, the Yarrow, and Ettrick, all lie on different ſides within a circle of twenty miles, and moſt of them much nearer. Smailholme Tower, the ſcene of ſome of Scott's youthful days, and of his ballad of "The Eve of St. John," is alſo one of theſe. Groſe tells us that "The ruins of Dryburgh Monaſtery are beautifully ſituated on a peninſula formed by the Tweed, ten miles above Kelſo, and three below Melroſe, on the ſouth-weſtern confine of the county of Berwick.

"St. Modan, who was one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries in Britain, was abbot of Dryburgh about the year 522, and made apoſtolical excurſions into the north-weſtern parts of Scotland, particularly in the diſtricts of Stirling and Dumbarton, where his memory is ſtill to be traced in popular tradition. There is ſome reaſon to conjecture that on this ſpot there had been more anciently a Druidical eſtabliſhment, becauſe the Celtic or Gaelic etymology of the name, Darach-bruach, or Darachbrugh, or Dryburgh, can be no otherwiſe interpreted than as the bank of the ſacred grove of oaks, or the ſettlemen of the Druids; and we know that it was uſual for the firſt planters of Chriſtianity in Pagan countries to chooſe ſuch ſacred haunts for the propagation of the goſpel.

"Bede, however, in his eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, is ſilent on this ſubject; and, as more than a century had elapſed from the days of Modan to thoſe of the venerable hiſtorian, it is probable that

the religious reſidence had been transferred to Melroſe long before he compoſed his annals."

The new Abbey of Dryburgh had the credit of being founded in 1150, by David I., who was fond of the reputation of a founder of abbeys; Holyrood Abbey, Melroſe Abbey, Kelſo Abbey, Jedburgh Abbey, and others, having David I. ſtated as their founder. However it might be in other caſes, and in ſome of them he was merely the reſtorer, the real founders of Dryburgh were Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, and Conſtable of Scotland, and his wife, Beatrice de Beauchamp. They obtained a charter of confirmation from King David, in which he aſſumes the character of founder. The chronicle of Melroſe, however, clearly ſhows who were the founders, and places David in his true poſition of patron only. The cemetery of the abbey was conſecrated on St. Martin's Day, in the year of its completion, as the chronicle obſerves, "ne dæmones in iis graſſarentur." Hugh de Morville brought monks of the Premonſtratenſian order from Alnwick, to occupy it, in 1152. A monk of this houſe, Rodulphus de Strode, travelled through England, France, Germany, Italy, and Paleſtine. Dempſter calls him a poet of eminence, and eſteemed by Chaucer; that he was of the ſtaunch old Catholic ſchool is ſhown by his being a determined antagoniſt of Wycliffe and his doctrines.

Edward II., in his invaſion of Scotland in 1323, burnt down Dryburgh Abbey, as he had done that of Melroſe in the preceding year; and both theſe magnificent houſes were reſtored principally at the coſt of Robert Bruce. It was again deſtroyed by the Engliſh in 1544, by Sir George Bowes and Sir Brian Latoun, as Melroſe was alſo. Amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed of its abbots we may mention Andrew Fordun, Biſhop of Moray, and afterwards Archbiſhop of St.

Andrews, and ambaſſador to France, and who held ſome of the moſt important offices under James IV. and James V. The favours conferred upon him were in proportion to his conſequence in the ſtate. Along with this Abbey of Dryburgh, he held in commendam thoſe of Pittenweem, Coldingham, and Dunfermline. He reſigned Dryburgh to James Ogilvie, of the family of Deſkford. Ogilvie was alſo conſiderably employed in offices of diplomacy, both at London and Paris.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the Border Minſtrelſy, gives ſome curious particulars regarding this abbot from a MS. hiſtory of the Halliburtons of Mertoun or Newmains. Theſe Halliburtons held ſome lands under the abbey, about which contentions repeatedly took place betwixt the abbot and his tenants. In the rude ſpirit of the times, they proceeded to ſettle their differences by arms inſtead of by lawyers' tongues. Blood having been ſhed between them, the king called the matter before him, and made an award dated at Stirling, in May, 1535, which was, that, as the Halliburtons were good ſubjects of the king, ſtout men-at-arms, and brave Borderers againſt England, they ſhould be left in quiet poſſeſſion of their lands, and ſhould be good ſervants to the venerable father the abbot, as their predeceſſors had been to the venerable father's predeceſſors. So eaſy an award did not promiſe much peace, nor did it inſure it. A marriage, indeed, was arranged betwixt the daughter—a natural daughter, we may ſuppoſe—of the abbot, Elizabeth Stewart, and Walter Halliburton, one of the family of Newmains; but this did not extinguiſh the feud. The offspring of this marriage was one daughter, named Elizabeth Halliburton. To keep the property in the family, the Halliburtons determined to marry her to one of her couſins; but the arbitrary old abbot did not conſent to this ſcheme, but had his grandchild carried off by force, and married her to

Alexander Erſkine, a relative of his own, and brother to the laird of Balgony. This daring act of the abbot kindled afreſh the ancient feud betwixt the abbey and the Halliburtons, which continued to rage till the diſſolution of the houſe.

The Erſkines ſeemed to keep firm hold of the Abbey of Dryburgh, and Adam Erſkine, one of Abbot James's ſucceſſors, was, under George Buchanan, a ſub-preceptor to James VI. This James I. of England diſſolved the abbey in 1604, and conferred it and its lands, together with the abbeys and eſtates of Cambuſkenneth and Inchmahornæ, on John Erſkine, Earl of Mar, who was made, on this occaſion, alſo Baron of Cardroſs, which barony was compoſed of the property of theſe three monaſteries. In this line, Dryburgh deſcended to the lords of Buchan. The Earls of Buchan, at one time, ſold it to the Halliburtons of Mortoun, from whom it was purchaſed by Colonel Tod, whoſe heirs again ſold it to the Earl of Buchan in 1786. This eccentric nobleman bequeathed it to his ſon, Sir David Erſkine, at whoſe death in 1837 it reverted to the Buchan family.

Two monaſteries in Ireland, the Abbey of Druin-la-Croix in the County of Armagh, and the Abbey of Woodburn in the County of Antrim, acknowledged Dryburgh as their mother. A copy of the Liber S. Mariæ de Dryburgh is in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, containing all its ancient charters. Such are the main points of hiſtory connected with Dryburgh; but, when we open the ballad lore of the South of Scotland, we find this fine old place figuring repeatedly and prominently.

Maitland, of the ballad of "Auld Maitland," was a benefactor to Dryburgh. This Sir Richard Mautlant or Maitland, of Lauder or Thirleſtane, gave lands to the abbey at Haubent-ſide in his demeſne of Thirleſtane. He alſo gave to the ſame convent other lands held by Walter de Gilling in Thirleſtane,

and paſture for forty ſheep, ſixty cows, and twenty horſes. This ſtout old Maitland is repreſented as holding his caſtle of Thirleſtane againſt the Engliſh army, headed by an imaginary nephew of Edward I.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
  They burned baith up and doun,
Until they came to a darkſome houſe,
  Some call it Leader Toun.

"Wha hauds this houſe?" young Edward cried,
  "Or wha geiſt ower to me?"
A grey-haired knight ſet up his head,
  And crackit richt crouſely:—

"Of Scotland's king I haud my houſe;
  He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my guid auld houſe,
  While my houſe will keep me."

The Eildon Hill, on which Thomas of Ercildoune had his interview with the fairy queen, looks down upon you on your right hand as you go from Melroſe to Dryburgh. Cowdenknowes, which gave riſe to the fine old ballad of the "Broom o' the Cowdenknowes," Bemerſide, and Merton Houſe, the ſeat of Scott of Harden, one of Sir Walter's relatives, are not far off. Many of theſe aſſociations Scott has woven into his ballad of the "Eve of St. John." The Lady of Smailholme Tower is made to ſay to her paramour:—

O fear not the prieſt, who ſleepeth to the eaſt!
  For to Dryburgh the way he hath ta'en;
And there to ſay maſs, till three days do paſs,
  For the ſoul of a knight that is ſlain.

And the Lord, the Baron of Smailholme, ſays to his page:—

Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melroſe,
  And Eildon ſlopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by ſome ſecret foe,
  That gay gallant was ſlain.

The varying light deceived thy ſight,
And the wild winds drowned the name ;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do ſing,
For Richard of Coldinghame.

Into the guilty details of the liaſon of the Lady of Smailholme and this Sir Richard of Coldinghame, Scott has introduced warning phenomena, drawn probably from ſome of his German reading, but more particularly from the ſtory of Lady Beresford and Lord Tyrone. In the apparition ſcene,—

Love maſtered fear—her brow ſhe croſſed;
"How, Richard, haſt thou ſped ?
And art thou ſaved, or art thou loſt ?"
The viſion ſhook his head.

"Who ſpilleth life ſhall forfeit life,
So bid thy lord believe ;
That lawleſs love is guilt above,
This awful ſign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand ;
The lady ſhrunk and fainting ſunk,
For it ſcorched like a fiery brand.

The ſable ſcore of fingers four
Remains on that board impreſſed ;
And for ever more that lady wore
A covering on her wriſt.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the ſun ;
There is a monk in Melroſe tower,
He ſpeaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who ſpeaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'mes lady gay,
That monk the bold baron

To this ghoſtly ballad Sir Walter appends this ghoſtly anecdote :—"About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female

wanderer took up her reſidence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, ſhe never quitted. When night fell, ſhe iſſued from this miſerable habitation, and went to the houſe of Mr. Halliburton, of Newmains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erſkine, of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity ſhe obtained ſuch neceſſaries as ſhe could only be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve each night ſhe lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, aſſuring her friendly neighbours that, during her abſence, her habitation was arranged by a ſpirit, to whom ſhe gave the uncouth name of Fat Lips; deſcribing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron ſhoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault to diſpel the damps. This circumſtance cauſed her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compaſſion, as deranged in her underſtanding; and by the vulgar, with ſome degree of terror. The cauſe of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life ſhe would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occaſioned by a vow that, during the abſence of a man to whom ſhe was attached, ſhe would never look upon the ſun. Her lover never returned, he fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and ſhe never more would behold the light of day.

"The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, paſſes ſtill by the name of the ſupernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her diſturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peaſants dare enter it at night."

Having now noticed the hiſtory and tradition of Dryburgh, let us take a view of it as it now exiſts. Groſe ſays,—"The freeſtone of which the monaſtery of Dryburgh and the moſt elegant parts of the abbey of Melroſe were built, is of a moſt beautiful colour and texture, and has defied the influence of the

weather for more than ſix centuries ; nor is the ſharpneſs of the ſculpture in the leaſt affected by the ravages of time. The quarry from which it was taken is ſtill ſucceſsfully worked at Dryburgh, and no ſtone in the iſland ſeems more perfectly adapted for the purpoſes of architecture, as it hardens by age, and is not ſubject to be corroded or decompoſed by the weather, ſo that it might even be uſed for the cutting of bas-reliefs and of ſtatues." He adds:—

" The ſtate of this ruin, when viewed by Mr. Pennant, in

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

the year 1769, was a very little remains of the church, but much of the convent; the refectory, ſupported by two pillars, ſeveral vaults, and other offices; part of the cloiſter walls; and a fine radiated window of ſtone work. Since this account was written, the refectory, ſupported by the two pillars above-mentioned, has fallen; but the gable-ends are ſtill remaining; in one of which is the fine circular radiated window, deſcribed by Mr. Pennant, at preſent finely mantled with ivy."

As the remains of the abbey have ſince been carefully preſerved, they preſent ſtill much the ſame aſpect as at Groſe's viſit in 1797. When I viſited this lovely ruin and lovely neighbourhood in 1845, I walked from Melroſe, a diſtance of between three and four miles. Leaving the Eildon Hills on my right, and following the courſe of the Tweed, I ſaw, as I progreſſed, Cowdenknowes, Bemerſide, and other ſpots famous in Border ſong. Iſſuing from a ſteep and woody lane, I came out on a broad bend of the river, with a wide ſtrand of gravel and ſtones on this ſide, ſhowing with what force the wintry torrents ruſhed along here. Oppoſite roſe lofty and finely-wooded banks. Amid the trees on that ſide ſhone out a little temple of the Muſes, where they are repreſented as conſecrating Thomſon the poet. Farther off, on a hill, ſtands a gigantic ſtatue of William Wallace, which was originally intended for Burns; but, the ſtone being too large, it was thought by the eccentric Lord Buchan, who erected it, a pity to cut it down. Another ſtill more ſtriking monument of the activity of Lord Buchan are the remains of a chain-bridge which he had erected acroſs the river. This would have been a great convenience to the neighbourhood had it been durable; but a tempeſt tore it to pieces, and there ſtood up the great white wood frames to which the bridge was attached, the two main chains ſtill ſtretching acroſs, but the fragments of others dangling in the

air, looking moſt ghaſtly and ruinous. So it was in 1845, and ſo it ſtill ſeems to continue; for Walter White, who viſited the ſpot in 1858, or 1859, found theſe ruins of the bridge ſtill unremoved.

I was ferried over by two women, who were by no means ſorry that the winds and floods had carried my Lord Buchan's bridge away, as it reſtored their buſineſs of putting people over. I then aſcended a lane from the ferry, and found myſelf in front of an apparently old caſtle gateway; but, from the Latin inſcription over it, diſcovered that it was alſo erected by the ſame ſingular Lord Buchan, as the entrance to a Pomarium, or, in plain Engliſh, an orchard, dedicated to his honoured parents, who, I ſuppoſe, like our firſt parents, were particularly fond of apples. That his parents or himſelf might enjoy all the apples, he had, under the Latin dedication, placed a ſimple Engliſh menace of ſteel traps and ſpring guns. I ſtill advanced through a pleaſant ſcene of trees and cottages, of rich graſſy crofts, with cattle lying luxurioufly in them, and amid a huſh of repoſe, indicative of a monaſtic ſcene. Having found a guide to the ruins, at a cottage near the river, I was led acroſs a young orchard towards them, the two old gables and the fine circular window ſhowing themſelves above the foliage. I found the interior of the ruins carpeted by ſoft turf, and two rows of cedars growing in the church, marking where the aiſles formerly ran. The cloiſters and ſouth tranſept were ſtill entire, and diſplayed much fine workmanſhip. The great circular window is eſpecially lovely, formed of five ſtars cut in ſtone, ſo that the open centre within them forms a roſe. The light ſeen through this charming window produced a fine effect. The chapter-houſe was alſo entire, the floor being now only of earth; and a circle was drawn in the centre, where the remains of the founder and his lady lie. Here again, however, the

fantaſtic old Lord Buchan had interfered, and a ſtatue of Locke, reading in an open book, and pointing to his own forehead, one of Inigo Jones, and one of Newton, made you wonder what they were doing there. So totally without regard to fitneſs did this half-crazy nobleman put down his ſuppoſed ornaments. The wonder is that his ſucceſſor had not removed theſe, and ſome ſtatues or buſts which had as little buſineſs on the ſpot.

But the charm of the place in every ſenſe was the grave of Scott. It was in the Lady aiſle, and occupies two arches of it; and the adjoining ſpace under the next arch is the burial-place of the Erſkines, as Scott's burial-place was that of his anceſtors the Halliburtons. The whole, with the tier of ſmall ſectional Norman arches above, form a glorious tomb much reſembling one of the chapel tombs in Wincheſter Cathedral. Taken in connection with the fine ruins, and the finer natural ſcenery around, no ſpot can be ſuppoſed more ſuitable for the reſting-place of the remains of the great minſtrel and romancer, who ſo delighted in the natural, hiſtoric, and legendary charms of the neighbourhood, and who added ſtill greater ones to them himſelf.

And yet there is a ſerious drawback to this feeling. The place is private property; and, though the public is admitted to it, it was then, and would appear from recent accounts to be yet, done in a ſpirit that is anything but liberal and courteous. I found the perſons who ſhowed the place particularly uncourteous, and, on ſtating this in the neighbourhood, was aſſured that this was a general experience. In fact, nothing could be more marked than the pleaſantneſs with which Melroſe and Abbotsford were ſhown to me, and the ſullen diſcourteſy and impatience of the guides here; and this could not be the caſe were the ſpirit of their employers of a more

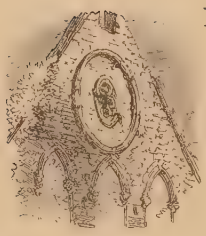
liberal ſtamp. Walter White, in his recent viſit, ſays, that he perſuaded his companion, an American, to linger awhile in the ruin; but the maiden, the guide, "came back and ſpoke of regulations which forbid uncontrolled liberty, ſo, to ſave her the trouble of watching, we departed. On our way back to the ferry, the American finds further fault with the criticiſms of one of his countrymen on the Abbey, and does not ſee why the unhappy one in the boat complained of Jack-in-office." This Jack-in-office had, it is clear, retained the ſame character as my Jack-in-office, thirteen years before.

Since my viſit, a maſſive tomb, of Aberdeen granite, has been placed over the remains of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, and thoſe of their eldeſt ſon. A railway alſo now makes the place much more acceſſible, the ſtation for Dryburgh being at the village of Newtown, on the other ſide of the river. Near St. Boſwell's, oppoſite to Dryburgh, has alſo been lately erected a bridge over the Tweed, opening up the communication betwixt the north and ſouth ſide of the river, and thus enabling the touriſt to explore at greater convenience the ſcenes of ancient loves and feuds, and the haunts of Scott. Here his duſt lies amid the objects redolent of his fame, and within a few miles, near Makerſtoun, a view may be obtained, from a hill, of Smailholme Tower, where the poet paſſed ſome of the years of his boyhood, and the memory of which he has perpetuated in one of the epiſtles which introduce each Canto of Marmion:—

It was a barren ſcene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But, ever and anon, between,
Lay velvet tufts of lovelieſt green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Receſſes where the wall-flower grew,
And honeyſuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall,

I deemed ſuch nooks the ſweeteſt ſhade
The ſun in all his round ſurveyed ;
And ſtill I thought that ſhattered tower
The mightieſt work of human power ;
And marvelled, as the aged hind
With ſome ſtrange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that ſtrength had ſpurred their horſe,
Their ſouthern rapine to renew
Far in the diſtant Cheviots blue,
And home returning, filled the hall,
With revel, waſſail, rout, and brawl.

The Rock of Caſhel.



ONE of the moſt intereſting places in Ireland is the Rock of Caſhel, in Tipperary. It ſtands boldly in the midſt of a vaſt champagne, crowned by a cluſter of ruins which unite ſome of the moſt attractive reminiscences, and ſome of the moſt exquiſite eccleſiaſtical architecture in the iſland. The character of ſcene in which the Rock and Tower of Caſhel ſtand is, as ſtated by Frazer, beſt ſeen from the neighbouring hill of Killough. "The hill of Killough is eaſy of aſcent, and, from its ſuperior altitude, a much better view is obtained than from the Rock of Caſhel; beſides, this hill, and the rocky range running from it, form a viſual barrier to the view northward from the rock. If the day is favourable for diſtant proſpects, the view is bounded only by the ſurrounding high lands which blend with the diſtant horizon. Eaſtward, the detached and very remarkable mountain of Slievenaman ſtretches acroſs, and prevents the eye ranging down the valley of the Suir; and the low and ſoftly rounded hills of Kilkenny, ſweeping from Killenaule to Freſhford, and thence to Durrow, ſeem to diſplay and prolong the diſtant perſpective. Northward, the range of hills generally known as the Slievebloom mountains, running from Tullamore to Roſcrea, and, nearer, the Devil's Bit range of hills, blending with the Keeper mountains, take up the

ROCK OF CASHEL: GENERAL VIEW.

boundary line from Roſcrea to Limerick, lapping over the Clare highlands beyond the Upper Shannon. Weſtward, the hills iſſue from the Lower Shannon, at Shanagolden, and run nearly at right angles to its courſe acroſs the country to Charleville; from whence ſpring in a ſoutherly direction the Caſtle Oliver mountains, connecting with the near and more lofty Galtees, by far the fineſt of our inland mountain ranges. Due ſouth, and more within the reach of the unaided eye, may be ſeen a portion of the Munavuleagh and Knockmealedown mountains, which run in a weſterly direction from Carrick-on-Suir to Kilworth."

In the centre of this grand panorama ſtands the rock, with the town cloſely crouched at its feet. On the ſummit of the rock riſes a ſplendid group of ruins, conſiſting of the cathedral, Cormack's chapel, and the caſtle and monaſtery. Around theſe ruins an area of about three acres of the richeſt ſward has been encloſed, which is open to the public; and the pariſh ſexton, who acts as the cicerone, is at hand to ſhow the interior. The cathedral forms the centre of the group of theſe celebrated ruins, which are unparalleled in Ireland for pictureſque beauty and antiquarian intereſt. It is a noble remnant of early pointed Gothic, and contains many intereſting relics. The caſtellated building adjoining forms externally a part of, and is internally connected with, the cathedral, and appears to have been a place of great ſtrength in thoſe days when princely eccleſiaſtics aſſumed the powers of lords temporal as well as ſpiritual. To the north ſtands one of the old Round Towers, and, on the ſouth ſide, Cormack's Chapel.

This famous chapel was built by Cormack M'Carthy, King of Munſter, in 1136. In its external figure it ſtrikingly reſembles thoſe far more ancient churches of the Iriſh Chriſtian fathers who, from the fifth century, continued to evangelize and civilize the rude people, till the Roman hierarchy came in, roſe over their heads, and put them down. We have already had to notice the labours and domiciles of this ſimple and devoted race of Chriſtian fathers at Iona and Lindisfarne, who ſpread themſelves thence all over Europe. As in the places mentioned, ſo in Ireland, they generally ſought the wildeſt and moſt deſolate ſpots for their reſidences, as more fitted for religious contemplation, from having nothing to call off the attention by its amenity. They had ſuch at Smerwick Harbour, in the county of Kerry, at Biſhop's Iſland, near Kilkee, upon the coaſt of Clare, ſtyled in Iriſh, "Oiléan-an-

Eaſpoig-gor-taigh," *i.e.*, the iſle of the hungry or ſtarving biſhop. This was a barren, precipitous rock, environed with perpendicular or overhanging cliffs, about 250 feet in height, and containing about three-quarters of an acre of ſurface, to which acceſs is moſt difficult, and only to be effected by a ſkilful climber, and after a continuance of calm weather. There was another ſuch ſecluded ſeat of piety on the iſland of Ard-Oiléan, or Eye Iſland, off the coaſt of Connemara. The only companions of the holy fathers on this iſland were the ſea-birds, which built there in thouſands, and a few martins. So lonely and deſolate was the place, that even theſe creatures ſeemed to have loſt their dread of man. Again, Saint Senan had, in the ſixth century, a very primitive church on Inis Cathaigh or Scattery Iſland, the Iona of the South of Ireland.

In moſt of theſe, the earlieſt erections were ſimply ſquare huts, the gables tapering up from the ground to the eaves, and then covered in by ſlabs of ſtone gradually approximating, till they met at the ridge. The windows were very ſmall, very few, and alſo contracting upwards. The doors did the ſame, being ſometimes not ſix feet high, yet two feet four inches wide at the bottom, and only one foot nine inches at the top, which was finiſhed, not by an arch, but by a flat lintel. Others were circular, with the baſe low, and the roof a high cone of ſtones laid to contract at every freſh layer till they terminated in a point at the top. Theſe little dwellings and churches were ſuch as the moſt unſkilled perſon could erect, and yet were ſo ſtrong as to reſiſt the force of the tempeſt of the wild locations in which they were raiſed.

As time and architecture advanced, the churches, though ſtill ſmall, became ſquare, with high-pitched ſtone roofs, and doors and windows ſtill ſhowing the ſame ſtyle of contracting upwards, but now often finiſhed by arches, round or pointed.

The walls were very thick, and therefore the windows were widened, or diſplayed inwards to admit more light. Such are the remains of the ancient Iriſh churches in the romantic valley of Glendalough in Wicklow, of the ſtructure called St. Kevin's Kitchen in the ſame valley, of Killiney Church, about nine miles from Dublin; of the Church of Kilternan, about ſix miles from Dublin on the Enniſkerry Road, of St. Columb's Houſe at Kells, County Meath, and of St. Flannan's Houſe at Killaloe.

The roofs of theſe churches did not depend on the mutual ſupport of the ſtone ſlabs forming them, but were borne on ſtone arches. It is curious that, as the Norman period approached, the windows and doors of theſe churches were found to be ornamented with the zig-zag or chevron moulding, had receſſed arches, and pillars ſurmounted with capitals preſenting ſculptured faces, mingled with the remains of their own old ſtyle, their upward narrowing doors and peculiar pillars. Norman, whatever it did in England before the Conqueſt, has been ſhown by Wakeman to have been modifying the Iriſh eccleſiaſtical architecture for ſome time. After that period, the Norman ſtyle prevailed more purely, and no finer proof of this exiſts than in St. Cormack's Chapel at Caſhel. With the exception of the Round Tower, it is the moſt ancient ſtructure on the rock. The numerous ornaments, groteſque heads, and other curious ſculptures which adorn the arches, columns, and pilaſters, are all uniform in ſtyle, and that ſtyle is diſtinctly Norman. The plan is a nave and chancel, with a ſquare tower on each ſide, at their junction. The ſouthern tower is ornamented externally with ſix projecting bands, three of which are continued along the ſide walls of the ſtructure; and it is finiſhed at the top by a plain parapet, the maſonry of which is different from that of the other portions,

and evidently of a later period. The northern tower remains in its original ſtate, and is covered with a pyramidal cap of ſtone. An almoſt endleſs variety of Norman decorations appear upon the arches and other features of the building, both within and without. Both nave and chancel are roofed with a ſemi-circular arch, reſting upon ſquare ribs, which ſpring from a ſeries of maſſive ſemi-columns, ſet at equal diſtances againſt the walls. The baſes of theſe ſemi-columns are on a level with the capitals of the choir arch, the abacus of which is continued as a ſtring courſe round the interior of the building. The walls of both nave and chancel beneath the ſtring courſe are ornamented with a row of ſemi-circular arches, ſlightly receſſed, and enriched with chevron, fillet, and other ornaments and mouldings. Thoſe of the nave ſpring from ſquare impoſts reſting upon piers, while thoſe in the chancel have pillars and well-formed capitals. There are ſmall crofts, to which acceſs is gained by a ſpiral ſtair in the northern tower, between the arches over both nave and chancel, and the external roof. Theſe little apartments were probably uſed as dormitories by the eccleſiaſtics. A ſimilar croft in the church of St. Doulough, near Dublin, is furniſhed with a fire-place, a fact which clearly demonſtrates that they were applied to the purpoſe of a habitation. Of the three doorways of Connor's chapel, two are very rich in ſculpture, and ſhow remains of the ancient Iriſh ſtyle, having a ſquare lintel, and upon that a ſemi-circular arch highly decorated.

The Round Tower on the north of the cathedral is a perfect one, and diſplays moſt of the peculiarities of theſe moſt intereſting remains of Iriſh antiquity. As the reader is aware, for a very long time there was much ſpeculation in Ireland amongſt the learned, and many theories regarding their origin. They were Daniſh, Phœnician, and half a dozen other things.

ROUND TOWER : ROCK OF CASHEL.

Their tall pointed character ſuggeſted that they belonged to the worſhippers of the ſun and of fire. For a conſiderable period this theory of General Vallancy and his diſciples prevailed ; but Dr. Petrie in his "Eccleſiaſtical Architecture of Ireland," publiſhed in 1845, put all theſe fancies to flight, and added a new intereſt to them by clearly demonſtrating that they were the work of the ancient Chriſtians of the country ; that they

had been erected at different periods betwixt the fifth and thirteenth centuries, and had ſerved for belfries, and for places of ſtrength in caſes of attack by marauding enemies; as well as for watch-towers, from whence the approach of danger might be deſcried. He imagines that they might alſo have uſed them as beacons. Theſe deductions he drew not only from their peculiar conſtruction, but from the ancient Celtic MSS. of the country.

How clear now appears their origin. Theſe ſingular and gloomy-looking tall hollow cylinders, with their lantern tops for the moſt part, with their ſmall loopholes generally larger near the ſummit, and their loweſt entrance at many feet from the ground, which the ancient Chriſtians, no doubt, reached by a ladder, probably of rope, and which they drew in after them, ſeem now perfectly intelligible. Tolerably ſecure, from the ſtrength of the building and its reſiſtance to fire, having no wood about it, the Chriſtian inhabitants could carry in with them their few valuables, eſpecially their hiſtoric and ſacred MSS., and could repel any aſſailants from the entrance, by having, as was frequently the caſe, another doorway above it, whence they could fling down huge ſtones on their heads. This origin accounts fully for their always being in connexion with the old churches, or on the ſpots where they had ſtood, and on which more modern ones have been erected. The character of their doorways is ſimilar to thoſe of the primitive churches, narrowing upwards, ſometimes with the ſimple lintel, ſometimes with a round and ſomewhat ornamented arch. Over the main door they had frequently a croſs, or the figure of the crucifixion, in a ſtyle allied to that of the churches. The round towers which I have ſeen were chiefly in the middle part of Ireland. A fine one, but much out of the perpendicular, ſtands in the cathedral yard of

Kilkenny. I obſerved another on my way from Edgeworth Town to Auburn; and Dr Petrie particularly mentions thoſe of Antrim; thoſe at Donoughmore, in the county of Meath; at Timahoe and Kildare; at Clondalkin, Swords, Ruſk and Rathmichael, near Dublin; at Monaſterboice, near Drogheda; at Cloyne, in the county of Cork, and others. This round tower at Caſhel indicates that the rock was the ſite of more ancient eccleſiaſtical erections than the preſent ruined cathedral.

Beſides theſe ſacred buildings on the rock, Caſhel poſſeſſed ſeveral monaſteries of much note. There was the old Dominican Friary, which was cloſe to the ſite of the old Roman Catholic chapel. This was founded in the year 1243, by Archbiſhop Michael M'Kelly, who brought brethren from the Dominican abbey at Cork. It was deſtroyed by fire, and rebuilt in 1480, by John Cantwell, the archbiſhop, who promiſed to all perſons aiding in its reſtoration the benefit of the maſſes, prayers, ſermons, vigils, and other good deeds of the Dominican brotherhood throughout the kingdom during this life, and afterwards eternal happineſs. A very liberal promiſe, if the recipients could have been aſſured of more infrangibility than promiſes are proverbial for. This friary is ſaid to have been the nobleſt and moſt beautiful building belonging to the Dominican order in Ireland. At the ſuppreſſion it was granted by Henry VIII. to Walter Fleming, of Caſhel, for ever—tithes excepted—at an annual rent of 2*s.* 6*d.*, Iriſh money. The ruins are now much decayed.

Then there was Hacket's, or the Franciſcan abbey, on whoſe ſite the preſent Roman Catholic chapel was built. This was founded in the reign of Henry III., by William Hacket. In 1363 the abbey muſt have been in a very diſorderly ſtate; for a number of the friars by name were charged by the Lord Chief Juſtice, Sir Robert Preſton, with cutting down timber,

driving off the ſtock to the value of a hundred marks, and committing a variety of other enormities on his lands of Ballytarſyn and Le Hethon, for which offences he ordered the ſheriffs to attach them. In 1538, the friars of the Strict Obſervance reformed this convent; but, if it had not been reformed before, it muſt have had about two centuries, or probably more, of diſgraceful licenſe. At the diſſolution, Henry VIII. granted it for ever to Archbiſhop Butler, of Caſhel, at the annual rent of 2*s.* 10*d.*, Iriſh money. In the night of the 14th of February, 1757, the lofty and beautiful ſteeple of this friary fell to the ground; and afterwards the ruins went rapidly to decay, till their outlines could ſcarcely be traced.

But the moſt important of all theſe monaſteries was Hore Abbey, or the White Friars. This was ſituated upon the plain immediately beſide the rock, and its fine remains continue in comparatively good preſervation. This abbey—called alſo St. Mary's Abbey of the Rock of Caſhel—was originally founded for Benedictines; but the archbiſhop, David M'Carvill, having dreamed, in the year 1269 or 1272, that theſe monks had made an attempt to cut off his head, he violently diſpoſſeſſed them, and gave their monaſtery to a body of Ciſtercian monks, whom he brought from the abbey of Mellifont, in the county of Louth, he himſelf at the ſame time aſſuming the habit of that order. The abbey poſſeſſed at this time much property, various extenſive lands, three mills, and a moiety of a mill, a church and a chapel; all of which were confirmed to the Ciſtercians by Edwards I. and II. At the diſſolution the catalogue of the abbey property was large. There were nearly twenty meſſuages, with their gardens and fields, amounting to nearly five hundred acres, beſides warren, tithes and alterages, a meaſure of ale out of every brewing in the town, called the Mary-gallon, with other privileges, and four churches. The

bulk of this property was granted in 1561 by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Henry Radcliffe; but in 1576 it was re-granted on leaſe to James Butler, and in the forty-ſecond of the ſame reign to Thomas Sinclair, at the annual rent of 2*s.* Iriſh money.

In Archdall's time (1786) he deſcribed the remains of Hore Abbey as in the following condition:—"The noble ruins of this erection ſtill remain, and are, for the moſt part, entire. The ſteeple is large, and about twenty feet ſquare on the inſide, which is ſupported by a variety of ogives from each angle, ſome meeting in an octagon in the centre, and others at the key-ſtones of the vault, and the ſtructure is ſupported by two fine arches, about thirty feet high. The choir, or chapel, which adjoins the eaſt ſide of the ſteeple, is about twenty-nine feet in length, and twenty-four in breadth on the inſide; the eaſt window is ſmall and plain, and in the ſide walls are ſome remains of ſtalls, &c. The nave is ſixty feet in length, twenty-three in breadth, and on each ſide was an arcade of three Gothic arches, the north ſide whereof is levelled, with lateral aiſles, which were about thirteen feet broad. Between this and the ſteeple is an apartment, but we are equally ignorant as to its name and the uſe to which it was applied. It is thirty-one feet in length, of the ſame breadth as the nave, and divided from the ſteeple by a plain wall. On each ſide are ſimilar arcades of two arches only, and this opens with the weſt arch of the ſteeple. On the ſouth ſide of the ſteeple is a ſmall door leading into an open part, about thirty feet long and twenty-four broad; the ſide walls are much broken, and in the gable end is a long window. There is a ſimilar diviſion on the north ſide of the ſteeple. Here is a ſmall arched apartment, which ſeems to have been a confeſſionary, as there are niches in the walls, with holes, &c."

Such is the group of monaſteries whoſe ruins crown the

ſummit of the Rock of Caſhel, or ſtand beneath its ſhade in the town, perhaps altogether the moſt remarkable in Ireland. They ſhow that in the early ages of Iriſh hiſtory Caſhel was a place of much importance. It was long the reſidence of the Kings of Munſter, who had their palace on the rock; the ancient round tower probably being attached to the royal chapel. After 1101, the rock became wholly occupied by the cathedral, and the other eccleſiaſtical buildings. When Strongbow and his followers, by adopting the quarrel of Dermond MacMurrogh, the King of Leinſter, againſt Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, Tiernan O'Ruarc, lord of Breffny, and other Iriſh chieftains, had made himſelf maſter of all Ireland, except Ulſter, and Henry II. haſtened over, in 1171, to ſecure the poſſeſſion of the iſland to himſelf, it was near Caſhel, on the banks of the Suir, that he received the homage of the King of Thomond or Limerick, the Prince of Oſſory, and the other chiefs of Munſter. Here again, after having viſited Dublin, and received the homage of moſt of the other Iriſh chieftains, except thoſe of Ulſter, Henry called together a general council of the clergy to regulate the affairs of the church. At this council the ſovereignty of Henry was fully acknowledged by the clergy. Between that important period, however, and the landing of King William III., Caſhel was doomed, like moſt other Iriſh towns, to ſuffer many a blow in the different rebellions againſt the Engliſh rule, and by the puniſhments inflicted for theſe rebellions. What the Catholic clergy had to endure from the ſo-called Proteſtant invaders, may be imagined from what Miller in his "Letters to a Prebendary" relates; namely, that on O'Hurle, the Archbiſhop of Caſhel, falling into the hands of Queen Elizabeth's Governor, Sir William Drury, in 1573, he was firſt tortured by immerſing his legs in jack-boots, filled with quick-lime,

water, &c., until they were burnt to the bone, in order to force him to take the oath of ſupremacy, and he was then, with other circumſtances of barbarity, hanged on the gallows.

During the civil war in the reign of Charles I., Lord Inchiquin, who had been one of the king's moſt zealous partizans, revolted againſt him, and fell with fury on the Catholics. He had long commanded in Ireland, though without the title of Lord Preſident; and when the Earl of Portland was named by Charles to that office, Inchiquin was ſo incenſed, that he went over to the Parliament, and ſet himſelf diligently to work to prove his zeal in the cauſe of his new maſters. He made his officers and ſoldiers take the covenant, and bound them by a ſolemn oath to effect the total extirpation of popery, and the ſubjugation of the Iriſh. He proceeded to ſeize Cork, Youghal, and Kinſale, and drove out all the Catholic inhabitants, and plundered them of their effects. But his crowning atrocity was that at Caſhel. "There," ſays Leland, "the inhabitants fled to their cathedral, ſeated on a rock well fortified, and provided with a ſtrong garriſon. Inchiquin propoſed to leave them unmoleſted, on condition that they paid him over £3,000, and a month's pay to his army. But, as this propoſal was raſhly rejected, he took the place by ſtorm, with conſiderable ſlaughter, both of the citizens and ſoldiers. Here he gained a prodigious booty. In ſtorming the rock of Caſhel, about twenty eccleſiaſtics fell in the indiſcriminate ſlaughter; an incident ſhocking to the nuncio, who inveighed againſt this ſacrilege, and clamoured for revenge." Caſtlehaun ſays that he put to death three thouſand people, including many gentry who had fled to the rock for ſafety, and took the prieſts from under the very altars.

"Inchiquin," ſays Taylor, "was the lineal deſcendant of the royal race of the O'Briens; but there never was a ſcourge

of Ireland animated by a greater hatred of his countrymen. Whether fighting for the king or the parliament — and he changed ſides more than once—he was invariably the bitter enemy of his countrymen, and the ſavage profaner of the

ROCK OF CASHEL : NORTH TRANSEPT OF CATHEDRAL.

religious edifices in which the aſhes of his own anceſtors repoſed. His name is preſerved in the traditions of Munſter, as the ſymbol of everything that is wicked and terrible. Nurſes ſcare their children by the threat of calling *black Murrough O'Bryan;* and the ſuperſtitious peaſant tells of the curſe that he brought upon his family; and the failure of male heirs to the title of Inchiquin."

Holy-Croſs Abbey.

IRELAND," ſays Harris in his preface to his edition of "Ware's Antiquities," "has been diſtinguiſhed among other nations by the title of the Iſland of the Saints, for the vigilance of its reformers from heatheniſm, and the perſeverance of the nation in the practice of the ſtricteſt moral and religious duties." Arienus, many centuries ago, following ſtill earlier writers, called it the holy iſland. We may, therefore, ſuppoſe that Ireland, from a very early period, abounded with monaſteries and nunneries. One of the moſt ſacred and eſteemed of theſe eſtabliſhments was Holy-Croſs Abbey in Tipperary. It was founded for monks of the Ciſtercian order, in honour of the Holy Croſs of St. Mary and St. Benedict. It ſtood on the right bank of the Suir, about three miles from Thurles, and near it a village. It was named the Abbey of the Holy Croſs, from a fragment of the true croſs which Pope Paſcal II. ſent to Murtough, King of Ireland, in 1110. The abbey, however, was not founded till 1182, by Donogh Carbragh O'Brien, King of Limerick. The founder conferred on it extenſive lands, and Gregory was its firſt abbot. It received further endowments and privileges from Kings John, Henry III., Richard II., the Earls of Ormond, and the Archbiſhop of Caſhel.

The abbey was a daughter of the Abbey of Nenagh, Magy,

or Maig, in the County of Limerick, which was alſo founded by O'Brien, and, itſelf a daughter of Mell, became the mother of many others. The abbot of Holy Croſs was a baron of Parliament, and ſtyled Earl of Holy Croſs. He was uſually the vicar-general of the Ciſtercian order in Ireland. Jungelin, in his time, ſaid that it was incredible what a number of Iriſh Catholics ſtill continued their reſort to this church on account of the piece of our Saviour's croſs kept there. In the winter of 1559, the great rebel O'Neill made a pilgrimage to the piece of the croſs, and this ſaid fragment is affirmed to be ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the Roman Catholics of the place.

The incident juſt thrown in by the topographer, of the great rebel, O'Neill, making a pilgrimage to the fragment of the croſs at Holy-Croſs Abbey, is juſt one of thoſe dry bones ſtripped of every particle of living fleſh, of which our topographies generally conſiſt. How little does the reader ſee of the real fact in this dry incidental ſtatement. It is only when he turns to hiſtory, and aſks who was this O'Neill, and what were the circumſtances under which he made this pilgrimage, that he finds himſelf in the midſt of ſcenes which tell a ſtartling tale of what Ireland and what England were at that day, the much-vaunted day of Queen Elizabeth. Around this pictureſque pile of Holy-Croſs there combated the wild children of a wild land, for their ſoil and their religion, againſt the Raleighs, the Spenſers, and the Eſſexes of England. Then indeed did the oppreſſed native of Ireland cling to every ſymbol and abode of his faith with a half deſpairing, half deſperate energy, and ſaw that Proteſtantiſm,—which ſhould have been mild and merciful, becauſe it boaſted itſelf more enlightened,—libelled by greedy ſtateſmen, and even by the worſhippers of the muſes, who were graſping at the poſſeſſions of their neighbours, and reigning amid fire and bloodſhed over the deſolated

lands of the Iriſh. The picture of thoſe days, as they are limned by Samuel Smiles, author of the "Life of George Stephenſon," in his Hiſtory of Ireland, ſhows us what are the memories that to this day ſtill rankle in the hearts of the children of Erin, and render them inſenſible to the better treatment of to-day. It may be well to quote a few paſſages from a writer ſo well known for his moderate and judicious ſpirit:—

"At the acceſſion of Elizabeth, Ireland was in a ſtate of diſtraction. In the north, O'Neill was ſtruggling to make himſelf maſter of Ulſter, in which he had nearly ſucceeded; in Connaught, the rival branches of the De Burgh family were making fierce and deſtructive war on each other: Munſter was again diſtracted by the feuds of the Butlers and the Geraldines, and by ſtruggles for the chieftaincy of the province; while Leinſter was overrun by the men whom the barbarous perſecution of the Engliſh Government had made landleſs, homeleſs, and deſperate.

"One of the firſt acts of the Earl of Eſſex, the Queen's Lord-deputy, was to convene a parliament, and paſs the famous Acts of Supremacy and Conformity for the re-eſtabliſhment of the Reformed religion. Theſe Acts were levelled at the whole fabric of Catholiciſm in Ireland: they transferred the primacy from the Pope to the Queen, and veſted in her and the Engliſh Parliament the ſpiritual power to decide in all errors and hereſies in the Church. The work of Proteſtantizing the Iriſh then commenced in earneſt. The prieſthood, who refuſed to change their opinions at the command of the Queen, were driven at once from their cures, and their places ſupplied by the ſcum of the Engliſh Church—men whom the Engliſh poet Spenſer deſcribes as guilty of 'groſs ſimony, greedy covetouſneſs, fleſhly incontinence, careleſs ſloth, and generally

all diſordered life.' The new clergy, beſides, were men who did not know a word of the language of the people among whom they were ſent to miniſter; they had no ſympathy for them; but, on the other hand, were leagued with thoſe whom the Iriſh naturally looked upon as their malignant enemies and oppreſſors. How different from the native Catholic clergy of Ireland!—men ſprung from the people, devotedly attached to them, ſympathizing with their ſorrows, ſharing in their ſufferings, and ſparing no toil or labour in the performance of their religious duties. All the powers of the moſt perſecuting government that ever exiſted could have no influence upon the convictions of a people miniſtered to by a prieſthood ſuch as this. And they had not. Elizabeth had tried all forms of perſecution with the Iriſh, even to the length of extermination, and they failed. She and her armies might conquer the ſoil of Ireland; but they could not conquer the deeply-rooted religious convictions of its inhabitants. Long, indeed, before the concluſion of her reign, Proteſtantiſm had made itſelf thoroughly odious and intolerable to the great maſs of the Iriſh people.

"The plan which the government of Elizabeth ſeems to have premeditatedly adopted, and rigidly adhered to during her reign, was that of coercion and ſubjugation of the Iriſh. At one period, nothing ſhort of utter extermination was thought of. With this view, chieftains were incited to make war upon each other, the agents of the government watching the opportunity to pounce upon them, and divide their eſtates amongſt themſelves. When diſtricts could not be goaded to rebellion, other excuſes were always found ready at hand. An infamous act was never yet done by wicked men, but there was an excuſe to prop it up with. Thus, when chiefs did not actually rebel, it was eaſy to accuſe them of *intending* to rebel; and the ſame

object was accompliſhed as if they had been taken in actual rebellion. The firſt chief with whom the new policy was tried, was the powerful John O'Neill of Ulſter. A large force was marched againſt him, which O'Neill prepared vigorouſly to reſiſt. An accommodation, however, was effected between the Lord-deputy and the chief, and bloodſhed was for a time averted. The chief ſeized the opportunity of proceeding to London with all ſpeed, to lay his caſe before Queen Elizabeth in perſon. His appearance at the Engliſh court, in the character, dreſs, and following of an Iriſh chief, cauſed a great ſenſation. The ſight-loving Londoners were delighted with the novelty; and Elizabeth felt flattered by the deference of the 'wild Iriſh chief.' The reſult was that O'Neill gained his point; and returned to Ireland, confirmed in all his honours, and in the poſſeſſion of all his vaſt eſtates." Elizabeth, in fact, created him Earl of Tyrone; or Tir Owen, as the Engliſh called him.

Camden, ſpeaking of this Shane-Dymas, or John O'Neill, and his viſit to London, ſays:—"He had 600 men for his guard, 4,000 foot, 1,000 horſe for the field. He claimed ſuperiority over all the lords of Ulſter, and called himſelf king thereof. When commiſſioners were ſent to treat with him, he ſaid 'that, though the Queen were his Sovereign lady, he never made peace with her, *but at her lodging*; that ſhe had made a wife earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he. That he cared not for ſo mean a title as earl; that his blood and power were better than the beſt; that his anceſtors were kings of Ulſter; and that he would give place to none.' His kinſman, the Earl of Kildare, having perſuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he reſolved to attend the Queen, but in a ſtyle ſuited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a

magnificent train of Iriſh galloglaſſes, arrayed in the richeſt habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their ſhoulders, with their long and open ſleeves dyed with ſaffron. Thus dreſſed, and ſurcharged with military harneſs, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an aſtoniſhing ſpectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of ſome very diſtant part of the globe. But at court his verſatility now prevailed; his title to the ſovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from Engliſh laws and Iriſh inſtitutions; and his allegations were ſo ſpecious, that the Queen diſmiſſed him with preſents and aſſurances of favour. In England this tranſaction was looked upon as the humiliation of a repenting rebel: in Tyrone it was conſidered as a treaty of peace between two potentates."

"The Queen's Engliſh agents in Ireland were enraged at being thus out-manœuvred by O'Neill. They continued to repreſent to the Queen the danger of allowing ſuch a perſon to remain poſſeſſed of ſuch vaſt powers, and conſtantly aſſerted that he was on the brink of inſurrection. 'Well,' at length replied Elizabeth, 'if he do revolt, it will be the better for you, as *there will then be eſtates enough for you all.*' However Elizabeth may have meant this—and ſhe was a woman heartleſs and ſelfiſh enough for anything—her Iriſh retainers conſtrued it into a licence to provoke the native chiefs into revolt, that they might ſhare amongſt them the eſtates which might thus be forfeited. Certainly means were immediately thereafter adopted to provoke O'Neill to rebellion. His reſiſtance to the Government was at firſt effectual; but only a ſhort time elapſed before he was completely cruſhed by their overwhelming power, as well as by the defection of thoſe on whom he had counted as allies. In his laſt extremity, he fled to the Hebridian Scots, whom he had formerly attacked and routed

with great ſlaughter, to gain the favour of the Engliſh queen. In revenge, and inſtigated by Piers, a Britiſh officer, they ſlew him, and his head was ſent to Dublin, as a trophy of the victory."

Then follows the long and revolting ſtory of the ſharing up of O'Neill's vaſt eſtates amongſt the Engliſh officers and gentlemen, and the ſame perſecution, purſuing to death, and carving up of the great eſtates in Munſter of the Earl of Deſmond, a deſcendant of one of the Anglo-Norman barons, who firſt invaded Ireland under Strongbow. "The ferocity and cruelty with which this war was conducted," ſays Mr. Smiles, "is perhaps unſurpaſſed in the records of crime. Slaughter, famine, and deſolation, marked the route of the Engliſh army. No quarter was given. Men, women, and children, wherever found, were indiſcriminately put to death. Soldiers were mad for blood. Prieſts were murdered at the altar, and children at their mother's breaſts. The beauty of women, the venerableneſs of age, the innocence of youth, were no protection againſt theſe ſanguinary demons in human form. The ſoldiers in the camp,' ſays Holinſhed, the Engliſh chronicler, 'were ſo hot upon the ſpur, and ſo eager upon the vile rebels, that they ſpared neither man, woman, nor child, but *all* were committed to the ſword.' Neither was their cruelty glutted with bloodſhed. According to Lombard, a contemporary writer, 'great companies of theſe provincials, men, women, and children, were often forced into caſtles, and other houſes, which were then ſet on fire.' All cattle were carried away by the invaders, and crops cut down in ſheer wantonneſs. What they could not carry with them they deſtroyed with the flames. Famine and deſolation were their handmaids; thoſe who were not ſlain with the ſword periſhed with hunger. 'They performed,' ſays Cox, another old Engliſh writer, 'their duty ſo

effectually, and brought the rebels to ſo low a condition, that they ſaw three children eating the entrails of their dead mother, upon whoſe fleſh they had fed many days, and roaſted it with a ſlow fire.' We take a poet's deſcription of the hideous ſcenes of deſolation which Ireland preſented at this period. "Notwithſtanding," ſays Edmund Spenſer, 'that the ſame was a moſt rich and plentiful country, yet, in one year and a half they were brought to ſuch wretchedneſs, as that any ſtrong heart would rue the ſame. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they ſpoke like ghoſts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them, yea, and one another ſoon after; inſomuch that the very carcaſes they ſpared not to ſcrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-creſſes or ſhamrocks, there they flocked as to a feaſt for the time, yet not able to continue withal; that in ſhort ſpace there was none almoſt left, and a moſt populous and plentiful country ſuddenly left void of man and beaſt.'

And though Spenſer ſpeaks here rather pityingly of the poor Iriſh, yet, in his "View of the State of Ireland," he recommended ſtarving them down till "they would quietly conſume themſelves and devour one another." Sir Walter Raleigh is charged with maſſacring in cold blood, and after ſurrender, a Spaniſh garriſon at Smerwick, in Kerry,—maſſacring them to a man; and for ſuch deeds he received 40,000 acres of the eſtate of the murdered Earl Deſmond, and Spenſer received Kilcolman Caſtle and property, which was in turn burnt over his head by the incenſed Iriſh.

At length Queen Elizabeth was informed that "nothing was left in Ireland but carcaſes and aſhes:" and Sir George

Carrew, one of the actors in these horrid scenes, wrote an account of these infernal proceedings in a book called "Hibernia Pacata,"—"Ireland Pacified!" It was so completely "pacified" that Holinshed says, "The land itself, which before these wars was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the blessings of God, being plenteous of corn, full of cattle, well stored with fruit, and sundry other good commodities—is now waste and barren, yielding no fruits; the pastures no cattle; the fields no corn; the air no birds; the seas, though full of fish, yet to them yielding nothing. Finally, every way, the curse of God was so great, and the land so barren both of man and beast, that whosoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford to the heart of Limerick, which is about six-score miles, he should not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns or cities; nor yet see any beast, but the very wolves, the foxes, and other like ravenous beasts."

Such were the scenes which, in Queen Elizabeth's days, and through those of the Stuarts, surrounded these old monastic halls, which we are accustomed to regard as the haunts of peace and pious contemplation. The only wonder is that they escaped the general ravage, and were suffered to stand at all. The only thing which protected even a fragment of these fine architectural walls, was the fact that they were become the property of the Earl of Ormond, granted by Elizabeth in the fifth year of her reign, with 160 acres of arable land, sixty of pasture and two of wood, in the town of Holy Cross.

The great O'Neill, who made a pilgrimage to the fragment of the Holy Cross, would no longer find it deposited in the Abbey of Holy-Cross, but in some Catholic church or chapel of the place. It was this O'Neill, or O'Neale, to whom Sir Walter Scott alludes in Rokeby:—

HOLY-CROSS ABBEY.

Who has not heard while Erin yet
Strove 'gainſt the Saxon's iron bit—
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
In Engliſh blood imbrued his ſteel,
Againſt St. George's croſs blazed high
The banners of his Taniſtry,
To fiery Eſſex gave the foil,
And reigned a prince in Ulſter's ſoil ?

Spenſer, the poet, deſcribes the rude mode in which even chiefs like O'Neill occaſionally lived :—"The wood is his houſe againſt all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to ſleep in. Therein he wrappeth himſelf round, and covereth himſelf ſtrongly againſt the gnats, which in that country doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more ſharply wound them, than all their enemies' ſwords or ſpears, which can ſeldom come nigh them." But Sir John Harrington tells us how this O'Neill lived at his camp, for he paid him a viſit at the time of his truce with Eſſex; and after noticing "his fern tables, and fern forms, ſpread under the ſtately canopy of heaven," he notices what conſtitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his ſubjects :—"His guard, for the moſt part, were beardleſs boys, without ſhirts, who in the froſt wade as familiarly through rivers as water-ſpaniels. With what charm ſuch a maſter makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid them come, they come; if go, they do go; if he ſay—do this, they do it." —*Nugæ Antiquæ.*

The Engliſh, however, never ceaſed to purſue theſe half wild but heroic O'Neills, till their followers were obliged to ſay :—

For Turlough's days of joy are done,
And other lords have ſeized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand,
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.

This O'Neill was Hugh, the nephew of the former great Earl of Tyrone, who had ſucceeded to his eſtates, which had been reſtored by Elizabeth once more, once more only to excite the cupidity of the Engliſh ſettlers. By theſe voracious harpies he had been, like his uncle, driven into rebellion, that his property might become forfeited. One general after

another had been ſent againſt him only to be defeated. Sir John Norris, Lord Burgh, Sir Henry Bagnal, had all ſucceſſively been put to the rout; O'Neill was faſt uniting the Iriſh chiefs in a common reſiſtance to their oppreſſors, and was ſeeking additional aid from Spain. Elizabeth, now trembling for her Iriſh dominions, ſent over her favourite, the Earl of Eſſex, to quell him. Eſſex was not more ſucceſsful againſt O'Neill than his predeceſſors, and was glad to make a truce with him; which ſo enraged Elizabeth that, to calm down her anger, he haſtened to England, leaving Lord Mountjoy to manage affairs in his abſence.

It was during this winter of 1559, whilſt Eſſex in London was vainly endeavouring to regain the favour of Elizabeth, and whilſt Mountjoy was as vainly endeavouring to draw O'Neill into an engagement, that he paid his viſit to the piece of the true croſs. Perhaps it might be in hope to draw ſome conſolation from ſo ſacred a relic, for the days were now very dark with him. Eſſex, who had dealt gently with him, was gone, and had himſelf fallen amongſt courtiers who ſtimulated his ſovereign, and ſucceſsfully, to ſend him to the block. But he had left his kinſman Blount, Lord Mountjoy, and other able generals, who were preſſing him hard, and never ceaſed to preſs him till they had brought him to a humiliating peace. It was time! Such was the condition of his people, that Morriſon, in his "Hiſtory of Ireland," ſays,—"Some old women about Newry uſed to make a fire in the fields, and divers little children, driving out the cattle in the cold mornings, and coming thither to warm themſelves, were by theſe women ſurpriſed, killed, and eaten; which was at length diſcovered by a great girl breaking from them by the ſtrength of her body; and Captain Trevor ſending out ſoldiers to know the truth, they found the children's ſculls and bones, and apprehended the old women,

who were executed for the fact." Numbers of poor people, Morriſon adds, were found dead in the ditches, with the remains of nettles, docks, and other weeds in their mouths. Such were the reſults of the ſo-called endeavours to plant Proteſtantiſm in Ireland by "good Queen Beſs."

From its preſent remains, Holy-Croſs evidences for itſelf that it was one of the fineſt ſpecimens of the pointed ſtyle of architecture in Ireland. Archdall, in the "Monaſticum Hibernicum," in 1786, repreſents the condition of the building as follows:—It conſiſts of a high ſteeple, nearly ſquare, ſupported on each ſide by a beautiful Gothic arch, and in the centre by a great variety of ogives paſſing diagonally from each angle. On the eaſt ſide thereof there is a ſmall chapel, twenty-one feet in breadth, and twenty-four in length. The roof is arched, and beautifully ſupported by a number of ogives from the ſides and angles. On the ſouth ſide is a Gothic tomb, which, according to O'Halloran, is that of the founder, with a croſs thereon, but no inſcription. The tradition of the place, however, informs us that this tomb was erected for the good woman who brought the holy relic hither. Between the nave and the ſteeple is a ſpace of twenty-one feet ſix inches in breadth, and thirty in length, detached from the nave by an arch, which, we ſuppoſe, made a part of the choir. The nave was forty-nine feet broad, and fifty-eight long: on each ſide is an arcade of four arches, with lateral aiſles, which paſs on either ſide of that part we conclude to have been the choir. The entrance is by a door at the weſt-end, under a large window. On the ſouth ſide of the choir are two chapels, each about ten feet ſquare, and both of them arched and ſupported as the other parts of the building. Between theſe are a double row of Gothic arches, ſupported by twiſted pillars, each diſtant about two feet four inches from

each other: here the ceremony of waking the monks was performed; and not where the holy relic was kept, as remarked by a reſpectable writer, in a plate which by miſtake is reverſed. On the north ſide of the choir are two other chapels, each of them eleven feet long and eleven broad, with roofs ſupported in like manner with the others; and between theſe and the oppoſite lateral aiſle, the whole is arched; but oppoſite the ſouth chapel there is an open ſpace, with a large flight of ſtairs leading to the ſteeple, &c., in the north angle of which are ſtairs which aſcend to the top. The difference in the work of this monaſtery is very extraordinary;—nothing could have been more highly finiſhed than the ſteeple and chapels, which are built of marble and limeſtone; yet the nave, the aiſles, and adjoining ruins, are miſerably mean. On the ſouth ſide the ruins cover a conſiderable ſpace. The river Suir, which, before it reaches the ſea, is ſo amazingly extenſive, flows near the ruins of this monaſtery in a ſmall ſtream. A pariſh church, with a few wretched cabins, are the only remains of a once celebrated town."

It may be ſuppoſed that ſince this account was written, the remains of Holy-Croſs have ſuffered further and conſiderable dilapidation; yet Frazer, in his "Handbook of Ireland," ſays that the ruins are ſtill extenſive and pictureſque, containing many intereſting details, and amongſt theſe is a tomb of Lady Eleanor Butler, fourth Counteſs of Deſmond.

Cahir Caſtle.

T about eight miles ſouth-weſt from Caſhel, and at the ſame diſtance weſt-north-weſt from Clonmel, and alſo on the Suir, ſtands the very pretty little town of Cahir. It has about 3,500 inhabitants, and, for its ſize, poſſeſſes the handſomeſt public buildings in Munſter. But it is ſtill more ſtriking from its very fine ſituation, and its ſurrounding ſcenery. The property of the town and caſtle is that of the earls of Glengall, who have preſerved the ruins of the caſtle from unneceſſary dilapidations, and have greatly improved the town generally. The ſituation of the caſtle is fine, ſtanding on an iſolated rock on the left bank of the Suir, and commanding views of the Galtee and Knockmealedown Mountains. Cahir is, in fact, ſituated at the foot of the eaſtern extremity of the Galtee range, and looking over the fine level lands ſouthward to the Knockmealedown range. At Cahir, the traveller finds himſelf in the centre of many natural beauties, and all of eaſy acceſs. The country round the town, the banks of the Suir, which runs through the town, and the finely-wooded park of the Earl of Glengall, are themſelves very attractive; but, beſides this, within eaſy drives are the mountains already mentioned, the Glen of Aharlo, and the caves of Mitchelstown. The Galtee Mountains are celebrated for their variety

of outline, their fertile ſlopes and pictureſque glens; and the caves of Mitchelſtown, about midway between Cahir and Mitchelſtown, are near the ſouth feet of theſe mountains. They have not been diſcovered many years, though they

CAHIR CASTLE.

are near the cavern of Skuhewinky, which has been long known.

It is aſſerted by modern archæologiſts that the builder of the preſent Caſtle of Cahir is unknown. Archdall and others attribute its erection to Conor-na-Catharach O'Brien, King of

Thomond prior to 1142. But it is contended that no caſtle, properly ſo called, of this claſs was erected in Ireland at that period, and that the ſuppoſition of Connor having built this caſtle ariſes from his having built a "cahir," or fort; but that this fort of his was not this on the Suir, but one on the iſland in Lough Derg, near Killaloe, which ſtill retains his name. The ancient name of this town was originally *Cahir-duna-iaſcaigh*, or the circular ſtone fortreſs of the fiſh-abounding dun, or fort; from an earthern dun, or fort, having ſtood on the ſite of a ſubſequent cahir, or ſtone fort, which was again ſucceeded by a regular caſtle. There is a record of the deſtruction of the ſtone fort as early as the third century, by the brother-in-law of Felemy Rechtmar, at which time it was the reſidence of a lady of the name of Bodamar.

The preſent caſtle was, no doubt, built by ſome of the earlieſt Anglo-Norman ſettlers in Ireland. In the fourteenth century it was the reſidence of James Galdie, or Butler, ſon of James, the third earl of Ormond, by Catherine, daughter of Gerald, Earl of Deſmond, whoſe deſcendant Thomas Butler, anceſtor to the preſent Earl of Glengall, was advanced to the peerage in the 34th of Henry VIII., by the title of Baron of Cahir.

The chief hiſtorical events connected with the caſtle were the ſieges of it by the Earl of Eſſex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and by Lord Inchiquin, in that of Charles I. The readers of Engliſh hiſtory are familiar with the unhappy expedition of Eſſex to Ireland, which was greatly promoted by his powerful enemies at court, as certain to end unfortunately, and thus as certainly to break his influence with the Queen. Former viceroys and commanders in Ireland had ſuffered diſaſter on diſaſter; and by the battle of the Blackwater, in 1598, the Engliſh forces were reduced to the loweſt

ebb. Eſſex landed with an army of more than 20,000 men, the largeſt force, according to the Four Maſters, ſent to Ireland by the Engliſh ſince the invaſion by Strongbow. But Eſſex was no more ſucceſsful than his predeceſſors. His orders were, in the firſt place, to reduce the rebels in Ulſter, and to put ſtrong garriſons into their forts; but, inſtead of this, he marched into Munſter, and laid ſiege to Cahir Caſtle. He inveſted it with 7,000 foot and 1,300 horſe; but the Earl of Deſmond and Redmond Burk came to its relief, and Eſſex found himſelf unable to reduce it till he had ſent to Waterford for heavy ordnance. On the tenth day of the ſiege, being the 20th of May, 1599, the caſtle was ſurrendered to the Earl of Eſſex and the Queen. But the ſurrender of the caſtle was of no real advantage. He made, indeed, capture of the rebels' cattle in thoſe parts, and drove the rebels themſelves into the woods and mountains; but, as faſt as he retired again towards Dublin, theſe rebels came out from their retreats and followed on his track, haraſſing his rear, ſo that his return was rather like a rout than the march of a conqueror. The diſaſters which befell him on this journey completed his ruin; ſo that the Four Maſters obſerve:—"The Iriſh afterwards were wont to ſay that it were better for the Earl of Eſſex that he had not undertaken this expedition from Dublin to Hy-Conell Gaura, as he had to return back from his enterpriſe without receiving ſubmiſſion or reſpect from the Geraldines, and without having achieved any exploit except the taking of Cahir-duna-iaſgach." The Lord Cahir, Lord Roche, and ſome others, made their ſubmiſſion; but this was only feigned, for they quickly rejoined the rebel party: and on the 23rd of May, in the following year, the Caſtle of Cahir was ſurpriſed and taken by the Lord Cahir's brother, as was ſuppoſed with his connivance. This ſurrender to the rebels, and its ſubſequent

recovery, are thus related by Sir George Carew, in his "Pacata Hibernia":—

"The Preſident being at Youghall, in his journey to Cork, ſent Sir John Dowdall, an ancient captain in Ireland, to Cahir Caſtle, as well to ſee the ſame provided of a ſufficient ward out of Captain George Blount's company, as to take order for the furniſhing of them with victual, municion, and other warlike proviſion. There he left, the 8th or 9th of May, a ſergeant with nine-and-twenty ſoldiers, and all neceſſary proviſions for two months; who, notwithſtanding, upon the three-and-twentieth of the ſame, were ſurpriſed by James Galdie, alias Butler, brother to the Lord of Cahir, and, as it was ſuſpected by many pregnant preſumptions, not without the conſent and working of the lord himſelf, which in after times proved to be true. The careleſs ſecurity of the warders, together with the treachery of an Iriſhman who was placed ſentinel upon the top of the caſtle, were the cauſes of the ſurpriſe.

"James Galdie had no more in his company than ſixty men; and, coming to the wall of the bawne of the caſtle undiſcovered, by the help of ladders, and ſome maſons that brake holes in ſome part of the wall where it was weak, got in and entered the hall before they were perceived. The ſerjeant, named Thomas Quayle, which had the charge of the caſtle, made ſome little reſiſtance, and was wounded. Three of the wards were ſlaine; the reſt, upon promiſe of their lives, rendered their arms, and were ſent to Clonmell. Of this ſurpriſe the Lord Preſident had notice when he was at Kilmallock; whereupon he ſent directions for their impriſonment in Clonmell, until he might have leiſure to try the delinquents by a marſhall's-court. Upon the fourth day following, James Butler, who took the caſtle, wrote a large letter to the Preſident, to excuſe himſelf of his traitorly act, wherein there were

not ſo many lines as lies, and written by the underhand working of the Lord of Cahir, his brother, they conceiving it to be the very next way to have the caſtle reſtored to the baron.

"Toward the latter end of the month of Auguſt, the Lord-Deputy, writing to the Preſident about ſome other occaſions, it pleaſed him to remember Cahir Caſtle, ſignifying that he much deſired to have that caſtle recovered from the rebels; the rather becauſe the great ordnance, or cannon, and a culverin being left there by the Earl of Eſſex, were now poſſeſſed by the rebels. This item from the Lord-Deputy ſpurred on the Preſident, without further delay, to take order therein, and therefore, preſently, by his letters, ſent for the lord, who was vehemently ſuſpected to have ſome hand both in the taking and keeping of it. The Baron of Cahir being come, the council perſuaded him to deal with his brother, James Galdie, about the redelivery of it to Her Majeſty; but his anſwer was, that he had no more intereſt with his brother than the meaneſt perſon had, for he was unwilling to have the caſtle regained by the ſtate. The Preſident perceiving this, let him know that if it were ſpeedily yielded to him, he would entreat the Lord-Deputy to reſtore it to him; but, if not, he would march to the caſtle and raſe it to the ground."

This had the deſired effect. Lord Cahir, accompanied by Juſtice Comerford, rode away to the caſtle, and ſoon prevailed on James Galdie to ſurrender the caſtle to the Queen. Lord Cahir, notwithſtanding his treachery, was pardoned by the Queen, and had his caſtle and eſtates reſtored to him in May, 1601, and died in poſſeſſion of them in January, 1628; but his brother, James Galdie, lived to engage in the troubles of 1641, and ſuffered accordingly.

During this Lord Cahir's time, namely in 1626, Lord-Deputy Falkland was entertained by him with great ſplendour

in the caſtle, while on a tour through Ireland. On the death of this Lord Cahir, as already ſtated, in 1628, the property was inherited by his only daughter Margaret, who married her kinſman, Edmund Butler, the fourth Lord Dumboyne, who, whilſt reſiding in this caſtle with his wife, murdered in it James Prendergaſt, the owner of Newcaſtle. For this he was arreſted and confined in Dublin Caſtle; but on his trial he was acquitted, fifteen of his peers voting him innocent, and only one, the celebrated Lord Dockwra, voting him guilty.

During the troubles following the rebellion of 1641, Cahir Caſtle was inveſted by Lord Inchiquin, who was then commanding for the Parliament. He carried its outer works, and compelled its ſurrender in a few hours. This was in Auguſt, 1647, and again in February, 1650, Cromwell himſelf appeared before it, and his proceedings were very characteriſtic. They are thus related by Cliffe, the ſecretary to General Ireton:— "The place was poſſeſſed by one Captain Mathews, who was but a little before married to Lady Cahir, and had in it a conſiderable number of men to defend it. The general drew his men before it, and, for the better terror in the buſineſs, brought ſome cannon with him likewiſe, there being a great report of the ſtrength of the place; and a ſtory told the General that the Earl of Eſſex, in Queen Elizabeth's time, lay ſeven or eight weeks before it, and could not take it. He was, notwithſtanding, then reſolved to attempt the taking of it, and in order thereunto ſent them this thundering meſſage:

"'Sir, having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my uſual manner in ſummoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms honourable for ſoldiers, that you may march away with your baggage, arms and colours, free from injuries or violence. But if I be, notwithſtanding, neces-

ſitated to bend my cannon upon you, *you muſt expect what is uſual in ſuch caſes*. To avoid blood, this is offered to you by

'Your ſervant,

'O. CROMWELL.

'To the Governor at Cahir Caſtle,
24*th February*, 1649 (1650.)'

"Notwithſtanding the ſtrength of the place, and the unſeaſonableneſs of the time of year, this ſummons ſtruck ſuch a terror into the garriſon, that the ſame day the governor, Captain Mathews, immediately came to the General, and agreed for the ſurrender," etc.

This Captain Mathews, or Mathew, it appears, was the anceſtor of the celebrated Father Mathew, the apoſtle of temperance; an intereſting fact connected with the place.

In the "Pacata Hibernia" there is an accurate birds-eye view of Cahir Caſtle, as beſieged by the Earl of Eſſex; which ſhows that, notwithſtanding the lapſe of time, its great age, even at that period, and all the effects of ſtorms and winters ſince, it preſents very much the ſame appearance now as then, and from the care exerciſed for its preſervation by the preſent owner, it is likely to exhibit a ſimilar aſpect for ages to come. It ſtands on a conſiderable ſpace of ground, on an iſland, and has two bridges to connect it with the two banks of the Suir. It conſiſts of a great ſquare keep, ſurrounded by extenſive out-works, forming an outer and inner ballium, with a ſmall court-yard between the two; theſe outworks being flanked by ſeven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger ſize, ſquare.

The view of the interior juſtifies the reputation for ſtrength which this caſtle poſſeſſed before the vaſt force acquired by cannon. Its ſtrong gateways, with their machicolations, their vaulted paſſages and portculliſſes, its vaulted dungeons and

oubliettes, one of them having its roof covered with large flat ſtones, its trap-doors and gates of iron, impreſs you with a ſenſe of the difficulty of aſſaillants breaking in, and of the impoſſibility of unlucky priſoners breaking out. The Great Keep has a moſt ſingular oubliette or dungeon-hole made in the wall, very much like one of thoſe in Germany, in which obnoxious priſoners were built up and left to periſh. The great hall has been reſtored. The ſummits of the building have been as carefully prepared for defence as any part below; and the whole preſents a very intereſting ſpecimen of fortification in the days when Whitworth and Armſtrong guns were unknown. The marks of ſhot are viſible all over the eaſtern front of each building, in which direction it was attacked by Eſſex. Many of his cannon-balls have been found in the walls, and are now again replaced in the ſpots out of which they had been taken. Many others ſtruck, but did not penetrate, only chipping and ſcaling away the outer ſtone; the powder as well as the artillery of thoſe days being far inferior to what they are now.

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